

A VOYAGE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN

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UNDERTAKEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1834 AND 1836
AND COMMENCING FROM THE LAND'S END, CORNWALL

BY RICHARD AYTON
AND WILLIAM DANIELL

WITH

A SERIES OF VIEWS

Illustrative of the Character and Prominent Features of the Country

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY WILLIAM DANIELL R.A.

Volume I

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE TATE GALLERY, MILLBANK,
AND THE ECCLAR PRESS, 22 GREAT BRIDGE STREET

1837

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FOREWORD

THE eminence of *A Voyage Round Great Britain* as a peak among the towering range of English topographical books with aquatints published in the early part of the 19th century has long been acknowledged. William Daniell's plan to follow the western and northern coasts from Lands End to John O'Groats and to return via the east and southern coasts and to illustrate 'prominent features' with 'a series of views' was ambitious in concept and, by any standards, splendid in achievement. No less remarkable, it was actually carried out. Between 1814 and 1825, to begin with in parts, latterly in volumes, an imposing sequence of folios provided subscribers with no less than 308 plates engraved in aquatint and hand coloured together with more than 800 pages of descriptive narrative.

The illustrations are widely known through having been prime objects of the breakers' attentions. Removed from the volumes in which they were originally issued they have long provided a ready source of attractive and undemanding views, often with great associative appeal. The process of dismemberment has usually meant that the accompanying text has been discarded and that copies of *The Voyage* as published have become increasingly scarce, expensive and nowadays mostly accessible only in libraries. This, together with the fact that the large format of the original volumes hardly lends itself to easy reading, has meant that the narrative is virtually unknown. With most books of this kind such lack is scarcely grievous. But in the case of *A Voyage Round Great Britain* the loss of the text of the first two volumes – which forms more than half the total – is of a lively, individual, distinctive and perceptive account of a journey which from a topographical point of view remains surprisingly recognisable, but which, in the description of the conditions and circumstances of the people and places encountered records another, often picturesque, but not notably preferable world.

The portion of the voyage from Lands End to Kirkcudbright was jointly undertaken by William Daniell and Richard Ayton in the summers of 1813 and 1814. Ayton was 27 years of age with no established career behind, or ahead, of him:

Daniell, Associate of the Royal Academy and aspiring to full election, had at 44 already spent more years in topographic journeyings than his companion had lived. The venture was instigated by Daniell, though Ayton, whose name appears first on the title page of Volumes I and II, clearly saw himself in no secondary role. 'I must premise,' he remarks on the first page of his narrative, 'that Mr William Daniell, by whom the illustrations of this work were drawn and engraved, was my companion during the whole voyage, and that the magisterial monosyllable, we, which occurs so often in the narrative, has nothing of arrogance about it, but includes on all occasions both myself and my friend.' Inevitably, the companionship did not last the course. The temperaments of the two travellers were diverse. Their interests were different and one may suspect that to Ayton one lighthouse looked much like another – a fact that even Daniell's pencil does not altogether disguise. The writer was more foot-loose; the range of his subjects wider; and increasingly, in spite of his strong ties with the sea and sailing (affiliations which may well have commended Ayton to Daniell as co-navigator), Ayton's concern is with the customs and beliefs, the attitudes and social conditions of the inhabitants of the towns, villages and countryside through which he travelled.

'The character of Mr Ayton's mind was vigorous; that of his disposition was enthusiasm,' his anonymous memorialist was to write in 1825. 'Upon every subject, even the most trivial, he thought strongly, and felt deeply. This might, perhaps, have given both to his writings and conversation a tone of exaggeration; but it also bestowed upon them a liveliness and force which compelled notice, and generally drew admiration. It is impossible to read a sentence . . . without being struck with the originality of the conceptions and energy of the language.' He did not like all that he saw. Nor did he approve. The Welsh were often primitive and filthy, and where touched by industrialism, depraved. Methodism was an abomination and its effects morally dubious. Inns more often than not were full and usually horrid, with atrocious food and rapacious landlords. But prejudice is tempered with wit and distaste expressed with a manly disdain reminiscent of and perhaps modelled on Byron. He responds genuinely and generously to scenery and his excursions into antiquarianism and history are related in an easy manner, with an eye for the improbable and the comic.

But his underlying concern is with people and the social condition. For Ayton a lighthouse is less an artifact than an occasion to wonder at the economic and human forces that cause men to choose to live the life of keepers. His descent of a coal mine at Whitehaven gives rise to an extended piece of writing where factual description is heightened by a passionate sense of human outrage to form a document of social protest far in advance of its time and still moving in its effect. The connection of such writing with Daniell's purpose in embarking on the *Voyage* must have seemed

increasingly tenuous, even harmful. The excursion into the mine causes Ayton to surmise that 'The cries of the little beings condemned to the mines have never, I imagine, reached the ears of their noble proprietor; and if he should hear of their condition through my means, and secure their release, I shall have been accessory to an act of charity that I shall remember with pleasure through life.' If the eyes of the same 'noble proprietor' and others like him were precisely what Daniell needed to catch in order to support his venture, his interests were not likely to be furthered by Ayton's egregious foisting of social questions onto a visual record firmly based on the aesthetics of the picturesque. In Daniell's views and, doubtless, in the minds of the majority of his audience, mankind was to be seen either as the agent of natural improvement or simply as a pictorial component of the scene.

There is no evidence to suggest any violent falling out between Ayton and Daniell: but the correspondence between plates and text becomes increasingly uncertain as the travellers progressed in the late summer of 1814 along the west coast of northern England. Volume II, and with it Ayton's collaboration, ends as the *Voyage* approached the coasts and islands which, it may be surmised, Daniell found most congenial to his eyes and which were to provide him with the subjects which set the seal on his reputation.

In the following year 1815, Daniell continued his journey alone. In a long summer of intensive work he accumulated drawings and notes which provided him with the raw material for the next three volumes. After an interval of three years publication of the *Voyage* recommenced in 1818, but now with more plates to each volume and much shorter accompanying texts. These were written by Daniell himself. Compared with Ayton's they are pedestrian in style and generally commonplace in observation. But they provide a by no means uninteresting appendage to the 250 and more plates which they accompany. They give indications of how he worked and throw light on the relationship between such an artist and the society whose needs he fed and who, in turn, supported him. At the very least, the compilation and writing of this extensive commentary – done concurrently with the autographic engraving and etching in a notably difficult medium of the plates themselves – attests the determination and the sheer professionalism with which Daniell pursued his task.

From his narrative emerge glimpses of those aspects of landscape, history and society which aroused some deeper response in a personality who remains elusive and whose art is concerned principally with description and with capturing with apparently deceptive ease the 'sense of place' but in which comment is at most implied – and usually anodyne.

After a break from travel of six years, three more tours in the late summers of 1821, 1822 and 1823 completed Daniell's circumnavigation of Great Britain. On September the 14th 1823, ten years after he and Ayton had set out from it, he again

reached the Lands End. The event coincided to within days with Ayton's death at the age of 37 and there is some irony in contrasting his jaunty opening to Volume I: 'The difficulty of making a beginning has been felt by many adventurers, who when this essential part of an undertaking has been surmounted, have been able to pursue and bring it to a conclusion without hesitation and delay . . . some little stammering . . . may perhaps be granted to the diffident . . . though I believe . . . that in all arduous cases of speech or action . . . it is best to begin at once', with the survivor's sigh of relief, audible in the words with which Daniell begins Volume VIII. 'In bringing to its close an undertaking of much toil and some hazard, a feeling of satisfaction arises which is presumed, no reader can require to be described.'

If the note of self-satisfaction requires no indulgence in the face of so monumental an achievement, it in no way detracts from the accomplishment to suggest that appreciation of it may be even further enriched by enjoyment of the words, and especially those of his fellow voyager, which originally accompanied Daniell's masterwork. It is a purpose of the present edition, issued in conjunction with the publication by the Tate Gallery of new impressions of the plates, to make this more feasible than previously. The narratives are reproduced without change, but reduced in size, from the original printing and the reproductions, also reduced in size, of Daniell's views have been interspersed as proximately as possible to the relevant texts.



RICHARD AYTON

From the engraving by F. C. Lewis from a drawing by R. Westall



WILLIAM DANIELL by R. Westall
From the drawing in the collection of The Royal Academy

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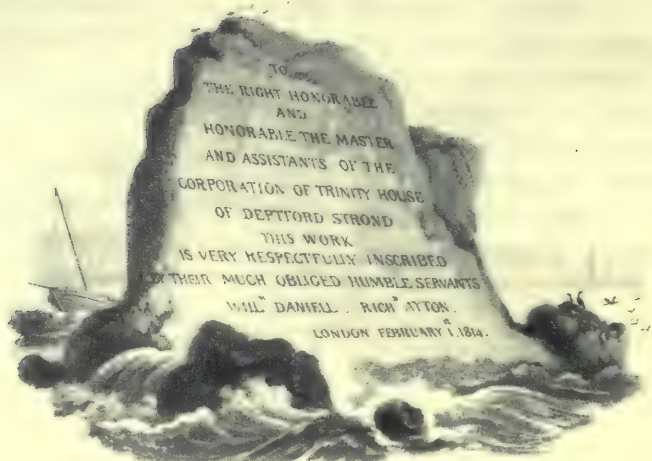
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A
V O Y A G E
R O U N D G R E A T B R I T A I N,

UNDERTAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1813,

AND COMMENCING FROM THE LAND'S-END, CORNWALL,

BY RICHARD AYTON.

WITH

A S E R I E S O F V I E W S,

Illustrative of the Character and Prominent Features of the Coast,

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY WILLIAM DANIELL, A. R. A.

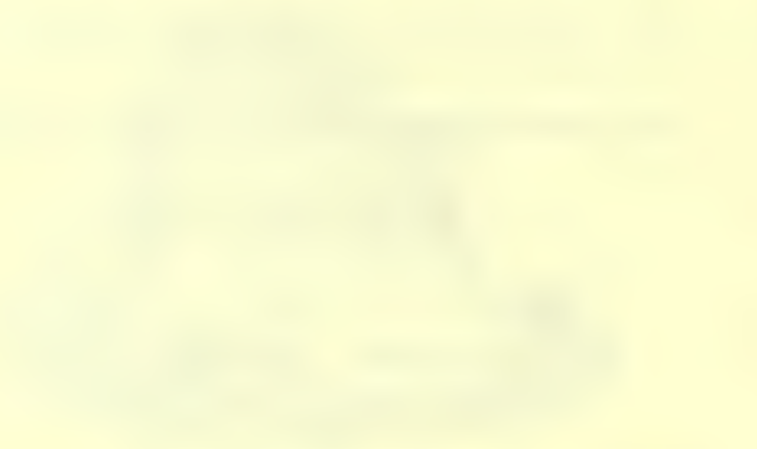


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1814.

THE
NEW
EDITION OF THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON



BY
J. H. COLEMAN, Esq., F.R.S.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE the inland counties of England have been so hackneyed by travellers and quartos, the Coast has hitherto been most unaccountably neglected, and, if we except a few fashionable watering-places, is entirely unknown to the public. Those parts which are frequented for the purpose of sea-bathing, are chosen where the shore is flat and convenient for bathers and bathing-machines; where the country is divided into smooth paths for ladies to walk on, and safe roads for gentlemen to ride on; ruggedness and sublimity, features for which coast scenery is most to be admired, would be subversive of the objects for which these places are visited. But many, who would not venture in pursuit of amusement out of the latitude of good inns and level roads, to make paths for themselves over rocks and crags, may still be pleased to become acquainted, at a cheaper rate, with the character of their own shores, where most conspicuous for boldness and picturesque beauty. It is the design, therefore, of the following voyage, minutely to describe the whole coast round Great Britain; not merely to give plans and outlines of its well-known towns, ports, and havens, but to illustrate the grandeur of its natural scenery, the manners and employment of people, and modes of life, in its wildest parts. So many associations flattering to our pride are connected with every view of our seas and shores, that it is singular that so
much

much remains to be said on such a subject, with the recommendation of novelty.

As in this voyage the reader will find two navigators frequently sailing on horseback, and on more than one occasion scudding in a gig, it will be necessary to explain the causes which obliged them to prosecute their course by means so irregular and unfamiliar. When the undertaking was first designed, the authors most certainly intended to travel principally by sea, but, on experiment, the plan was found to be utterly impracticable. As it was their object to examine every point, and stone, and cranny of the coast, no kind of boat was calculated for their service but a small rowing-boat, as no other could venture to approach near enough to the shore for their purposes. The boat was easily to be procured, but the winds and waves were not so tractable: rapid tides, ground-swell, insurmountable surfs, strong winds, and foul winds, are among the catalogue of horrors on the coast, which were frequently all raging at the same time, and no one of which could be encountered with safety in a small and open boat. Whenever any one of these objections was in force, it was necessary to yield to it. But luckily, the incompatibility of small boats and great seas did not interfere with the object of this work; for, by proceeding along the edge of the cliffs, when the sea was not to be trusted, there was always an opportunity of examining the same points which could have been seen from the sea, and likewise of exploring many little creeks and inlets, which form some of the most picturesque and interesting features of the coast, at which a boat could not at any time possibly land, and which, therefore, in a voyage more formally and literally pursued, must have been passed unnoticed.

If

If the weather had been always fine, and the sea always smooth, boats would not have been employed more frequently than they have been in the course of this circuit. They were serviceable when it was desired to take a view of a long line of coast, and to ascertain its general character and appearance; they were not absolutely necessary for any other purpose, and were used on other occasions only for the sake of novelty and variety. As every end, therefore, which was proposed by this work, has been fully accomplished, it is conceived admissible, in spite of the tyranny of the seas, to retain its original and present title.

The voyage commences from the Land's-End, and is continued by the north coast of Cornwall.

V O Y A G E

ROUND GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

THE difficulty of making a beginning has been felt by many adventurers, who, when this essential part of an undertaking has been surmounted, have been able to pursue and bring it to a conclusion without hesitation or delay. It is unnecessary to hunt for examples, for there are few who cannot acknowledge from experience, in some trial of their lives, how troublesome it is to begin. Some little stammering, and a few preparatory hems and ha's may perhaps be granted to the diffident, though I believe that they tend rather to increase than relieve the pain of the first word, and that in all arduous cases of speech or action, which cannot be altogether avoided, it is best to begin at once. I shall adopt this plan, and as I have a long journey before me, shall not fatigue myself or my reader by any useless deviations, nor expend one idle syllable by the way, between London and the Land's-End. I must premise, that Mr. William Daniell, by whom the illustrations of this work were drawn and engraved, was my companion during the whole voyage, and that the magisterial monosyllable, *we*, which occurs so often in the narrative, has nothing of arrogance about it, but includes on all occasions both myself and my friend.

The promontory called the Land's-End is the most western point of England. Why, in an island, this spot should be particularly styled the Land's-End, I cannot determine, but the title has given it a great degree of interest, and attracts crowds to it, who, without pausing to examine the motives of their curiosity, gaze at it, scratch their names upon a sod, and then depart, with that fulness of satisfaction which a man ought to feel, who is conscious that he has done all that can be done. The Lizard Point, which is a few leagues from it, is the Land's-End to the south; but it has no visitors on that account. So much is to be effected by a name. This western promontory, however, presents a very grand and striking scene, and, independent of the charm of its name, may well repay the curiosity of those who travel to see it. The land is not very lofty, but broken into a great variety of forms. The rocks hang about it in huge, disjointed masses, and are tumbled together
in

in magnificent confusion. Over the land, as far as the eye can reach, there is no appearance of cultivation, and no capability of it; it is one wide extent of sterility. Mere barrenness is not very conciliating, but here, the nakedness of the earth is in excellent unison with the vast waste of sea that is spread around it, and the whole prospect forms a scene of incomparable cheerlessness, where nature seems to reign alone in sullen majesty, and where the dominion of man can never interpose one feature of usefulness or comfort.

It is said, that there once existed a considerable tract of country, called the Lioness, extending from the Land's-End towards the Scilly Isles, which has been entirely overwhelmed by the sea. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, reports, that in his time the space between the Land's-End and Scilly was still called the Lioness, and that about midway there was a rock called the Gulf, near which fishermen had frequently drawn up with their hooks pieces of doors and windows. In spite of these evidences, I consider the fact to be very questionable. All the remarkable headlands that occur between the Lizard and Hertland Point, are mentioned by Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived under the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius, and is one of the most ancient geographers whose works are extant. If the region called the Lioness ever existed, it must have been before the time of Ptolemy, as it is more than improbable, that after the inundation which overwhelmed it, the land would still retain the same forms, the same indentations, and the same projections, which are now identified to have been described by him. The names which Ptolemy assigns to the headlands were first given to them by the Greeks many ages before he wrote; and the event is thus traced back to a period, at least sufficiently remote, to put aside the evidence of a few fragments of doors and windows, picked up two centuries ago. Doors and windows will perish. Carew observes, that there is an equal depth of water between the Land's-End and Scilly, and brings forward this circumstance as another proof in support of the pretensions of the Lioness. Now, as this sunken tract was attached to Cornwall, it is but just to suppose that it was distributed into much the same forms as the land which surrounded it, and the whole county is conspicuous for nothing more than the regular undulations of its surface. If this fact of the equal depth of water, which supposes a plain of nearly thirty miles, has been ascertained, I think that it at once decides the question. The Lioness, in all probability, was nothing more than a rock at sea, which may now have disappeared, and which derived its name from some supposed resemblance in its form to that animal. There is now a rock, not far from the Land's-End, which is called the Wolf; the Lioness was perhaps its companion. But nothing is further from my intention, than to stimulate controversy on a subject now so many fathoms below all rational inquiry. Till the Lioness appears again, we may leave all further discussion about her to the oysters.

After having sufficiently admired the wildness and sublimity of the Land's-End, and having punctiliously fulfilled the customary observance of going to the extreme edge of the point, we proceeded on; and after clambering over many rugged crags, that were very picturesque

picturesque and fatiguing, arrived at Whitsand Bay. There is seldom a habitable hole in the earth in which we do not discover something alive; and here, a few fishermen, taking advantage of an opening in the cliffs, have erected their huts, and furnish a strong evidence that life is really valuable, when it is simply the liberty of breathing. The little colony, however, that eats and drinks at Whitsand Cove was not at present on shore, but lying in their boats in the bay, waiting till the tide fell and enabled them to land. The weather was perfectly fine, but there was so heavy a surf along shore, that it was impracticable for any boat to land with safety; and we afterwards ascertained, that this surf was always in the way for at least four hours out of twelve; that is, for two hours before, and two hours after, high water.

As we intended to hire a boat here, we sat down on the turf, to wait also for the ebbing of the tide. We repressed all tendency to impatience by reflecting, that our circumstances were not more deplorable than those of the fishermen, that we were on rather the better side of the surf, that like them, we could sit, and unlike them, sit still. The magnificence of the sea on this coast well deserves some comment, and perhaps so fair an occasion as the present may not occur again, when I have nothing better to do than to count the waves as they burst at my feet. I do not speak of the sea for the edification or amusement of those who are in the habit of "lying to" in gales of wind in the middle of the Atlantic, and are apprized of the complicated horrors of a hurricane and a lee-shore, but for those who were never rocked but in an arm chair, and love to gaze at the water with dry feet, and in a land of umbrellas.

There is no part of the English coast where the ocean can be seen in such grandeur as on the north coast of Cornwall, which is entirely open to the whole sweep of the Atlantic. In most of the land-locked channels round our coast, the waves, in consequence of frequent sands and shoals, are short and broken, but here, the huge, round billows come rolling on, each a mountain, which you have time to gaze and ponder on, while you may distinctly trace the immense chasm which separates each from that which follows, and thus pursue in detail the march of the mighty sea, as it moves along with majestic regularity. In the calmest weather there frequently rise up 'ground-swells,' which are extremely dangerous for all open boats, and which, not being to be foreseen or provided against, make the life of a fisherman on this coast as precarious as his sport. I endeavoured to ascertain the causes of these ground-swells, but could learn nothing satisfactory respecting them. Some assured me, that they were the forerunners of an approaching gale, and others, that they were in consequence of a gale that was passed; but all agreed, that they were more to be dreaded than a gale, as they came on without warning. They occur only along shore, as their name imports, and beyond them the sea is frequently quite calm. In this case the effect is very singular; for the space of a quarter of a mile, the sea, without wind, is tossed, as if by a hurricane, into the wildest uproar and confusion, while beyond, as far as the eye can see, it is one still surface as smooth as glass.

But the fishermen I perceive have just landed, so that we may now proceed to business. Their toil had been rewarded by ample success, and they brought on shore a quantity of fish, which, at a fishmonger's in Bond-street, would have sold for a price, which no one perhaps but a Bond-street fishmonger could determine. There was an abundance of john dory and red mullet, animals which no epicure can hear named without emotion; and which, as the fishermen informed us, had they at that moment been in the Falmouth market, "would have fetched a matter of twopence or threepence a piece." When we informed them, that were they in London they might fetch a matter of half-a-guinea or fifteen shillings a piece, they were infinitely astonished, and regretted, perhaps for the first time, that London was three hundred miles from the Land's-End. Besides the dory and red mullet, they catch other excellent fish; I shall only mention the whiting-pollack, which naturalists no doubt have placed in its proper class, and which I can declare, if it be neither salmon, turbot, nor cod, is at least as good as either of them.

A large beam of oak, which, we were told, once formed a part of the ship in which Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked off the Scilly Isles, and which has served for above a century for the support of a capstan by which the fishermen haul up their boats, was the only other object particularly worthy of notice at Whitsand Cove; and its identity was only just sufficiently explained to make us look at it with a momentary interest, and to suggest a few reflections, which the reader may readily understand, if he will put himself in our place and look with our eyes.

The bargain for the boat was speedily adjusted, and we then committed ourselves to the waves, with a decent horror of ground-swells, and with minds fully awake to every thing in the form of the terrible. Our boatmen were anxious that our apprehensions should not stagnate, and therefore made drowning the principal subject of their discourse. All the most harrowing accounts of wrecks which they could remember or invent, they dwelt on with unsparing prolixity, demonstrating, that the sea was never to be trusted, and that danger was often very near when it was little expected. In spite, however, of these stimulating observations, our fears gradually subsided, for we had two men with us whose hair had grown grey in the very boat in which we were, and as danger could not be prevented, we resigned ourselves cheerfully to chance, with the consolation of reflecting, that we were at least in a very lucky boat. The seamen sympathizing with our new-born gaiety, changed their subject, and proceeded to point out to us the wonders of the coast. Almost every rock had some little history attached to it. Here, on a frightful pyramid, on which the cormorants alone can rest with safety, a man had stood on his head, without breaking his neck, and with the gain of two quarts of beer. Here, was a rugged steep, which a cat might have despaired to ascend, but which a countryman, more bold, had clambered up in pursuit of a bird's-nest; just as he was in the act of seizing with his left hand his precious prey, his foot slipped, and had his right hand been less firm in its hold, he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces. At a short distance from this memorable spot, the
bust

bust of an Irish lady was shewn to us ; an uncouth fragment of projecting rock, something in the form of a hog's head. A vessel from Ireland was wrecked immediately under it, and this Irish lady was the only person on board who was saved. The rock, had its resemblance to any thing human been a little less hieroglyphical, would have been well calculated to commemorate her gratitude to the end of time.

When a man is tired of looking at stones, and of considering them merely in their simple state, he is very willing that his subject shall receive any embellishments that it is capable of, and in a temper of mind not to enquire too fastidiously into the propriety of their application. In the inland parts of Cornwall the principal objects are stones, and as stones are known to have been the altars, the sepulchres, and the idols of the Druids, in this county they are all pressed into their service, and no two lie within a yard of each other which are not supposed to have been artificially arranged. If the Druids did not interfere so generally with the stones of Cornwall as is imagined, at least, in the absence of all certain authority, or of any authority at all on the subject, a man may believe that which is most agreeable to him. The Irish lady, and the man on his head, certainly enliven the rocks on the coast, though I ought not perhaps to conceal, that they are entirely inaccessible to any animals without wings.

Our principal object in this cruise was to go round and explore the Longships ; a shelf of rocks, on the highest of which is erected a lighthouse. They are immediately opposite to the Land's-End, and distant from it a mile. The space between is beset with rocks in all directions, some raised considerably above water, some only shewing their black and horrid points at certain times of the tide, and some always covered, but betrayed by the foam of the sea, which curls and breaks as it passes over them. The navigation amongst them, even in a small boat, which is readily governed and quickly turned, requires great caution and experience, but in vessels of larger burden it would be a trial of the utmost danger, and therefore few are ever seen here but those which are driven in by the violence of the weather. As the sea was now very smooth, we were enabled to effect a landing on the Longships, a privilege which the demon who reigns over this reef of granite (and I suppose there is one) extends to very few, and on few occasions. There is generally a tremendous surf round them, and in gales of wind whole seas pass entirely over them, burying the lighthouse with their spray. The ascent is very steep and jagged, and it is ridiculous to enquire for the path. With some trifling damage to our hands, which were little familiarized with travelling like our feet, over a surface to be imitated only by broken bottles, we reached the summit.

Rocks rising from the sea are not uncommon, and certainly not prepossessing objects ; but topped with a building raised by human hands, and inhabited by human beings, the Longships, bleak and inhospitable as they are, at once become interesting : this little tower gives additional character to the mournful waste, and quickens the desolation of the scene. How cheering must the sight of it be in the darkness of the night, when its light
points

points out to the distant ship the dangers of her course, and guides her in safety through them!

The lighthouse was erected under the authority of the Corporation of Trinity House, of Deptford Strond, at the request of the trade, for the benefit of vessels sailing round the Land's-End into the British and St. George's channels. It was begun in 1791, but owing to some unexpected impediments, was not completed till 1795, in September of which year the light was first exhibited. The tower is built of granite: the stones are dovetailed, and the courses treenailed, on the same plan that was adopted by Smeaton in the construction of the Edystone. The circumference of the tower at its base is sixty-eight feet, and the height, from the rock to the vane of the lantern, fifty-two feet. The height of the rock, from the sea to the base of the lighthouse, is sixty feet. Though thus considerably raised above the sea, yet a large body of water sometimes passes over the building. During heavy gales it rocks violently under the shock of the wind and waves, but is constructed with such admirable skill, and is so incorporated with the rock on which it stands, that it has now weathered the storms of more than twenty winters, without sensible injury of any kind. The lantern, on the improved principle, is furnished with Argand lamps and reflectors, and gives a very brilliant light. This is seen many leagues off at sea by ships approaching the Land's-End, and affords them an infallible guide, which warns them of the Longships and other rocks situated near that promontory. These rocks lie very much in the way of navigation, and before the establishment of the light, had occasioned the wreck of many vessels, and the loss of many lives. No shipwrecks have happened on the Longships, or near them, during the last ten years.

The business of the lighthouse is attended to by two men, who reside in it, and are relieved, when the weather will permit, every month. In the winter time, the Longships can seldom be approached by a boat, and the men have not unfrequently been entombed for four or five months, without the possibility of being released. Surely nothing can be more dismal, nothing more repulsive to the common and strongest feelings of human nature, than the state of the two chosen individuals, thus chained to this horrid rock. In rough weather they are often confined for weeks together within doors, and when the sun shines, and all nature looks gay to their eyes, but the spot to which they are confined, they have no variety but that of scrambling up and down a few feet of craggy rock, at the risk of breaking their necks. It is hard to earn the means of living by giving up all that makes life desirable. If this lighthouse were a prison for criminals, and prison their punishment, we should find it difficult to conceive a crime black enough to justify the cruelty of permitting them to live: yet these miserable outcasts condemn themselves to it, merely that they may live. They may console themselves with the reflection, that the Edystone is at least as cheerless as the Longships; I know of no other situation which will not gain in the comparison with this appalling state of solitary servitude. The extensive use of the tower will certainly, even on considerations of humanity, reconcile us to the wretchedness
of



The Lands-end, Cornwall



The Long-ships Lighthouse off the Lands-end Cornwall

of the individuals who are inclosed in it, and therefore regret does not mingle with my wonder, that any should be found ready to devote themselves to this terrible banishment, not influenced by any generous enthusiasm for the public good, but merely by interested motives of self-preferment.

From the Longships we had a complete view of the whole of the coast of Cornwall which immediately faces the west; from the many-syllabled headland, Point Tol-Pedan-Penwith to Cape Cornwall, a line of about three leagues. The whole is, in sea phrase, perfectly iron-bound, and of the same character as that already described about the Land's-End, wild, rugged, and sublime, and formed of a material able to resist the battering of the Atlantic to the end of time. I know not why we should be anxious to drive back the sea from his just possessions, and though on this coast it has been imagined that there exist many grounds of accusation against him, yet I know none that presents so few reasonable evidences of his usurpations. It is composed entirely of granite, and nothing but a sea of granite could make any impression on it.

When we took our leave of the men at the lighthouse, they expressed a very natural surprise that we could find any thing to delight us in their dreary neighbourhood, and did not see us depart without a few words of regret at their own confinement, and a few mournful remarks on the unequal condition of men. Though by no means alive to that keen consciousness of our superior privileges, which these poor fellows, in the bitterness of their feelings no doubt attributed to us, yet we could not look at them and deny to ourselves, that happiness in this world is very partially awarded.

Our next resting place was at Port East. The name had excited some expectations; but on arriving thither, we found an establishment of three fishing-boats, one mackarel-net, and three lobster-pots. At this spot, as at Whitsand Bay, a small chasm in the cliffs suggested to a few adventurers the practicability of securing a landing place for a boat; and thus, was founded Port East. Any further speculation on the subject of its original state would be superfluous; it could never have been more inconsiderable than at present, and it is altogether unsusceptible of improvement. The landing is even more incommodious than at Whitsand Cove, and we here made our first experiment of being soused in the surf. A little to the northward of Port East is Cape Cornwall, a bold headland, which forms the western boundary of the English channel; after doubling this point you enter the Bristol channel.

At the very edge of the cliff near Port East we saw a tin-mine, an object which does not present any thing that is very interesting on the face of it. We had not heroism sufficient to venture down to the bottom; and indeed, the picturesque underground is not fairly to be comprehended within the limits of our enterprise. To pass through Cornwall, however, without mentioning its mines, the source of all its wealth and importance, would be unpardonable; and yet I fear I can disclose little on the subject that will prove either instructive or entertaining.

To

To begin with as much solemnity as possible, I may observe, that it is not clearly ascertained who were the earliest traders who came to this county for tin; that the first uses to which this metal was applied are only to be conjectured, and that the question of primeval saucepans and kettles is involved in infinite obscurity. That the Phenicians made voyages to Cornwall for tin is decided, and that the Romans, during their sovereignty in this country, did not neglect the mines, is not only proved by historical records, but by the evidence of their works still remaining. The individual who first came to Britain in the guise of a tin-trader is pointed out by Pliny, and if the business rested with me, I should be very happy to rely implicitly on his authority: "It is a curious fact, that the oldest classical appellation for the extreme western point of Cornwall should be Belerium, or the Promontory of Hercules, the reputed founder of Tyre, also known by the title of Melicartus: and according to Pliny, a person of that name, corruptly written Medacritus, was the person who first brought tin from the island Cassiteris (*the Scilly Isles*). Without the assistance of this metal the celebrated shield of Achilles could not have been wrought, for tin is absolutely necessary to the painter, the gilder, and the dyer*." It may perhaps be permitted me to remark, that had it not been for the discovery of this inestimable metal, the best worm-medicine also now in use would be unknown, for serviceable as it may be to painters and gilders, it is nevertheless death to worms.

But precious and widely useful as it is, I fear that some of its properties, and some of the most signal too, are now forgotten. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, after having summed up in modest terms some of the less important productions of the county, bursts out into the following animated panegyric on tin; and though he raises it so much above the vulgar station, to which a more ignorant man would have confined it amongst the utensils of the kitchen, he is still apprehensive that he has not done it justice. "But why seek wee in corners for pettie commodities, when as the onely mynerall of Cornish tynne openeth so large a field to the countries benefit: this is in working so pliant, for sight so faire, and in use so necessarie, as thereby the inhabitants gaine wealth, the marchants trafficke, and the whole realme a reputation; and with such plenty thereof hath God stuffed the bowels of this little angle, that (as Astiages dreamed of his daughter) it overfloweth England, watereth Christendome, and is derived to a great part of the world besides. In travailing abroad, in tarrying at home, in eating and drinking, *in doing ought of pleasure or necessity*, tynne, either in his own shape, or transformed into other fashions, *is always requisite*, always readie for our service; but I shall rather disgrace then endeere it *by mine overweake commendation*, and sooner tire myself then draw the fountaine of his praises drie. Let this therefore suffice, that it cannot bee of meane price, which hath found with it diamond, amongst it gold, and in it silver†."

As I am myself profoundly unskilled in the mysteries of the mines, and can, from my

* See Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery, Introduction, page 182.

† Book 1st. page 8.

own knowledge, give them credit for nothing more than furnishing tea-kettles for the universe, it will be prudent to close my observations on the subject here. I can certainly add nothing in the form of embellishment to my last quotation.

From Port East we directed our course inland about half a mile, to St. Just, a little village, which, saving a butcher's and baker's shop, has nothing in it to gratify the attention of a stranger. It is said, that there are the remains of an ancient amphitheatre of British construction in its neighbourhood; but not being profound antiquarians, they escaped our dull sight, though twenty different places, at great intervals from each other, were pointed out to us, on all of which we were confidently assured that they stood, by different people of the village, all anxious to confirm the honours of St. Just. Doctor Borlase* observes, that there are many remains of amphitheatres in Cornwall, and that the early Britons used to assemble in them to see plays acted. The state of the drama at so distant a period it is impossible to determine; and I think it questionable, whether these amphitheatres were the scenes of any nobler pastimes than wrestling matches and other contests of strength, in which the audience were not called upon to sympathise with the elaborate joys and sorrows of fictitious heroes, but gave all their applause to the best cudgel, and all their pity to a broken head. For many ages the Cornish men have been singularly attached to the exercise of wrestling; and if any one, in the wantonness of curiosity, should inquire who was the first wrestler, he may perhaps be surprised to hear himself thus satisfactorily answered. Corineus, cousin to Brutus, who was great-grandson to Eneas, and moreover the first conqueror of Britain, came hither with his powerful relation one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight years before Christ. Near Plymouth he encountered a mighty giant called Gogmagog, immediately challenged him to a wrestling match, and fortunately 'gave him a fall' over the cliff, which broke his neck and put an end to him and the contest at once. The victorious Corineus received Cornwall as the reward of his prowess, and some maintain that the county derives its name from this great giant-killer†. On this last circumstance I do not myself insist, but certain it is, that from the defeat of Gogmagog, to this hour, the world has never held two opinions about the terrors of a Cornish hug.

From St. Just we returned to the coast, and proceeded along the cliffs by paths not untrodden, but very little improved by art. Antiquarians have discovered many traces of Roman ways in the western parts of Cornwall, and I confess, not without some sense of abasement, that they entirely escaped my observation. Our course was principally over the *viæ diverticulæ*, or lanes and by-paths, the passage over some of which entitled us to the fame of Hannibal. After having escaped with life over one, even fancifully rugged and unaccommodating, we had the blushes called into our cheeks by being asked, if we had not been delighted with the evidences which we had just seen of Roman art and industry.

* See History and Antiquities of Cornwall, page 208.

† Carew's Survey of Cornwall, page 1.

We had indeed been stumbling and dislocating our ancles over a Roman way, and that too, with a criminal unconsciousness of every thing but extreme inconvenience.

There are numberless remains of insignificant castles, entrenchments, and earthworks, raised immediately upon the cliffs, at the western extremity, and on the whole line of the north coast of Cornwall, some of which we had the merit to observe. On authority much higher than my own, I venture to divide the honour of their construction equally between the Irish and the Danes, to the exclusion of the Cornish and all other pretenders. And first, with the assistance of Mr. Polwhele*, I will offer a few observations in support of the claims of the Irish. When the Romans first penetrated into Cornwall, great numbers of the inhabitants fled before the invaders, and leaving their property to be sacked without opposition, secured at least their personal liberty by migrating to Ireland. It is not, however, to be imagined that they deserted their possessions without regret, or that they failed to cast many a longing look from the land of their retreat towards the opposite shores, where they had sacrificed every thing but freedom. Accordingly, in a short time they began to make incursions on their own coast, in the hope of recovering some of their own property, and in those attacks are stigmatized by historians, perhaps rather harshly, with the name of pirates. Now, as it is proved that the Irish, or rather the Cornish from Ireland, made invasions on the north coast of Cornwall, we have at least advanced a plausible pretension on their parts to the numerous castles, the ruins of which are now distinguishable. It remains only to ascertain, how far their claims are supported by the "names, the general and particular situation, the structure, and the present appearance" of these edifices.

The *names* give us the negative support of being neither Saxon nor Danish, though it is but common candour to acknowledge, that in those predatory times, when possession was at least as capricious as the wind which blows from Ireland to Cornwall, names too might have been subject to some variation. A fortress built by the Saxons or Danes might have changed its name as often as its owner. "The titles *Caer-bran*, *Castle-les-gud-zek*, 'the palace or the court of Brennus,' 'the castle of the bloody field,' may certainly have been either Cornish or Roman-Cornish, but they are names which the Cornish would not have themselves imposed, though it was natural to retain such original appellations in memory of the invasions, and with an ironical reference perhaps to the fate of the invaders." The force and propriety of this irony is not very evident, and I heartily wish (for my feelings are altogether with the Irish) that we could have brought forward the affirmative authority of these names in a stronger point of view.

The *situation* of these castles furnishes strong proofs that they were raised by some foreign invaders, and not by the natives. The greater number of them is in the westernmost and narrowest part of Cornwall, and if we attribute them to the Cornish or Roman-Cornish, we must suppose, "that they preferred the defence of this little nook to the more

* History of Cornwall, page 113 to 117.

valuable and spacious parts of the county ; that they threw up numerous military works to cover their retreat from an enemy, where there could not be room enough for half the people of Cornwall ; or if we allow room enough, whither the invaders on the north-east or south-east shores would wish to drive the inhabitants, and having secured them there by a line from the north to the south sea, could effectually prevent their ever returning to the east again." I hope it will not be objected, that the Cornish might have erected these fortifications not with a view to invasion from the north-east or south-east, but from the west, and that they may therefore have considered them, not as a simple defence for a worthless nook of land, but as a bulwark for the protection of the interior. Military works, I fear, are not always intended for the inhabitants of a whole province, but are sometimes thought to answer a good purpose if they can maintain a garrison sufficient to defend and hold them as strong posts, which may command the surrounding country.

If then these fortresses must have been the work of foreign invaders, it could be no other than the Irish, "because they are situated opposite to Ireland." But I hasten to their *structure*. "Those which include promontories and rocks, have their trenches towards the land, to guard against the enemy expected to come from the land, not the sea ; to secure the invader in making a descent, or in retreating to his ships." If these circumstances do not irrefragably determine that the castles were built by the Irish, and not by the Danes, they certainly seem to exclude the Cornish, whom we have not, till in this division of our argument, been able to place entirely hors de combat. For their *present appearance* all that can be remarked is, "that they are dismantled ; and the Cornish would not have destroyed their own fortresses." But time destroys all things, and can dismantle a Cornish castle. Nothing more I believe can be said in favour of the Irish, and little will suffice for the Danes. All the strongest facts which have been advanced for the former will apply to the latter, and as an author of great repute as an antiquarian, Dr. Borlase, in the question of these disputed ruins, sides decidedly with the Danes, I can do no less, after all that I have adduced from the suggestions of Mr. Polwhele, than divide my own opinion equally between them. It is difficult to prove facts of so remote a period by conjecture, and there are some, who question the utility of writing quartos on subjects where all proof is wanting, and which no proof could make interesting.

After blundering over Roman entrenchments, Irish and Danish castles, and loose stones, unrecorded and innumerable, we arrived at Pendeen Cove, where there is a settlement of half a dozen fishermen. I do not pass these little places unnoticed, for they really give infinite character to the coast. Boats, with their masts, and sails, and oars, and anchors, and the multifarious apparatus of fishing tackle, nets and lines, all strewed upon the beach, are certainly picturesque, and present an appearance of life and employment that is always pleasing to us, but more particularly so, after having been benumbed by a long tract of savageness and solitude. Except where these chasms occur, the whole line of coast is precipitous and insurmountable, and they appear to have been kindly designed

by nature, that man might not be altogether shut out from the eye and enjoyment of the sea. The coast both to the north and south of Pendeen Cove is grand beyond description. The cliffs are composed of huge and overhanging masses of rock, loosely piled on each other, while enormous fragments, which have the appearance of having been torn down by some violent convulsion, lie in strange disorder beneath. It is the perfection of rugged scenery; nature can never exhibit herself more naked of decoration than here; she can never appear more rude nor more in ruins.

At a short distance from the Cove a mysterious cave was pointed out to us, called Pendeen-Vau, which is conceived by the rustics to be interminable, for they had penetrated at least fifty yards, and still, found no end. At the entrance of it there appeared some years ago a strange lady with a red rose in her mouth, for what purpose it was not easy to ascertain, for the good people seemed unwilling to allow their imaginations to dwell on the possible horrors of the circumstance. This cave was probably used in remote ages as a place of concealment for property during times of war and invasion*.

We were not able to pursue our way in a direct line along the edge of the cliffs, but were frequently obliged to make tedious circuits of two or three miles, and then return to the coast, at an advancement of not more than three or four hundred yards from the point where we left it. In one of these diversions we passed through the little village of Morva, where we witnessed a scene of living manners, which, though it might have occurred at any other village, and be not strictly within the circle of my business, I shall yet venture to describe, if it be only for the sake of a short reprieve from the unsociable silence of the rocks and the sea. As we were passing by the church, we saw a number of people assembled on the outside of the churchyard wall, who directed their attention, with looks of great anxiety and curiosity, to the labours of a man who was digging a grave. We stopped to enquire of a young man, who was standing at a distance from the group, the cause of these melancholy preparations; but he seemed confused, and turned away his head, and made no reply. On applying to another person, we were informed that the grave was for a young girl, who had poisoned herself to avoid the shame of bringing into the world a bastard child, and that the youth to whom we first addressed ourselves was her brother. My story has hitherto disclosed no very extraordinary particulars, and presents merely a vulgar case of sin and suffering, best to be adjusted by the overseers of the parish. It was the character and feelings of the wretched brother, whom we had unintentionally distressed by our enquiries, that principally awakened our interest. When we left Morva to pursue our journey he followed us, and, after some little hesitation, entered into conversation with us. He observed, that he thought it a very unlucky chance, that we should pass through the village at the

* Borlase, *Hist. and Antiq. of Cornwall*, page 293.

very hour when so sad a business was going on, but that it was still more unfortunate, that he should have been called upon to explain to two strangers the story of his sister's shame, which he had hoped would never have been known out of sight of her grave. He assured us that she had been a most amiable girl, greatly and generally beloved, and indeed nothing but a source of comfort and joy to her parents, to her brothers and sisters, and to all who knew her. On this subject he was very eloquent, and there was something inexpressibly touching in the earnestness with which he endeavoured to impress upon our minds the good qualities of his sister, and divert us from the contemplation of her guilt. He dwelt with warmth on many tender recollections of her kindness and goodnature; she had been the charm of their home: she had been always cheerful herself, and it had been always her study to make others so: she had loved him with the utmost affection, and had nursed him through a long illness with unchanging sweetness; and here the tears streamed down his cheeks, and he could speak no more. We understood that the ill-fated girl, with that tenderness which in all ranks and in all circumstances is still the gift and the charm of woman, had refused to disclose the name of her seducer. In her last agonies, with a constancy which pain could not abate, nor the fear of death overcome, she preserved her secret, and declared, that it would be her latest consolation to reflect that the author of all her misery would escape from punishment and reproach. Her poor brother, when he took his leave of us, said, that he felt his mind considerably relieved by his communication with us, for that he could not have borne that we should have departed, knowing nothing of his dear sister but the last frightful action, which was the only one of her life that could be blamed. If these pages could possibly meet his eye, he would remember the two strangers whose good opinion he was so anxious to conciliate, as if with a prophetic notice, that it was their object to prattle about every thing which they heard and saw.

We pursued our zig-zag march for many miles and more hours, during which we beheld many scenes of the same stupendous character as those which I have already noticed, and which I should be happy to illustrate by a more particular description, had I not already drawn so deeply from my vocabulary of rock epithets. At length we entered St. Ives, which in a right line along the coast is not more than sixteen miles from the Land's-End. This town derives its name from an Irish saint, St. Iia, an Irish nobleman's daughter, who settled there in the year 460. She was a lady of singular piety, and had been a disciple of St. Barricus, first bishop of Cork. I have not ascertained on what pretence she came to Cornwall, nor why the people of this county permitted a foreigner to establish her authority amongst them, at a time when saints were much too abundant to be welcome only for their sanctity.

St. Ives is situated at the western extremity of a fine capacious bay. The town is neat and decent, and contains 3200 inhabitants, who, when distributed into the usual subdivisions

subdivisions of so many individuals in a family, and so many families in a house, have all a roof over their heads, and a spot which they can call home. In speaking of towns, I do not think it necessary to pursue the question of bricks and mortar through all its changes, nor to write with the solemnity of geographical description, of opposite alleys, and parallel gutters, divided by a high-street, and crowned with a market-place. Details of the mere local history of houses must be very dull and insignificant; and when we have fairly represented the whole state and circumstances of one well-chosen, commodious dwelling-house, there remains nothing on this subject but a sickening repetition of ditto, ditto, ditto, through every town in England. But though I do not intend scrupulously to count the bricks and the chimneys in all the towns which I pass through, yet I have a due reverence for all public buildings, castles, and cathedrals, and whenever they occur I shall be careful to notice them as significantly as I can.

There is a large harbour at St. Ives, defended by a handsome and substantial pier, which in the winter time frequently affords shelter to two hundred vessels; though the quantity of sand driven into it by the north-west winds so much diminishes the depth of water, that it cannot receive ships of any considerable burden.

The pilchard fishery is carried on here to a great extent, and as the pilchards luckily visited this coast at the same time that we did, we had an opportunity of seeing the whole process of catching and preserving them. A sean net is employed of immense size; two hundred fathoms in circumference, and capable of containing more than two hundred hogsheads of pilchards. A hogshead will hold three thousand pilchards. When the fishermen put to sea, they are directed where to cast their nets by people called Huers, who are stationed on the heights, and can distinguish the approach of a shoal by a red tinge in the water, and the flights of eager gulls, who perhaps little imagine, while they are hovering and screaming with triumph over their prey, that they are pointing it out to animals still more rapacious than themselves. When a shoal is in sight, the Huers at once justify the propriety of their name, and the importance of their office, by raising a prodigious outcry, which luckily reaches the ears of the fishermen, without alarming the suspicions of the fish. I cannot explain scientifically the mode of casting and hauling the net, but the complicated business terminates in securing, sometimes at one draught, two hundred hogsheads of pilchards. The employment of salting, pressing, and packing the fish, fully engages the hands of all the men, women, and children of the neighbourhood, and from the first appearance of a shoal at sea, to its final consignment to the casks, there is one tumultuous scene of action and bustle; and all this in the service of the belly; in the fulfilment of the "great law of eat and be eaten."

We were at St. Ives at the time when the American sloop of war, the *Argus*, was in the Bristol channel, where she was so long permitted to indulge in the uninterrupted exercise of burning and pillaging our defenceless merchantmen. She destroyed two vessels
belonging

belonging to this port ; and the owner of one of them feelingly represented to us the rarity of British cruisers in the channel. We heard too, with great indignation, that volunteers from our own coast supplied our American enemy with seamen whenever he wanted them, and that however he diminished his natural crew by manning his prizes, he was secure, as long as he remained near our shores, of preserving his ship's complement entire. The *Argus* was afterwards taken by the *Pelican*, sloop of war, after a short action, in which the Americans evinced neither skill nor courage. They had previously inflated themselves into a sense of perfect security, and affected to despise nothing so much as an English sloop ; therefore, when the *Pelican* was approaching, they "laid to" for her with great steadiness, confident either of sinking or taking her. During the action half of their crew were drunk, and very speedily signified their incompetence to do any thing but strike.

About three miles from St. Ives stand the town, the copper works, and smelting houses of Heyl. They are situated on the eastern side of the river Heyl, which, from its spring, near Crowan, pursues a westerly course to St. Hilary, and from thence flows directly to the north, till it forms an estuary, which opens into the bay of St. Ives. The communication of this river with the sea is obstructed by an immense bank of sand which has accumulated near its mouth, and increases so rapidly, that there seems reason to apprehend that it will ultimately lay an irreversible embargo on any intermixture of the fresh water with the salt. Vessels only of one hundred tons can pass over the bar at high spring tides, and they can only advance a mile inwards from the sea, to the little village of Lelant. Near its mouth the Heyl is joined by a small stream from the east, which, under the church of Philac, forms a branch of the haven for small craft. The bed of the whole river has been so much raised by a continual accretion of sand, that Heyl is become only a half-tide harbour : the sea does not enter it till half-flood, and has entirely disappeared at half-ebb. There is a considerable trade at this port ; the imports consisting principally of Welsh coal for the steam-engines and smelting houses, and the exports of copper. As far as expediency is a source of beauty, Heyl, with its copper works, and steam-engines, and furnaces, may claim some attention ; and even in the gloom of its poisonous atmosphere one may see with pleasure the nice adaptation of certain means for the production of certain results, and a general hurly-burly of fire and smoke end in serviceable blocks of copper. In a picturesque point of view it is quite untractable ; surrounded on all sides with barren sands, and not embellished with one patch of green, or with a single tree. We observed the same scarcity of trees on the whole coast of Cornwall, and as far inland as we could see. It is occasioned by the westerly wind, which passing over a vast extent of sea, comes unmixed and untempered to this coast, and blighting as it blows, extirpates, root and branch, every tree and shrub that oppose it. The westerly wind is more prevalent and more boisterous than any other. Dr. Johnson observed that he had travelled two hundred miles in Scotland, and seen only one tree not younger than himself : we travelled at least half that distance in Cornwall, and saw only three not shorter than ourselves.

ourselves. The pernicious effect of the salt wind was strikingly evidenced in a few stumps which we saw coaxed up under the lee of a wall, and which could not raise their heads an inch above it, but were shaved as flat as with a scythe, and all of equal height, or just as high as the wall. If, encouraged by an unusual duration of a land-breeze, an aspiring twig or a vagrant leaf should peep above the allotted level, it would inevitably be cut off by the first breath from the sea, and the whole be again reduced to its former mop-like smugness and uniformity. Groves regulated into this state of methodical distortion would scarcely be worthy of preservation, did they not answer the purpose of at once explaining to travellers the true causes of the dearth of more stately trees, and of securing the inhabitants from any share of reproach.

Round the whole bay of St. Ives the coast is of a much milder character than that to the westward of it: the cliffs are not so high nor so rugged, and not composed entirely of rock, but mixed with a large proportion of sandy earth. All bays, indeed, are formed where the land is low or consists of soft materials, which are unable to resist the force of the sea. Where the land is high and defended by impregnable rocks there are, of course, no bays. In those of any considerable extent the bottom is usually of sand, which is nothing more than the spoils of the surrounding land, washed down by the action of the sea. This sand, triturated into small particles, is again returned by the sea upon the shore, where it is dried by the sun, and then scattered by the wind over its parent earth, carrying ruin and desolation before it. It is likewise thrown up into bars or embankments at the mouths of havens, where, if it prevent the further aggressions of its old enemy the sea, it at the same time unfortunately impedes the access of vessels, for they and the water must enter a harbour together. Though these embankments are composed of the same sand which so readily crumbles from the cliffs, yet, by being always wet, they are more firmly bound together, and, indeed, become perfectly immoveable.

At the eastern extremity of St. Ives bay is a small island, nearly a quarter of a mile from the mainland, called Godreyvy Island. There is nothing remarkable about it, except its being at all, and its being where it is. All who have seen it have, from time immemorial, expressed themselves in these terms: "Ay, there it is; and how did it get there?" I shall not disturb the prescriptive tranquillity of this venerable query by any attempt at a reply. About a mile and a half further from the land are some dangerous rocks, just above water, called the Stones; they lie directly in the track of navigation, and many vessels have at various times been wrecked upon them. And here end the memorabilia of St. Ives bay.

It had been our wish, for the sake of variety and a little relief from the fatigue of walking, to hire a boat at St. Ives, and so proceed for a few hours on our course. This wish was opposed by the extravagant demands of the boatmen, who did not think that they were doing themselves justice, unless they indemnified themselves for withdrawing for a day from their usual business, by charging us more than they could have earned by that business

business in a week. The pilchard fishery had put a few shillings into their pockets, so that they could afford to be insolent, and affected a most galling indifference whether they obliged us or not. During our whole voyage we found in all boatmen the same disposition to extortion, combined with a certain hardihood and independence of manner, which is inseparable from a seaman, and is strikingly contrasted with the servile knavery of the Jew, who demands for his goods what he pleases, and takes what you please. The boatmen never condescended to flatter, but cheated us with an air of assurance that was almost respectable. They are a fine, bold set of fellows, and as their common occupation of fishing, laborious and perilous as it is, returns them but a scanty subsistence, they may, perhaps, be excused for now and then hooking a stray gentleman who comes in their way, and who, they suppose, travels from his home for the express purpose of scattering his money about him with heedless profusion. But as our object in travelling was not of this loose description, we resolved to decline the hook, till more imperious circumstances should actually drive us into the water. The boat with which the fishermen had proposed to accommodate us, they called a gig, an article which most of my readers might recognize under many forms and many titles, but which few would expect to find breasting the billows of the Atlantic. We could not procure single horses sufficient for ourselves and our *materiel*, and this sea-gig first suggested to us the plan of having recourse to that vehicle which runs over the stones and fears no squalls, the plain, familiar land-gig. Having obtained one, with a horse to boot, and having ascertained that we could follow a by-road which skirted the coast, we took our seats, and, in the laziest sense of the word, flew over the ground that I have already described; had a race against the tide over the sands at Heyl, in which we just saved our distance, and soon turned our backs upon St. Ives bay and all that it contains.

At the eastern point of the bay the coast again and at once resumes all its former boldness and sublimity, and from thence runs to the north-east in a grand and broken line,

“*Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*”—

frowning defiance on the waves that are continually thundering at its base. The rocks are of black killas, and in much larger fragments than the blocks of granite at the Land's-End. Their deep colour adds great solemnity to the coast, and is well opposed to the white foam of the sea which dashes against them. A variety of coasting vessels, which we saw in the channel, meeting, following, and crossing one another; some facing the sea and casting it in spangles from their bows, some steering before it and leaving a stream of light behind, softened the immensity of the ocean, and gave it life and beauty.

I ought to apologize, perhaps, for calling the attention of the reader from a scene of this imposing character to one of a very humble nature. Our gig had been on very indifferent terms with the by-road from the outset, and after a succession of ominous cracks from various parts of its machinery, which had not escaped our ears, a general break up of its whole constitution supervened, and wheels, and springs, and shafts, all fell, in one
wide

wide ruin, to the ground. Our great consolation under this misfortune was, that we were not more than half a mile from hammers and help. We therefore walked on, and speedily arrived at Portreath, where new objects occupied our minds, and diverted them from any painful thoughts about our late overthrow. Portreath has a few small houses, scattered about in a valley between two lofty hills, and is scarcely to be dignified with the name of a town, for it has no pretensions to a street, and in very few instances has one house adjoining another. It is, nevertheless, a place of considerable bustle and business, and has a harbour, which is always crowded with vessels, that bring coals to it from Swansea and Neath, and return with copper and tin ore. The quay is thronged with men and mules, in a state of equal and incessant action, clearing the colliers; all equally patient of labour and dirt. The harbour is defended by a pier, which was commenced in the year 1760: the expences of building it amounted to 1200*l.*; 6000*l.* have been since laid out in forming an interior bason, and the trade carried on here has fully justified the whole of this great expenditure. The entrance of the harbour is singularly frightful, and has an air of preposterousness and grotesque inexpediency about it, very striking to those who have always considered a harbour as obviously presenting a place of shelter and security for ships. One side is formed by the pier, and the other by the jagged rocks. The mouth is so narrow that two vessels could not possibly enter it abreast. In bad weather a vessel goes through a most tremendous trial that approaches it, for she comes within two or three yards of rocks, which if she touches she is lost, and if she does not answer the helm with the utmost nicety, or if she is thrown by an unexpected sea at all out of her course, the consequences must be fatal. While we were standing on the pier-head we saw a small brig running for the harbour, and though the weather was moderate, we could not see her, even wilfully, advance towards the rocks, without a sense of anxiety and breathlessness. She came in, however, as her captain told us, most charmingly, and indeed, from long experience, knew the way in as well as he did. "She is as sweet a little thing, sir, as ever I put my foot on board, and will do any thing but talk." When a vessel of only eighty tons will do all this, what are rocks?

In gales of wind from the north-west a very heavy sea rolls into the harbour. Mr. Bath, a gentleman resident at Portneath, informed us, that a few years ago he and four other men were washed off the pier-head, while in preparation to give assistance to a boat coming in, by a gigantic sea that suddenly rose to the height of fifty feet. All were drowned except Mr. Bath, who was extricated by means of ropes, after a struggle of fifteen minutes, during which he was shockingly bruised and mangled against the rocks. And what became of the boat? it will certainly be asked. It fortunately entered the pier during, what seamen call, a smooth, and was saved. In all the confusion of a storm there is a singular regularity in the action of the sea: three enormous waves follow one another in succession, after which there is a pause. Boatmen, when they launch their boats from a beach through a surf, always wait till the three great waves have passed, and then



The entrance to Portreath, Cornwall



Boscastle Pier on the coast of Cornwall

then push off, and get through the broken water before the sea has again collected his might.

On a height commanding the harbour there is a battery of a few guns, but there are no gunners, and neither powder nor ball. In the last American war a privateer had the audacity to come in and capture a vessel at the harbour's mouth, in consequence of which it was thought prudent to establish this little fort *in terrorem*. No privateers have since ventured within range of its harmless and frugal guns.

Portreath, in all its parts, in spite of the efforts of art, still preserves an appearance so savage and unhewn, that it furnishes a most satisfactory specimen of the wildest of the wilds of Cornwall. A few chimneys and a little smoke give it a slight air of improvement, but nature has cast it in so uncouth a mould, that it can never be altogether tamed, or chiselled and planed into forms of comfort and regularity. The harbour, though entirely artificial, has so unaccommodating an exterior that it rather adds to the general stock of native wildness. At the distance of four or five hundred yards from its mouth there is an immense crag, two hundred feet high, called the Gull Rock, reigning lord of the terrors of this dismal place. Through the civility of Mr. Bath we procured a boat, and landing on this rock, scrambled up it, amidst the screams of numberless gulls and other sea birds that sit in conclave on it, and are not often disturbed in their meditations by animals in coats and breeches. From the top we had a commanding view of a line of coast extending many miles, and certainly no language of mine can do justice to its savage grandeur and magnificence. The cliffs are hollowed into deep, dark caverns, and split and torn into fragments of every form of ruggedness, and all on a scale of magnitude, that makes every cavern and every rock in the long perspective, distinct and terrible. At intervals are lofty headlands stretching far into the sea, and opposite to these, islands of rock raising their bare peaks above the waves—fit thrones for the spirits of danger and storms. These islands are very numerous; some of them are of great size, and all of barren rock. It is supposed that they were once connected with the mainland, and if so, they must have been separated, not by the silent encroachments and slow depredations of the sea, but by some sudden convulsion of nature. The character of the general coast strongly favours the conjecture of its having been once shattered by an earthquake.

After having sole possession of the Gull Rock for an hour or two, we yielded it again to the dominion of the gulls, who during the whole term of our invasion had persisted in a strain of the most violent and unceasing denunciation. The interposition of Mr. Bath had softened, in a degree, the covetousness of the boatmen, and they agreed to engage themselves in our service as long as we pleased, at a rate of decent and tolerable extortion. On our part there was no wish to be unreasonable, so that if we did not exactly jump at their terms, we at least jumped into their boat, though still not without some unpleasant associations, for it was a gig. A gig, or galley, is a long, narrow boat, built purposely for rowing, very sharp at the head and stern, and worked by

four, six, and sometimes eight oars. It cuts through the water with great velocity, but is not quite so secure as it is rapid. No person who has determined to die on shore should trust himself in one, except in fine weather and smooth water.

We now steered to the N. N. E., for so the coast runs, and stared so long at black rocks, hideous caverns, and foaming surfs, and made such ample use of every word at all allied in signification to the terms frightful and sublime, that we were at length compelled to sit noteless and silent; a state of repose rather soothing than otherwise, to people who had really nothing more either to see or to say. This pleasing pause did not last long, for we were soon roused by the information that we had arrived at another port, St. Agnes. There was no water in the harbour, so that we were obliged to land on the rocks. The cliffs above us were strangely shattered, and hollowed into innumerable cavities by the best of all hole-makers, excepting the sea, the Cornish miners. Through these holes, our captain assured us, that we could readily grope our way to the top of the cliff. We advanced boldly to the task, and scrambled on through a labyrinth of gaps and hollows, which speedily led to a candid and mutual acknowledgment that we were ignorant whither we were going. We roared out and summoned one of the boatmen to our assistance, who came and assured us that we were perfectly right, and could not possibly miss our way: he then led us through a new maze of dark turnings and windings, which brought us out at the top of the cliff, though I cannot, to this hour, more clearly explain how. From the station to which we had been thus unaccountably elevated, we had a very good view of all that St. Agnes presents to captivate the eye. The land about it is lofty, and there is one height, called the Beacon, which is computed to be nearly six hundred feet from the level of the sea, and to be one of the highest hills in Cornwall. Here, as at Portreath, a ruggedness not to be ameliorated, is the character of the whole scene. There are a few houses which proclaim defiance to every appearance of comfort and convenience, a few inclosures, called gardens, in which even weeds disdain to grow, and a few other things for the service of man, in the same whimsical style of unfitness. In the whole prospect there was not one feature of gracefulness or beauty: all was wild, barren, and bare. Such a prospect could not detain us long, we therefore descended from our eminence, and proceeded to inquire more minutely into what there was worthy of observation. The harbour is very insignificant, and so choked up with sand that it can admit no vessels of more than eighty tons. It was formerly of more importance, and was protected by a good pier, which was entirely destroyed, during a gale of wind, by an overwhelming irruption of the sea.

The country about St. Agnes is particularly rich in tin and copper mines, and these furnish the only inducements that could have tempted any human beings to settle near it. We encountered a large body of miners, who had just "come up to grass," as they express themselves, or come up from the mine, and whose manners betrayed strong evidences of having been formed at least twenty fathoms below the surface of the earth. They have a very unhealthy appearance, which is easily accounted for. It is calculated that one-half
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of the population employed in the mines is swept off by a peculiar kind of consumption, distinct from the common pulmonary consumption, and resulting from exposure to bad air, and sudden and violent changes in its temperature. My authority, on this subject, is Mr. Polwhele, who, in his "History of Cornwall, in respect to the health, &c. of its inhabitants," has described very circumstantially the symptoms of this disease, and pointed out those in which it differs from the common consumption. Instances of sudden suffocation are very frequent in the mines, in which there are many varieties of foul air, that occasion death with equal certainty, but with very different degrees of suffering. The two following cases, in which life appears to have been, even slowly, destroyed without the struggle of a moment, I have quoted from Mr. Polwhele. "In the mine of North Downs a drift end was in driving, where the air was scarce known to be scanty: one evening, at the usual hour of relief, an elderly man, called Bamfield, and a boy, came to the mine and went down to their place, from whence the other workmen had just come. Some time after the next hour of relief was elapsed, their partners were surprised that Bamfield and the boy did not come above ground. After waiting a little longer they went down, and found the boy in a recumbent posture; and Bamfield close to the end, sitting upon the ground with both hands to his forehead, and his elbows resting on his knees, in a kind of sleepy, nodding attitude; but both of them cold and stiff." This man and boy seem to have died without any pain or convulsion; to have sunk down as if under the oppression of mere drowsiness. Their end was an enviable one; and yet, to those who first discovered them, death, contrasted as it was with the familiar resemblances of life and sense, must have appeared with a more than common horror and ghastliness about it. There is something more tragical in the circumstances of the next fatal story, as death was preceded by a conviction of danger. "The neighbourhood of St. Dye was a few years since deprived of a most valuable character, in the loss of Captain Harvey, by an accident of this kind. Accompanied by one of his men, he had proceeded to examine a drift or adit, and in his passage forward placed, as is the usual custom, several large candles against the walls. His zeal rendered him too adventurous, and carried him too far; so that on his return he found the candles extinguished, and began to feel embarrassed. He had, however, reached the entrance of the drift, within a few yards, when, at the moment of rallying his companion, who was faint, he fell, and brought him to the ground with him. Nothing was heard of them for an hour, when suspicion of an accident led to a search. They were both found apparently dead; the man under, with his mouth close to a small rivulet, and Captain Harvey upon him. Every method of resuscitation was employed. Captain Harvey was irrecoverably lost, but the man soon shewed signs of life, and recovered; owing, most probably, his salvation to the circumstance of his mouth being so near the rivulet, by which he was either prevented from inhaling the destructive air, or was provided with a small supply of atmospheric air, accompanying the running stream. The author of this information had an opportunity of feeling this man's pulse some days after, when

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it was still so slow as forty. The suspension of life he had undergone he described as extremely easy, rather pleasant, like going to sleep." Bad air is not the only enemy to which the miners are exposed, for they work from day to day in constant danger of being crushed or maimed by fragments of rock, which fall from the top and sides of the cavities in the mines; and still they appear as happy and contented as any other body of men. The hope of high wages forms the first inducement that tempts them to this hazardous employment, and when once engaged, habit soon renders them careless of their insecurity, and they forget that they are toiling for the comforts of life in the very face of death.

In the neighbourhood of St. Agnes there are the remains of an entrenchment of vast magnitude; two miles in length, and inclosing two thousand acres of ground. It is decided by antiquarians to have been of Roman construction; but the popular opinion in these parts is, that it was executed by the single hands of the giant Bolster. The work has been much defaced; the ditch widened in some places and filled up in others, for the convenience of gardens; the vallum levelled to make room for houses; both ditch and vallum disfigured by tin-mines; and, in short, the whole so much abused by a variety of modern improvements, all made with a barbarous heedlessness of its original purposes, and all subversive of its form and character, that one must be well versed in the theory of Roman fortifications to discover any regular plan in the present motley mixture of ancient and modern ingenuity. For my own part I could not by any means distinguish the labours of the two eras, and after a most wearisome effort to fix precisely the limits of a hog-sty, of the year 1806, and the spot where the old ditch recommenced, I was obliged to give up the point, and leave the pigs to root it out by themselves. Dr. Borlase, in spite of the disguises under which it is at present seen, was able to detect in this great work sufficient evidences of skilfulness in design and execution, to convince him that it could have been constructed by none but the Romans. If any of my readers are desirous of more minute information about these evidences, I should refer them to Dr. Borlase's account, rather than to the actual remains that are now visible. Before I quit St. Agnes I must not omit to mention, that, mean as it is at present, it had the distinction of its name from a Roman saint, a lady of high birth, and great beauty and accomplishments. After being miraculously preserved in many trials, which aimed both at her life and her honour, she was at length subdued by her enemies and beheaded, in the year 304*.

* "This saint was a Roman by birth, descended of noble ancestors, and being beautiful of body and mind, at thirteen years was courted in marriage by the son of Sempronius, then governor of Rome; but, because he was no Christian, she utterly refused his addresses: on which his father sent for Agnes, and renewed the proposals of marriage made to her by his son, making larger offers for her advantage. This altogether proving ineffectual, Sempronius asked her whether she would sacrifice to the Roman gods, and abandon the superstition of the Christians? But she, proving constant to her religion, was committed to prison; and thence, after much hard durance, sent naked to the brothel-house, where her innocence and purity were miraculously preserved, till at length, by the governor's order, she was committed to the flames, which immediately parted asunder and did her no harm. Then the governor Auspitiu, his agent, commanded her to be taken out of the fire, and forthwith to be beheaded by the common hangman, 20 Jan. A. D. 304."—Hals, p. 3.

We proceeded from hence in our boat, and as we were leaving the harbour a point in the cliffs was shewn us, from which a poor man and his wife, both very old people, had fallen a few days before, while employed in gathering samphire. The man had been heard by some people who were above him, beseeching his wife to be cautious where she fixed her feet, for that the rocks appeared to be loose and insecure. A few seconds after this vain warning a rock on which he himself stood gave way, and in its descent struck his wife, who was below him: they were both precipitated to the bottom from a height of nearly three hundred feet, and both killed on the spot. The fame of this melancholy accident had spread wide through the neighbourhood, and all received it with the same comment: that it was a blessing that two people who had lived so long together, should die at the same moment.

A projecting point soon concealed from us St. Agnes and all that could remind us of man, and left us again amongst our old companions, the rocks. We were soon abreast of two rocky islands, close to one another, and nearly a mile from the land, called Man and his Man. Man is an immense crag, a hundred and fifty feet in height, presenting a horrid precipice on all sides; his Man is only distinguished by being a head less than his master. Both of them are covered in the summer time with sea birds, who lay their eggs and hatch their young upon them. Our captain exclaimed, "Oh! that I had a gun that I might shoot one of those birds!" We asked him why he wished to shoot one, and he was still puzzling for a motive, with a face strongly expressive of nothing, when we arrived opposite to another island, of magnitude superior to any that we had hitherto seen. This we were informed was called Carter's Rock. A little further ahead we perceived another, which is called the Goose. I can do little more than recite the names of these insulated rocks; and the names certainly convey no sound to the ear, and no signification to the mind, that abound with intelligence. They give an appearance of great wildness to the coast, and atone for the dangers which they oppose to vessels at sea by acting as breakwaters, which protect the creeks and havens along shore. Round all of them there is at all times a rapid tide, and a confused and tumbling sea; but here I can only relate the fact, for all information as to the cause was denied to my enquiries. There is not only an increased current of tide between the islands and the mainland, but also at a considerable distance to seaward of them, and the confusion in the motion of the sea extends far beyond the influence of the waves which recoil from the rocks. There are instances of a similar irregularity in the action of the tides and sea in many other parts of our coast, for which it is as difficult to assign a cause. Portland Race is the most striking singularity that I have seen, where, without any variation in the depth of water, or in the surface of the bottom, the sea is suddenly thrown into a ferment, as if it boiled; where, for two or three miles, it roars, and leaps, and dashes, and foams, with waves meeting and flanking waves, as if it blew a hurricane from every point in the compass. With a flood-tide and a storm of wind from the

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the east, in which case the wind opposes the tide, there is a sea in the Race which would bury a first-rate ship of the line.

When we had passed Carter's Rock we turned our boat's head towards the land, and entered the Ganal Creek, where a narrow arm of the sea runs inland about two miles, and is joined by a small river, which rises in the parish of Newlyn, near Trerice. This creek was formerly more considerable than it is at present, but has received a more than common share of the mischief that pervades every haven on the Cornish coast, and is so blocked up by the sand forced into it by storms from the north and west, that it cannot admit vessels of more than thirty tons. Near the mouth of the Ganal there is a little village, called Carantoc, which, like other places inhabited only by the poor, is mean and dirty. Here, was anciently a large town, and a collegiate church, dedicated to St. Carantocus, a disciple of St. Patrick; and here too, where now little meets the eye but a cheerless desert of sand, once stood a college, which could boast of as high antiquity, if not of as high repute, as any college at Oxford*. There is something exceedingly mournful in the contemplation of scenes of desolation, which learning and religion once combined to render illustrious, where once flourished colleges and cathedrals, now mouldered into dust. At Carantoc, once peopled by students and professors, once the seat of holy eloquence and meditation, there is now one deep silence, or nothing heard but the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind. As its honours live only in history, we did not pause long to examine its sands, but sailed again down the Ganal, at present an inglorious stream, though formerly, perhaps, (so fancy may plead) as well known to the muses as the Isis and the Cam.

It was late in the evening when we left the creek, but we did not fear the night, for the wind and the sea were now still, and there was not a cloud in the sky from which to augur mischief. The moon shone clear, and its tender light played on the water and illumined the rocks, distinctly developing every point and angle of those that were near us, and shadowing out the distant coast so that the eye could just form an outline for the

* "This district, at the time of the Domesday, was taxed under the name of Ryalton or Cargoll: and in the inquisition of the bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, 1294, *Ecclesia Sancti Carentini* in Decan. de Pidre is thus rated; the vicar xls. And the nine prebends, then extant in this church, were thus taxed, viz. John de Woolrington, lijs. iiijd.; John de Cattelyn, xxxs.; Nicholas Strange, xxxs.; John de Ingham, lxs.; Ralph de Trethinick, lijs. iiijd.; David de Monton, xls.; William de Patefond, xls.; John Lovell, xxxs.; John de Glasney, vis. viijd. In all 19l. 3s. 4d. Whence I gather this collegiate church had great revenues then belonging to it, since it is higher rated to the pope's annat than any other church in Cornwall. The first endowed college for scholars in England (or in Europe, as Camden saith) was Baliol College in Oxford, 1260, next Merton College, 1274; and yet he contradicts himself, and tells us that there was a college of priests at Launceston, or St. Stephens, before the Norman conquest, another at St. Germans, founded by king Canutus, A.D. 1020, as our chronologers tell us. And as sure I am there was another at St. Neots long before; also another at Buryan, A.D. 930. And to speak uprightly, this college of Crantock may pretend to as much antiquity as any college at Oxford, since it appears to have had great revenues at the time of the inquisition before mentioned, 1294, though it hath been so unfortunate not to have been as long lived, by reason of the great quantities of sea-sand blown up from the Gannell Creek by the wind, as Hollingshead saith."—Hals, p. 73.

imagination to fill up. All was silent and placid in the vast expanse around us, and we glided on, undisturbed even by a whisper amongst ourselves, for all seemed to acknowledge the charm of this wide tranquillity. How long this equal temper of mind might have lasted amongst our quiet company, under the same circumstances which first inspired it, I cannot tell, for in half an hour, our arrival at the harbour of Newquay, with one shock, alarmed all tongues, and old Silence was, in consequence, entirely bawled out of the boat. We, of course, did not proceed to explore Newquay without the assistance of the sun. The town, which consists of thirty huts, perhaps, exclusive of the hotel-hut, is almost a mile from the harbour, a circumstance which we could not prevail upon any of the natives to conceive absurd, though they all readily agreed, that the town was built by the first settlers in strict subservience to the convenience of the harbour. The matter was not of much importance to us, and we did not long pursue the amusement of reasoning with blocks, merely for the sake of argument. The men of Newquay are fishermen, whose hopes and fears in life are all of pilchards: the women are principally employed in frying the fish which their husbands catch, and if enough are caught, and they are fried enough, there remain no motives for altercation between them.

The names of most towns in Cornwall are imperishable records of times and events that have passed away, and the title of Newquay explains to posterity the earliest and most memorable fact in its history. Carew observes, "Neither may I omit Newkaye, so called, because in former times the neighbours attempted to supply the defect of nature by art, in making there a kay for the rode of shipping, which conceyt they still retain, though want of means in themselves or the place have left the effect in nubibus, and onely lent them the benefit of lestercocks and fishing boats." Its name and circumstances are now rendered a little less contradictory by a rude pier, though this has not added much to its commercial appearance, for it has still the benefit of nothing but fishing boats. To the westward of the harbour the coast runs out into a bold and lofty promontory, called Towan Head, which shelters the bay of Newquay from the western sea, and at once points out the practicability of improving it into a safe and spacious haven. The want of means was simply the want of money.

We departed from this humble port in our Portreath boat, with which and with its crew we were now on so familiar a footing, that we began to feel for both a great degree of partiality. Our acquaintance had been only of three days' duration, but we computed it, not by the number of hours, but of waves, that we had passed over together, and it had been watered into a growth that outran time. The coast at Newquay, and to the northward of it, still preserves its wildness and grandeur, and is still defended by a chain of adamant. We passed some leagues that were not diversified by any creeks or inlets at which we could land to look at a boat, or gossip with the owner of it: what luck with the fish? the first question on our part; and on his, what news from the French?

In travelling in a chaise through a country which was new to them, many may remember,
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that they have often let down the window, and torn their throats to rags in roaring to the driver, "Who is the owner of this house, and that house?" and having been assured that it was Mr. Jenkins, or some other, equally a stranger, have received the bald name with an air of contentment, as if something had actually been gained. With the same thirst for knowledge, we seldom approached a rock without studiously enquiring what it was called, as if the title of the Gull, or the Goose, could make it more or less than a rock. On the coast every rock, at all peculiar in form or colour, has a name, by which it is identified as a seamark: to seamen these minute distinctions are of substantial use; to us they were mere shadows. Pencarn Point and Trevoze Head, two frowning capes, which we had seen when some leagues ahead of us, had demanded our earliest attention and enquiries. Headlands are very important signs to all who travel by sea: they give to the distant ship the first promise of her approach towards land, and are conspicuous guides for the coasting voyager. Trevoze Head was not without interest to us; and though only eight hours had elapsed since we departed from breakfast and our native land, yet we doubled it with a throb of gratitude, for we were then conscious that we were advancing fast towards the dinner and the port to which we were bound. Opposite to the Head are two rocks rising from the sea, called the Cow and Calf, which I pause to record, merely for the sake of explaining that they owe their title, not to any resemblance that they have, or are supposed to have, to a cow and calf of any breed or country, but to the obvious fact of one being large and the other larger. From Trevoze three miles brought us to the entrance of Padstow Haven, or the Camel river, which forms the haven. There is a bar of sand running across the mouth, on which the sea was breaking with great violence: we passed over it, not without risk, but without accident; and after sailing for two miles up the haven, with banks of sand on each side of us, and plains and hills of sand beyond, landed at Padstow.

This is the largest town on the north coast of Cornwall, and we had long looked forward to it as a place which was to furnish a considerable quota of interesting matter: here we were to repair the dilapidations that were visible in every article of our external condition; here was the land of promise, where we were again to indulge in the long suspended gratifications of eating, drinking, and sleeping, a little distinguished from pigs. Our expectations had been encouraged by the large characters in which Padstow was signalized in our chart, and by the reports of people of less favoured parts: "We have not a sheet of writing paper left, sir; we have thread, but are quite out of needles; there is not a button in the house, and we have nothing but barley bread; but you are not many leagues from Padstow, and there you will be provided with every thing you want." All our hopes, nevertheless, ended in disappointment. We were conducted to an inn, of greater extent, indeed, than any which we had lately been accustomed to, but where increase of space answered no other purpose than that of making room for more dirt, and where, instead of Molly, a male waiter informed us, that for our dinner there was no cold meat, and none
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that could be made hot; and for our night accommodation, a room capable of holding two beds, but furnished with only one.

The town is built on the western bank of the river Camel, and has three alleys more than any other town on this coast. I observed no other superiority, unless I mention that all the houses are covered with a fine blue slate, which gives, at least to their roofs, an air of neatness and uniformity. The Camel or Alan river, so called from the Cornish term *Cabm-alan*, expressive of the crookedness of its course, is one of the principal rivers in Cornwall. It rises about two miles north of Camelford, and from thence flows to the southward in a very circuitous channel to Bodmin, from whence it inclines again to the northward, and becomes navigable for barges at Egloshel; its stream is afterwards increased by several smaller rivers, and at Padstow is more than half a mile wide: two miles below this town it opens into the Bristol Channel. Padstow Harbour, though the best on this coast, has, like the rest, suffered materially from a vast accumulation of sand, thrown into it from the Bristol Channel, an evil which is continually increasing, and for which there is no remedy. The bar at the mouth of the river is so elevated, that though there is water enough on each side of it for ships of three or four hundred tons, yet no vessel of more than two hundred tons can pass over it; and if there be any swell of the sea, so heavy a surf falls on this bar, that small vessels dare not approach it, except at high spring tides, and in very fine weather. A captain of a vessel informed me, that the harbour is so entirely sheltered from every wind, that when once fairly in, he had no care on his mind but that of getting fairly out.

The sand has not only spread itself over the bed and banks of the river, but has been carried by the winds over the surrounding country, destroying all vegetation, and confounding its beautiful forms and cheerful colours in one brown, barren waste. I must except from this general view a few elevated spots in the neighbourhood, which are above the reach of the sand, and which some gentlemen have been endeavouring for many years to decorate with trees; proving, by experiment on experiment, that while the height of the hills secures them from the invasion of the sand, it also exposes them to the sea-wind, an irreconcilable enemy to all plantations. The proprietor of the only good house about Padstow pointed out to us, with a satisfaction at once too lively and harmless to challenge any thing on our part but assent, some picturesque improvements which he had effected in his grounds in spite of nature, who had opposed him throughout with peculiar malignity. On one little mount was a grove of all kinds of trees, in all stages of decay, of which, in five minutes, you could have counted not only the branches, but the leaves; and on another eminence a few palisaded sticks, which it was hoped would, in a course of years, sprout up into another grove "to correspond," both combining to make at least one estate near Padstow conspicuous for something more than nakedness and dearth.

On referring to its ancient history, I find that Padstow was the place where the first religious house in Cornwall was founded, in the year 432, by St. Patrick, who taught his

disciples there for thirty years, and died and was buried there. His holy bones were afterwards removed to Bodmin, where they rested in peace for many years, till one Martin, a pious thief and a regular canon, stole and transported them to Brittany in France. The theft was soon discovered, and Roger, the prior of the church of Bodmin, and all the honest part of the chapter, insisted upon restitution with such vehemence, that they speedily recovered their prize. The body was, in process of time, distributed in fragments to various religious houses, and king Athelstan, who was a great collector of relics, is reported to have endowed the monastery of St. Peter's, at Exeter, with a lock of the hair, and the whole of a great toe. The mode of navigation adopted by St. Patrick in his passage from Ireland is singular: his legend declares that he swam over on his altar. St. Piran, another holy man who came from Ireland to Cornwall, fled from his enemies at a moment's notice, and bounded over the channel on a millstone. This St. Piran was a sad toper, and on one occasion got so unmanageably drunk that he fell into a well, foundered, and was drowned—certainly a most inglorious and inconsistent death for a man who had once floated like a feather on the waves, though seated on a millstone. It is recorded of him, that he was a most excellent saint when sober. The lower orders of people in Cornwall are to this day notorious for drunkenness*, and may, perhaps, have derived their predilection for dram-drinking from this jolly saint, Piran. In the parish of Little Piran, near St. Agnes, they now say of a man who is exceedingly drunk, that he is Piran.

At Padstow we were under the necessity of discharging our Portreath boat, for the crew declared that they had already been carried out of their usual soundings, and could not rely upon their pilotage any farther to the northward. We therefore hired horses, and again sallied forth on our rambles. The coast, for some miles to the northward of Padstow, is remarkable only for a line of sand banks; the cliffs are low, and though rugged, not thrown into any variety of striking forms. We encountered nothing worthy of observation till we arrived at Port Isaac, a little creek, where vessels of small burden occasionally land, and are loaded with slate procured from a quarry in the neighbourhood. We saw a small sloop on the sand receiving her freight: the people employed to load her were principally women, two or three of whom stood in a cart, and as many on the vessel's deck, tossing the slates from one to another, with an energy that quite shamed their petticoats. Their labour is immoderately hard, they can accomplish as much in a given time as men can do, and yet they receive considerably less wages, because they are women. On all occasions the same injurious system of detraction is extended towards women, and whether it be as poets and philosophers, or servants of all work, they are equally obliged, in their claims to public estimation and reward, to submit to the deduction of a per centage on their sex.

On entering the village of Port Isaac we were assailed by a stench, which would be wronged by any attempt on my part to describe it. There was no appearance of con-

* See Polwhele's "History of Cornwall, in respect to the Health, &c. of its Inhabitants," p. 107.

sciousness in the countenances of the inhabitants; and we found, on investigation, that there was nothing unusual in the wind, but simply a separate dunghill before each door of the village, composed chiefly of the most loathsome remains of the fish caught during the last six months, besides an immense accumulation of the same abominable matter on the beach, in all degrees of corruption. The pigs were engaged in fruitless efforts to remove the nuisance; they fattened and became excellent pork, but there their services ended. The stoicism of the people we could neither comprehend nor imitate; what further they had amongst them that could justify notice, we did not stop to enquire, for our first impression was so strongly to their disadvantage, that we hurried from them as fast as we could, in a transport of disgust.

After leaving Port Isaac our road soon began to improve in ruggedness, and when we had ascended several prodigious hills we saw before us a long extent of coast of a very sublime character. The cliffs are of immense height, and on advancing to the edge we beheld a precipice below us, and the sea immediately under our feet. Though there was a fresh breeze blowing on to the land, we could but just perceive that there was motion on the general surface of the water; we could trace the foam of the waves as they burst on the rocks, but their roar reached our ears in one gentle and equal murmur. As we proceeded, the coast became still more commanding; magnitude was the chief feature, though the outline, with all its vastness, was even fantastically broken, and mountains and rocks were confounded together with a wild variety, of which it was impossible to note the series. We passed by no rock or cape that had a name till we came to Tintagell Head, a spot more than commonly interesting, not only from the grandeur of its local scenery, but its connection with names and events of our remotest history. This promontory was once entirely separated from the mainland, but is now connected with it at its base, by a mound of earth which has fallen from the cliffs above. We climbed up it by the best, and indeed the only path, a most frightful ascent over steps of rock, projecting, at very irregular intervals, from the side of a precipice. On the top, which includes an area of about three acres of ground, are the ruins of a castle, once the residence of the earliest kings and dukes of Cornwall, and illustrious as the birthplace of the far-famed king Arthur. Lord Bacon observes of this prince, that there is truth enough in his history to make him famous, besides that which is fabulous; determining, I suppose, that all is true, except what is outrageously impossible. All authorities decide that he was born in Tintagell castle, and I see no reason for questioning the fact, provided we admit that he was born at all. After having accomplished many deeds that were inconceivably glorious, and have already filled too many volumes to require any illustration from me, he received his death blow in a battle with his rebellious relation, Mordred, near Camelford, and not many miles from Tintagell.

“As though no other place on Britain’s spacious earth
Were worthy of his end but where he had his birth.”

Drayton’s *Poly-Olbion*, Song 1st.

He retired to Glastonbury, Somerset, in order to have his wound cured, but not receiving the relief which he expected, disappeared, nobody knew exactly how nor when, and thus fulfilled the last count in the prophecy of the seer Merlin, "Et exitus ejus dubius erit."

The ruins which are now visible at Tintagell are very inconsiderable, consisting merely of some scattered fragments of a garreted wall, and some foundations of buildings, sufficiently defaced to set even conjecture at defiance. On an opposite hill, where are also some ruins of a similar character, there formerly stood a ward of the fortress, which had a communication with the island by means of a drawbridge. The situation of the castle must have rendered it impregnable, for it was built on an eminence more than four hundred feet above the level of the sea, to be ascended by only one track, too narrow to admit two people abreast, and too rugged to be passed without the slowest circumspection. The walls which now remain are constructed with stone and lime, a circumstance that weighs a little against the probability of their having formed part of a castle, which was standing in the time of the dukes and earls of Cornwall, before the invasion by Cæsar, or even in the reign of Arthur, in the year 500. Without attempting to fix the precise year when the art of masonry was introduced into this country, we may presume that if the Britons, in the age of Cæsar, had had the skill to build one substantial castle, they would have built more than one, and that Britain would not have fallen so easy a conquest to the Romans, and at subsequent periods to the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans. In contempt, however, of a few contradictory particulars, I am still willing to believe, with Cornish historians, that Arthur was lord of Tintagell. The wildness of the situation associates admirably with the fanciful pageantry of romance, and on the battlements of the fortress, or on the summit of a rock, the giant form of the chivalrous Arthur may be stationed with the happiest effect.

Carew observes, speaking of Tintagell, "I saw upon it a decayed chappell, a faire spring of water, a cave, reaching once (by my guide's report) some far way underground, and (which you will perhaps suspect of untruth) a hermit's grave, hewn out in the rock, and serving each bodies proportion for a burial." None of these articles are at present visible, but they are recorded with a kind of mysteriousness that flatters the imagination, and disarms all sober investigation.

We found the path by which we had ascended considerably more alarming in our descent, and were hurried down it with a precipitancy which, though very offensive to our feelings, was not to be resisted. Our survey of the trumpery ruins of the castle ill repaid us for the toil and danger to which we had been exposed, and we had the further mortification of not being able to conceal from ourselves, that the finest view of Tintagell is from its base. Vast masses of the mountain have fallen from its sides, and the rocks now rise, recede, and project, in a variety of strange forms, amongst which fancy may readily trace the colossal battlements and columns of a castle, and of such a castle as Arthur might have been proud to reign over, had the space between his eyes been two spans instead of one.

one. I should advise all visitors to Tintagell to content themselves with thus imagining a castle for king Arthur, for I can assure them that, though they may sacrifice their lives by attempting to reach the summit of the promontory, they can see nothing there but the rubbish of an old wall, out of which imagination will be infinitely more puzzled to construct a castle than out of the rocks below.

From Tintagell we found all straight forward motion along the cliffs to be impracticable; our horses became worse than useless, for they could neither carry nor follow us, nor am I quite certain that we should have ventured to follow them had they been able to lead the way. We, therefore, turned from the coast to the right, and pursued, for half a mile, a horse road, as it was called, but not a rider's road, till we came to Bossiney, a miserable village, where poverty and indolence were so intimately combined, that it was impossible to discover which was eldest born, whether poverty was the child or the parent of indolence. The thatch which covered the houses was black and ragged; the walls were full of chasms, which admitted the light, excluded from the windows by patches of blue aprons and wisps of hay and straw, in the place of glass; there was a dunghill on one side of every door, and a trough for hogs on the other; but all these were appearances of comfort compared with the furniture of the interior. Here it is difficult to describe particulars: father, mother, and children, with dogs all ribs, and chickens all feathers, besides a motley assemblage of materials of which it was impossible to define the use, were all jumbled together, and connected by one strong cement of dirt. I have seen many villages, but no one where man was so passive an animal as at Bossiney. The country around it is quite in character; it has the nakedness without the grandeur of the coast, and rises in tame and regular hills, where fern and moss might grow, but are not seen, and sinks into valleys, of which nothing can be said but that they are lower than the hills. Scenes like these were of some service to us, for we retired from them to more animating prospects, with our sight refreshed by repose and our discrimination quickened by contrast.

We walked three miles over another horse road to Boscastle, than which and Bossiney a stronger contrast cannot be conceived. We at once pronounced it to be the most romantic spot that we had hitherto seen. I do not speak of the village, which, though infinitely superior in all respects to Bossiney, is merely a group of ordinary cottages, situated on the declivity of a hill, while the country in its neighbourhood is marked by the same insipidity which generally characterizes the interior of Cornwall. It is the harbour and the scenery about it which distinguish Boscastle, and nothing in nature can be more fancifully disposed. A narrow chasm between two enormous crags makes a passage for the sea, which enters in a serpentine course, and winds its way up a valley overhung on each side by black and jagged rocks. We saw it in a calm, when the sea stole in and pursued its sinuous track without noise or ferment; in gales of wind it dashes in with prodigious fury, and bursting on the rocks at every angle, rushes up the valley in a sheet of foam. A line of white posts is ranged on each side of the channel, as a direction for vessels in the night;
a precarious

a precarious guide through this maze of rocks, yet one that decides between safety and ruin. I can conceive nothing more terrible than entering this harbour at night in a gale, with the rocks closing above you and deepening the darkness, and with nothing visible but the white breakers, roaring on all sides amongst rocks which you know it would be destruction to touch. The harbour at Portreath is very frightful, but the course is straight, and therefore attention may be confined to one object, or as seamen say, to keeping a good look out ahead. At Boscastle the crookedness of the channel is the cause of many difficulties; the most serious is the contrariety of the wind, which may be fair in one reach and foul in another, and thus occasion, in so narrow a passage, extreme confusion in the steerage of the vessel and the management of her sails. None but pilots intimately acquainted with the harbour venture to approach it, and they are not many, for the trade of the place is very trifling. There is a stone pier attached to a rock projecting into the middle of the channel, which secures a corner for vessels, where they ride secure from the recoil of the sea from the opposite rocks. The pier is a very small one, but it forms a pretty curved line, which is very picturesque in itself, and harmonizes with the forms of the objects about it. I have divided this singular scene into parts which I am conscious that I have but imperfectly described: I know no form of words that give any representation of the whole, as I saw it, in one view. What the eye comprehends at a glance would fill a whole volume of description. I have only further to observe of Boscastle, that there was anciently a castle near it, belonging to the family of the Botereaux, of whom I could learn nothing but that they have been long since extinct and forgotten.

For two leagues, from Boscastle to the headland of Cambeak, the coast extends in a line of lofty and precipitous rocks, fully as grand as that near Tintagell, and so much like it as not to require more particular notice. A little to the northward of Cambeak it suddenly changes its character, and becomes tame and uninteresting: the rocks dwindle and make way for the sand, which fills up all inequalities, and at once assimilates all objects. Nature creates endless varieties of scenery with the elements of wood, rock, and water, but with sand, though she scatters it about with amazing profusion, she produces but one effect, and that a very bad one. We galloped over this cheerless track with as much expedition as possible, and were only twice checked in our speed by our guide, first, that we might observe a little village on our right, founded by the immortal St. Gennis, and farther on, a bay on our left, called Widemouth Bay, presenting nothing to charm the eye, but well stocked with flat fish. Without other interruption we arrived at Bude, still in a region of sand, but enlivened by men, women, and children.

This place is called Bude Haven, though at present only a sandy creek, where small vessels venture to ground, and are so exposed to the wind and sea that they have a fair chance of having their bottoms knocked out by every returning tide. It was once a large and commodious port, all traces of which are now buried under the sand. The river Bude meets the sea here, and at its confluence formerly spread into a wide estuary, capable of receiving

receiving ships of great burden, but now runs to the sea in a shallow stream, navigable only for ducks and geese. The destruction of the haven is attributed both to the sand from the sea and the mud from the river; the first imbankment was of sand, which obstructed the mud in its passage to the sea, and co-operated with it in filling up the channel of the haven. But though Bude has at present no title to the character of a harbour, it is still frequented as a port, in consideration of what it was formerly, and greatly to the emolument of the shipwrights. I saw several vessels moored on the sand, and was so struck with their evident exposure, that I could not forbear from expressing my opinion of their danger to some of the captains; but they all explained to me the cause of their situation by observing, and that too in a tone of justification, that Bude was once as good a harbour as any on the coast of Cornwall. I have never seen the game of follow my leader more desperately pursued.

The village of Bude is very small, but has some neat houses in it, which are let out in lodgings to visitors, who go thither for the benefit of sea-bathing, though the place is not supplied with any conveniences that can render the act of bathing either comfortable or decent, particularly to the ladies. No bathing machines are employed, and consequently, the ladies are reduced to the necessity of undressing themselves in the dark and dismal caverns hollowed out in the cliffs by the sea, and of parading into the water not unseen. At the precise moment which they choose for their dip, some male stagers are certain to be picking up shells at the water's edge, who, under this pretence, have an opportunity of seeing the whole exhibition.

There is no circulating library or trinket shop at Bude, where the visitors can spend their money and their mornings, so that, in spite of the bracing effects of the cold bath, I think I discovered some symptoms of flaccidity about them, and a certain anxiety in their countenances which declared that they were seeking more than they could find. I have heard some seamen say that they preferred a storm to a calm, and I confess that beating hemp would be more to my taste than waiting three and twenty hours every day for a plunge in the sea.

Our journey, for some miles to the northward of Bude, was over rocks and sand blended together, the sand being rather predominant. As we advanced the rocks began to resume their ascendancy, and when we had reached Wellcombe, the northern extremity of the coast of Cornwall, they were sufficiently bold and rugged to make our last impression of this coast like our first at the Land's-End. A huge rock, at a little distance from the land, called the Gull Rock, marks the boundary of the Cornish coast, and our guide begged us to observe that it defined it with as much precision as if placed there on purpose. At Wellcombe, on a boggy moor, the Tamar and the Torridge, the two principal rivers in the west of England, have their source. They rise within a few yards of each other, though they pursue very different courses. The Tamar flows to the southward with very little variation till it forms the estuary of Hamoaze, one of the divisions of Plymouth Harbour.

Harbour. The Torridge runs in a circle, and falls into the Bristol Channel at Bideford Bay, directly opposite to the point where the Tamar meets the British Channel, and distant from it about sixty miles. Both these rivers are regarded as Devonshire rivers, though they both rise in Cornwall. As the Torridge strikes from its spring immediately into Devonshire, and never returns, in any of its windings, to the land of its birth, it may, perhaps, be justly claimed; but the Tamar divides the two counties, and from its spring to the sea runs between them, so that nothing remains to mark a preference but its origin, and that rests with Cornwall.

The distance from the Land's-End to Wellcombe is computed to be nearly a hundred miles, but, by following every inflection of the coast, we had added to that distance very considerably. We had not advanced far into Devonshire before we perceived over land, in the distance before us, a great improvement in the face of the country, particularly distinguished by an abundance of trees. It is not very readily to be accounted for, why so near the confines of both counties trees should grow in Devonshire and not in Cornwall. The wind from the western ocean is visibly the cause of the general nakedness of Cornwall, but that this evil cannot have the same influence at its eastern extremity, is proved by trees on the frontier of the adjoining county. The indolence or unskilfulness of planters may have some effect, and indeed I was informed by an agriculturist (a Devonshire one, I acknowledge) that in the case in question, the sea and the soil were not the parties in fault. We observed no immediate distinction between the two counties on the coast, which from Wellcombe to Hertland Quay still trends to the northward, rising in a succession of bold and lofty peaks. Some frightful rocks extend along shore, at some distance from the land and considerably above water, which are regarded with great horror by seamen, for if a vessel is wrecked upon them there is no chance of preservation for any one of the crew.

Near Hertland Quay the strata of the rocks on the cliffs, and those which jut out into the sea, have been strangely rent and disordered, and bear about them traces of some great convulsion. In some places they are forced out of their horizontal position into a gentle undulation, and in others are parted by a more violent disruption, and stand up vertically. They lie in all possible directions: some strata abut full into the middle of another layer; some incline towards each other, tending to the centre, in the shape of a wedge; some run in a straight line; others form a curve. All these varieties, the horizontal, the vertical, and every degree of inclination between, occur in a small space, and are all confusedly jumbled together. I do not know that it has been ascertained how far this dislocation and irregular intermixture of the strata extend inland; similar appearances have been observed in the southern parts of Devonshire, particularly on the borders of the river Exe, between Exeter and Exminster, and in the country round Plymouth.

Hertland Quay was the first village that we encountered on Devonshire ground, and consists of a cluster of mean cottages, which have no evident comfort about them but that
of



Hartland pier North Devon



Clovelly on the Coast of North Devon

of being protected by a high mountain from the east wind, and the value of this immunity is counterbalanced by their full exposure to the west, which blows from the sea, and has left marks of its fury on the roof of every cottage. The situation of the village is more than commonly rude and romantic: to the right and left extends the coast in a line of towering cliffs of black rock; in front is a little harbour, marked out and secured by a semicircular pier, which might have formed one gentle feature in the scene had it not been for a reef of rocks beyond it, running far into the sea and rising in vast fragments, which presents no images but those of danger and destruction; behind, the prospect is at once bounded by a rugged mountain which overhangs the village, and thus completes its inclosure. The cottages are so uncouth and weatherbeaten that all their artificial appearances are nearly worn out, and they mingle with the rocks with so trifling an indication of contrast that one might imagine they were a part of the natural foundations of the place. They seem too to have undergone as many changes since their first formation as the strata of the rocks, and exhibit as much inversion of common order, and rise and dip in as many conflicting slopes and unaccountable obliquities.

This was the first place at which we had paused, during the course of our voyage, where there was no provision for strangers: we had surprised many hotels that were in a state of very doubtful extremity, but here was one still holding out a promise of entertainment, but in all its parts absolutely defunct. There was, however, a great spirit of hospitality in the landlord, mixed with some self-reproach for his improvidence, which sufficed to appease us; for, as Dr. Johnson observes, where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue.

Four leagues to the northward of Hertland Quay is the Island of Lundy, a conspicuous object in the Bristol Channel, which is distinctly visible from every part of the north coast of Devonshire, and the opposite coast of South Wales. It is three leagues and a half from the nearest promontory on the English coast, Hertland Point, and about six leagues from the Welsh coast. There is a character of great wildness and desolateness about islands, whose utmost limits may at once be comprehended by the eye, which may be seen, in one view, bounded on all sides by the sea. The land is at all points so blended with the water, so unsheltered and unsupported, that it appears scarcely to possess the ordinary security of habitable ground. The best view of Lundy Island is from a distance, when it is seen rising like a solitary mountain from the midst of the waves, like a spot disinherited of the common favours of the earth, banished from its rightful place in the creation, and cast out into the waste of a foreign and discordant element. There is not a tree nor a shrub upon it, nor would one wish to see any there; its nakedness accords with its situation, and one regards it only as a mark for every storm that blows; a strange excrescence of nature, with the form and substance of land, but as desert and inhospitable as the sea which surrounds it. We sailed to it, and found every indication of barrenness that we had observed from a distance fully confirmed on a nearer approach, though it lost much of its

dreary grandeur when no longer an island to the eye—when land formed the line of the horizon, and concealed from us the expanse of sea beyond.

There is but one landing-place, and that is on the east side of the south end, where there is a good beach, leading to a pathway cut in the rocks of the cliff. This little cove is sheltered by a detached mass of rock, called Rat Island, from the east, but is open to the north wind, which was unluckily blowing at the time of our visit, and had raised a surf on the beach that prevented our landing. Round every other part the island is guarded by perpendicular cliffs, in some places more than six hundred feet in height, so that if it could ever become of importance as a military post, it would require no ramparts but its rocks, and no centinel but the north wind. Its length, from north to south, is three miles, and its breadth nowhere quite a mile. It contains two thousand acres of ground, four hundred of which have been tortured into a state of meagre cultivation. There is no depth of soil sufficient for any kind of vegetation except at the south end: the middle division and the north end are little better than a waste of sand and rocks. Some attempts were made a few years ago to raise trees on Lundy, but the salt-wind resisted any such innovation, and if it allowed them to take root, effectually provided against their appearance above ground. The island is inhabited by a few families, comprising about thirty people, who have an opportunity of passing their lives with truly primitive simplicity. The summer recreation of this little society chiefly consists in plucking gulls and skinning rabbits; and for their winter hours, I am, perhaps, as much puzzled to mark out an employment as they are themselves. The air which they breathe is healthy, so that if they do not live merrily they live long. The biography of one John Sharp, a Lundy man, is thus succinctly made out—he died at the advanced age of ninety-six. Rabbits swarm in every part of the island, and in summer the gulls assemble upon it in such prodigious flocks, that the spoil of their feathers, in conjunction with the furs of the rabbits, forms a very considerable revenue. The rabbits are not valued for their flesh, which is not good, and judging from the surface of the soil, under which they burrow, one would imagine that there must be very little of it. Rats complete the catalogue of wild animals, and are the only troublesome guests on the island, not only not contributing their common share to the improvement of its resources, but actually assuming a hostile character, and employing their forces against the rabbits. There is no possibility of expelling these marauders, who have already very evidently thinned the ranks of the rabbits, and will, it is feared, ultimately succeed in establishing themselves sole lords of the burrows.

Our old topographical writers scarcely mention Lundy, and the few notices which they give do not represent it as having ever been in a much more flourishing condition than at present. The most memorable circumstance in its history occurred in the reign of William the Third, when it was surprised by the French, who appeared before it in a ship of war, pretending to be Dutch, and having cajoled the natives with some specious story, landed without opposition, and proceeded to commit the most abominable excesses

of

of wanton barbarity. They destroyed all the horses, cows, and sheep that they could find, and threw them over the cliffs, ransacked every house, stripped the inhabitants naked, and finally departed with no valuable booty, but with the satisfaction of having involved a few inoffensive people in misery and want.

The antiquities to be seen on Lundy are a castle, and the last dust of a small chapel, dedicated to St. Helen. It is not known when or by whom the castle was built, nor has history or tradition preserved any memorials of it that can interest curiosity about its foundation. Matthew Paris, in his history of Henry the Third, relates that one William de Marisco, who had conspired to assassinate the king, on the failure of his attempt, fled to Lundy Island, and became a pirate; but after committing desperate ravages, particularly on the beef and biscuits of his majesty's subjects, was apprehended and executed. This renegado, on his trial, protested that he had never plotted against the life of the king, that he had fled to Lundy merely to avoid the ignominy which attached to him on an unjust suspicion, and had turned pirate only for the purpose of filling his belly. The castle is now called Marisco's Castle.

The last view that I shall present of Lundy is a poetical one. Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*, reproaches it with the following sinful and shameless character.

" This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd ;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her mind
To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffic or return she never taketh care ;
Not provident of pelf as other islands are.
A lusty, black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,
That often hath bewitch'd the sea-gods with her eye."

A less rigid moralist might have connived at these excesses of a thoughtless island, who really does not appear to have many other modes of passing her time. At the present day she is making some atonement for her former transgressions, by annual offerings of the skins and feathers of her favourites. Her little attentions to the sea-gods are very excusable; for how can she resist the temptation of perpetual opportunity? She has a heart, not of granite, but of soft slate and sandstone.

On our return to Hertland Quay and to our inn, our host received us with a quartern loaf in his hand and a countenance full of his larder. This was a comfortable surprise, and the more so, as our next stage, a very laborious one, was to be performed on foot. The man had hay in his stables, but no horses. In these rude parts of the coast many privations must be patiently submitted to; where travellers are not expected they are not provided for. To do justice, however, at once to the courtesy and thrift of the coast, I must observe, that where there was but little we always found it very cheerfully supplied, and amply charged for. In the most secret recesses, where life has not advanced beyond
bread

bread and bacon, the innkeeper's code of charges is almost as unrelenting as in the metropolis. On objecting at Newquay to a violent disproportion between our bill and our fare, we were assured, that we could not have supped for one penny less at the best hotel in Plymouth. What could be replied to so unbiassed an explanation?

On recommencing our journey, our road along the edge of the cliffs was indented like a saw, with the points ranged, sometimes vertically and sometimes horizontally, obliging us to walk two miles of space for one of progress, without calculating the nature of the ground, and particularly the ascending part of the vertical points. We had been deterred from proceeding in a boat by a foul wind, not exactly foreseeing that we should be exposed to the tediousness of "turning to windward" on shore. Our next halt was at Hertland Point, a very striking promontory, which juts out like a sharp wedge, full six hundred feet into the sea. It is more than five hundred feet in height, and where it faces the sea a complete precipice. This crag is of so peculiar a form, and visible from so great a distance, that it stands a kind of central sea-mark in the Bristol Channel; a great leading guide, which is always familiar to the pilot, however he may confound all minor distinctions. Our guide informed us, that people travelled many miles on purpose to look at this singular cape, and that it was an invariable custom with them to proceed to its extreme point. We could see every thing that was to be seen about it very well, without attending to this ceremonial; but we felt ourselves challenged to prove our courage equal to the common standard, and therefore complied with it. The cape rises gradually as it advances from the land, and the only pass that can put courage to the test is within a few yards of the extremity of the point, where a portion of rock has fallen away and left a shallow chasm: into this we descended by two or three terrifying steps—tottered along a path not more than a yard wide, with a precipice on each side of us—ascended again—and all in safety, but not without a cold thrilling qualm running from the heart to the ancles, and a severe question from our better judgment, as to the prudence of clambering up frightful crags, with the certainty of gaining nothing but the top.

Hertland Point is distinguished by a classical title, being recorded by Ptolemy as *Herculis Promontorium*, the Promontory of Hercules, and so called by the Greeks in their voyages to Britain for tin. Hert-land is supposed to be a modification of its original appellation. Though the Greeks were not the first voyagers to this country, yet they were the first who marked their progress along our shores by ascribing significant names to our headlands and promontories; the first who, in the true spirit of a lettered people, extended their navigation on our coast, not merely with views of profit, but with the ambition of exhibiting themselves to posterity in the earliest traces of a newly-discovered country. The Phenicians, who preceded them, were satisfied with working our mines and carrying away our treasures, and did not feel their national vanity interested in coining names for our rocks; or if they did, they had not the power of perpetuating the fact in their writings, for no names of Phenician derivation, applicable to any part of our island, have come down

to

to us. The earliest notices of Great Britain in the most ancient historians relate to the Scilly Isles, which are invariably described by the appellation of the Cassiterides; they were known by that title to Herodotus four centuries and a half before the Christian era.

Marking the progress of the Greeks along our shores by the names given by them to our capes, and delivered down to us by Ptolemy, we may suppose that from the Cassiterides they advanced towards the mainland, and sailed up the British Channel along the southern coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire as far as the Start Point, which they dignified with the imposing title of *Helenum Promontorium*, the Grecian Cape. There is no promontory to the eastward of this point that is honoured by a Grecian name. In an opposite direction we may trace their course along the whole extent of the north coast of Cornwall as far as Hertland Point, the Promontory of *Hercules*, which was the boundary of their navigation to the north. It is curious and amusing to figure to ourselves these ancient voyagers traversing the British seas in all the pride and pomp of discovery, exploring our desert channels, insulting our defenceless havens, and smiling at our little navy, a few wicker-boats bound round with leather.

The Greeks did not regard the natives of the Scilly Isles as perfect barbarians, though the general inhabitants of Britain were represented in that character by much later intruders. The Scilly Isles were not only distinguished by the title of Cassiterides, in consequence of their produce, but also by that of *Æstrominides*, the Isles of the Furies, in compliment to the people, who were clothed in black garments, girded round the breast and flowing down to the ancles, carried long staffs in their hands, and altogether had a very imposing and diabolical appearance*. The custom of wearing clothes of any description bespeaks some degree of refinement, and though these furies may have been rather behindhand in the arts and devices of the tailor, and thus have provoked the ridicule of the coxcombs from Greece, they were still far advanced beyond their neighbours on the continent of Britain, where

“As yet black breeches were not——”

The natives of Scilly must have received the stuffs with which they clothed themselves from the Phenicians, and no doubt their general habits and manners must have been much improved by their intercourse with these strangers. It is extraordinary that the improvement did not spread more widely; that Scilly, which is not more than eight leagues from Cornwall, should have been for some ages the seat of an important commerce that extended no share of its influence to any other part of Britain. A very short communication with the merchants of Greece would have given the inhabitants skill and confidence sufficient to have crossed the channel in their own boats from Scilly to Cornwall, and yet we can only account for the partial distribution of their commercial advantages, by supposing an impassable barrier between the islands and the mainland. Though the Greeks sailed up the British Channel, and assigned names to the promontories as they

* Strabo.

passed, yet we cannot imagine that they established any trade either in Cornwall or Devonshire, for it is inconceivable that after a long intercourse with the most polished people of the ancient world, with no natural obstacles to oppose its diffusion over the whole kingdom, the Britons would have been found by Julius Cæsar to be a nation of savages.

It is to be regretted that the history of our early connection with the Greeks is almost as dark and uncertain as the story of the Trojan Brutus. Pliny says, that Britain was celebrated in the monuments of the Greeks, but this intimation can only excite a hopeless curiosity, for these monuments have perished, and nothing can be collected, to the honour of our island, from the ancient Greek authors that have come down to us, but a few scattered notices, which merely reiterate that it was a land of tin.

Hertland Point, in addition to its high-sounding cognomen of *Herculis Promontorium*, has other distinctions; it is the most western cape of Devonshire, and the south-west boundary of Bideford Bay. At this point the coast changes its direction, and turns abruptly to the eastward. If we had proceeded by sea, this alteration would have procured us a fair wind, and it likewise favoured our land-passage, which after a few more tacks became gradually more equable and direct. The coast soon assumed a new character, and one perfectly distinct from any that we had hitherto observed. We had seen vastness and ruggedness in many varieties of form, but in every form composed of the same material, naked rock. In Cornwall all vegetation sickens as it approaches the sea, and becomes fainter and fainter till there is not a tuft of grass left to mingle with the rocks, nor a sod of earth on which grass could grow. But here, at the distance of not more than five leagues from the northern extremity of Cornwall, the cultivation of the interior advances in all its vigour to the utmost limits of the land, and the cliffs, from their summits to the water's edge, are covered with verdure and fringed with wood. In rudeness and grandeur, which are undoubtedly the first qualities of coast-scenery, and of which rocks are the proper element, no coast, perhaps, round England is equal to the coast of Cornwall; but there is a point beyond which even grandeur loses its interest, and we had had quite measure enough to make us enjoy with uncommon vivacity the renewal of nature in buttercups and daisies. After having been so long accustomed to view the sea raging over projections and through chasms of rock, it was quite delightful to catch partial glimpses of it through the tangled branches of trees, or to see the waves falling at the foot of a sloping bank overspread with grass and speckled with flowers. As we advanced the prospect still improved in beauty, and the whole country, from the sea to the horizon over land, was extended in uniform luxuriance; infinitely diversified in surface, but with hill and valley equally teeming with vegetation. This lovely scenery continued uninterrupted to Clovelly, which we entered through the grounds of Sir James Hamlyn, comprehending in them the highest beauties of Devonshire, with every embellishment that art can give, disposed with judgment and taste.

The

The town of Clovelly is built on the acclivity of a very steep hill overhanging the sea, so steep, indeed, as to have very much the character of a precipice. When seen from the bottom the houses have a most singular appearance, rising step by step, with the roof of one house below the base of another, and so running up to the top of the hill, suspended like pictures against a wall. There are some disadvantages resulting from this mode of building, amongst which I particularly noticed that the chimneys of the lower houses regularly vomit forth their smoke into the parlour windows of those above them. In labouring up or sliding down the steep steps of the town, one ought to possess the lungs and legs of a Welsh poney, to travel with any degree of comfort or security. At Clovelly a man cannot step up to chat with a neighbour, a cloud or two above him, without expending more breath in the journey than would be sufficient for an hour's talk, so that if not very long-winded he must give up all hope of long stories. But these are circumstances which can disturb only the residents in the place; to people passing through it in pursuit of the picturesque they are sources of satisfaction. Its singular inconveniences, informal chimneys, and vertical street, have to the eye a very pretty effect. It has one other appointment too, best to be appreciated by strangers; a very good inn, recommended by plenty, cleanliness, great civility, and moderate charges.

I mentioned the re-appearance of trees to the westward of Clovelly, but the cliffs immediately about it are so loaded with them, and their branches and leaves are so interlaced and matted together, that they form one close and compact mass, as impervious as a jungle of blackberry bushes. I do not represent this as particularly ornamental, but think it might be an improvement were this exuberance corrected, though the pruning-hook is generally so unnecessary an instrument in the neighbourhood of the sea, that something may be said in favour of the excess for the sake of its singularity. Besides, the trees are all low, and if the sea prevents their growing tall, it would be merciless to check the only inclination which they are permitted to indulge, that of growing broad. However exceptionable they may be in form, they are of the brightest green, a very rare colour on the coast, and sufficient in itself to give it liveliness and beauty.

There is a good harbour at Clovelly, not infested by those hideous rocks which we had so often seen starting up above water in the very mouths of havens, and lying like snares in the way of every vessel that approached. The business of the port is principally fishing, and it is very evident from the refuse of heads, tails, and fins, which manure the beach, that the shores swarm with fish. Turbot and soles of the finest quality are caught in great profusion, and there being no fishmongers but the fishermen, they are sold at a price proportioned to their quantity. A London fishmonger would, no doubt, be able to prove that this is a very injudicious plan, as it affects the seller; but then one does not exactly see why his interest alone should be consulted, nor why twenty hungry stomachs should remain unappeased because he finds his account in satisfying only one. A society was formed some time ago for the purpose of redressing this grievance, but nothing appears

appears to have been done, and the metropolis, which, it has been proved, might be supplied with an abundance of fish, at an average rate of fourpence a pound, still has it doled out by a few individuals, with such scrupulous economy, that two-thirds of its inhabitants receive none at all, and the remainder less than they could consume, at an expense more than adequate to furnish plenty for the whole. It is much easier to find fault than suggest remedies, but if this evil is really occasioned by an iniquitous combination of a few fishmongers, it appears obvious that it might be removed by facilitating competition, or dividing the business amongst more hands, and that this object might be effected by establishing several spacious fish-markets in different parts of the town, which would be convenient of access for all the inhabitants, secure for the salesmen a certain demand, and for the buyers a certain supply at a certain price. There being, at present, only one fish-market in London, and that small and confined, and not accessible to a fourth part of the town, the constant complaint of the fishermen is, that there is no demand, and of the public, that there is no supply, while the fishmongers stand between, and, naturally enough, check the supply and stimulate the demand with a view to nothing but their own advantage. The plan of appointing more markets was proposed in a report of the Fish Association, and the only difficulties that oppose its execution seem to be some legal impediments. But it is to be hoped that these impediments are not insurmountable, and that some means may be adopted for making that legal which would be so widely beneficial.

At Clovelly I observed, at low water, that the whole surface left dry by the tide was covered with fragments of rock, not bedded into the sand, but lying loosely on it and each other, and all rounded and polished by continual collision and friction in the turbulent sea. These, no doubt, are the remains of former cliffs, washed down by the waves, and they now form a barrier which protects the present cliffs against farther depredations. Thus the sea, with only its ordinary means of aggression, never advances far upon a rocky shore. When it flows over a smooth surface, and can employ a large and unbroken body of water, it may undermine the bottoms of cliffs, though composed of the hardest rock, but the first fall of the superincumbent matter raises obstructions to its farther progress, and the land merely plants a few of its rocks as outposts for the defence of the main body. When the coast consists of sand or chalk the sea is more destructive, and is assisted by other agents, the most considerable of which are frosts and thaws. The ruins of cliffs, composed of these soft materials, are of no service, but are speedily washed away by the waves, which return unchecked to new conquest.

Three miles to the eastward of Clovelly, Bideford Bay having reached its central point of recess, the coast again edges away to the northward. For some miles the cliffs preserve much the same appearance as at Clovelly, and are still covered with low trees, rather tame and uniform in outline, but still with the recommendation of being perfectly green, and of furnishing at least one visible sign by which summer may be separated from winter.

winter. And this is no mean recommendation on the coast, where there is usually only one broad discrimination between the two elements of land and water; where one is evidently solid and the other fluid, but where the difference is only between a dry desert and a wet one. The green cliffs were at length interrupted by sand, which has accumulated in a prodigious quantity at the confluence of the rivers Taw and Torridge with each other and the sea, and is from thence, as a focal point, scattered abroad for many miles in every direction. We remained constant to the cliffs as long as the trees remained so, and then turned from them to the right, that we might avoid two sides of a triangle of sand, and soon arrived at the western bank of the Torridge, and at the little village of Appledore. The river is the most important object of the two. We had seen it oozing from its spring, not many yards from the source of the Tamar, and we now found it again at its mouth, spread into a noble stream and mingling with the Taw. Had our voyage been in an untravelled country, to have traced two fine rivers to one head had been worth a kingdom, but to have followed one of them to the sea, and there beheld it united with another and a different fine river, had been a discovery beyond all price. The Taw rises on Dartmoor, and flows to the northward till it is reinforced by the Moule near Chumleigh, and swelled into a bold river; it then inclines to the N.N.W. till it reaches Barnstaple, where it again alters its course, and turning to the westward, meets the Torridge at Appledore, and runs with it in one stream to the sea, about half a mile below the village.

The waters both of the Taw and the Torridge are charged with an extraordinary quantity of sand and slime, which from the rapidity of their course they hold in suspension till they approach the sea, where, spreading over a wider area and flowing in a more gentle current, they deposit their feculence, and gradually elevate their beds and decrease their depth. At Appledore these united rivers are at high water a mile in breadth, but are navigable only in the middle of the channel, where the velocity of the current still preserves the channel free from obstructions. At low water they shrink into a narrow stream, so studded with shoals and sand banks as to be impassable for any thing but a small boat. At their common mouth there is a dreadful bar, which renders all navigation to Appledore, Barnstaple, and Bideford, difficult and precarious. The sea co-operates with the rivers in creating bounds to their mutual dominion, and by continually forcing in a counter current of sand, has raised it up in a sharp ridge, which is never quite covered with water till the tide has flowed for three hours. This mischief, which is so considerable in the Taw and Torridge, affects all rivers in a degree. None has suffered more from the same causes than our grand river, the Thames. For many leagues to the westward of the Nore there is one continued maze of sands and shoals, of more intricate and dangerous navigation than any other part of the British Channels. These sands are, no doubt, the accumulated sediment of the river, which from the Nore rapidly increases its surface and loses its velocity, preserving a free course only in mid-channel, and refining itself on each side as it lazily creeps along.

The village of Appledore contains two parallel rows of small, neat, compact dwelling-houses, which afford no very interesting matter for description. The houses are all white-washed, and as limestone is abundant in the neighbourhood, the white-wash is so often renewed that they have always an air of spruceness and prodigal tidiness about them, very creditable to the cleanliness of the inhabitants, but certainly not so picturesque as the irregularities of Clovelly and the untempered rudeness of St. Agnes and Portreath. If an artist should desire to find a subject amongst these cottages he must see them when stained by the inclemencies of winter, for if he waits till the spring he will find himself anticipated by a rival brush, that will have quite daubed him out of countenance.

There is very little of the bustle of trade at Appledore; we saw six or seven small sloops there, and were told that such a fleet was not often seen except in the winter time, when bad weather drove vessels in for shelter. This port is the first within the bar; but this advantage of situation has been submerged by the sand, and it cedes in depth of water, and consequently in commercial importance, to the more inland ports of Barnstaple and Bideford.

It was at Appledore that Hubba, the Dane, in the reign of Alfred, disembarked with an army from twenty-three ships, after having spread devastation and slaughter over Wales. On landing he immediately laid siege to the castle of Kinwith, where Oddune, Earl of Devonshire, and his followers had taken shelter. "Being ill supplied with provisions and even with water, the earl determined by some vigorous blow to prevent the necessity of submitting to the barbarous enemy. He made a sudden sally on the Danes before sun-rising, and taking them unprepared, he put them to rout, pursued them with great slaughter, killed Hubba himself, and got possession of the famous Reafen or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven, which had been inwoven by the three sisters of Hinguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations, and which by its different movements prognosticated, as the Danes believed, the good or bad success of any enterprize*." The news of this victory reached the ears of Alfred in his retreat at Athelney, and quickened his exertions for the complete redemption of his kingdom. It was immediately after this event that he passed in the disguise of a minstrel through the camp of his enemies. The Danes, after their defeat by the Earl of Devonshire, buried their captain, Hubba, on the shore, near the place where he had landed, and piled over him a heap of stones, the customary monument in those times of heroes who had died in battle. All vestiges of this monument have been swept away many ages since, but there is a spot a little above the village of Appledore, called Hubblestone, which still points out to those who are not to be startled by a letter, the grave of Hubba. It is singular that tradition should have consecrated for so long a period this spot of earth, for in the minds of the people in the

* Hume.

neighbourhood, Hubblestone has at present as little connexion with the name of Hubba, as of Julius Cæsar. I enquired of the man who, at my request, conducted me to the place why it was called Hubblestone; and he looked at me with as much illumination in his countenance as if I had asked him why he was called Jones. Fame has not done so much justice to the gallant Earl of Devonshire as to Hubba, and has immortalised no stone of Kinwith Castle by which we can determine where it stood. Risdon, in his Survey of Devonshire, begun in the year 1605, observes, "For this castle some have sought, as it were for ants paths, but found it not, unless they guess Hennaborough, a fort not far hence, to be the same, which conjecture I partly ground upon the name, that not much differs after the revolution of so many ages." This congruity of names is still the only bond of union between Kinwith and Hennaborough, and we must prize it accordingly.

We did not advance farther up the Taw or the Torridge than Appledore. The original plan of our voyage extended simply to the coast, and its execution will form too voluminous a work to admit of any deviations that do not promise ample compensation. Barnstaple is nearly three leagues inland, and therefore quite out of our reckoning; and Bideford, we understood, though nearer the sea, offered nothing that should tempt us out of our regular course. The port of Bideford had formerly a large share of foreign commerce, but has been drained by a series of wars, and has now only a few coasting vessels belonging to it, which carry coals and culm to the southern parts of Devonshire.

When we had completed our observations at Appledore we had a few hours of day-light remaining, which we were anxious to employ in advancing for a few miles, that we might reach Ilfracomb, rather a long stage, the next day. We were directed to cross the water and proceed to the village of Braunton, at a little distance on the opposite side, where we might be accommodated for the night, and procure horses for our journey the following morning. Some difficulties occurred in the prosecution of this simple plan. The wind and the tide were foul, but the ferryman, utterly unmindful of these particulars, set his sail up and himself down, and quietly waited the result. We did alter our situation, and gradually increased our distance from Appledore, but without approaching nearer to the place to which we were bound. The river is not quite a mile broad, so that when this singular mode of getting over it had been prolonged for an hour, we conceived ourselves justified in enquiring when we might expect to reach our port. Our phlegmatic boatman then first made us acquainted with a kind of misgiving that had long been gaining ground over his feelings, and had now terminated in a conviction that our sail had been perfectly useless, and that nothing but hard labour at the oars could enable us to get over the water. He then applied himself to row, and in an hour and a half more we landed on the opposite shore. Braunton was full three miles from the spot where we landed, and it was almost bedtime when we arrived there, and learned at the public house that there were no beds. We immediately burst out into some angry expostulations at the impertinence of holding out professions

professions of entertainment which deluded travellers into such awkward dilemmas, but they were rather coldly received;—there were no beds. After standing for some time in the street balancing our resources, amidst a crowd of silent, curious, unsympathising spectators who had collected about us, we finally resolved to enter the house, that we might sit till morning. The landlord confirmed one half of our expectations by procuring us horses at an early hour; and we departed from Braunton in that bouncing state of spirits which usually results from a strong inclination to sleep, and eyes wide open.

On returning to the coast we found nothing that demanded very wakeful attention, but droned drowsily along for two leagues over a bed of sand, till we arrived at Baggy Point, the northern boundary of Bideford Bay. This headland is remarkable from standing alone, a majestic steep of craggy rock, between low and rounded banks of sand. It is nearly as high as Hertland Point, and we contented ourselves with observing from a place of security, that it was in front quite perpendicular. A few hours after we had left the point a pilot vessel was wrecked upon the rocks at its base. The weather was perfectly calm, and she had ventured so close to the shore, that before she could clear the headland, the flood tide, which sets in with great violence, drove her on to the rocks. She had a small boat on deck by which all the crew were saved.

To the northward of Baggy Point we entered upon another dreary flat, three miles in extent, called Woollocombe Sands, over which we passed without one jolt of the body or the mind. Two miles more, equally sedative, over Mort Bay, brought us to Mort Point. Adjoining the bay is the parish of Morthoe, where there formerly stood a wonderful stone, called Mortstone, which was only to be removed by the power of ladies who were lords of their husbands. I made some enquiries on the subject, and was informed that the stone had long since disappeared. Morthoe is a very small parish.

The encroachments of the sand are bounded by Mort Point, and from this headland we had no longer to complain of the opiate smoothness of our way, but had all our senses kept in constant exercise by the trips of our horses, over a road of the liveliest ruggedness. The coast became exceedingly grand, rising to the height of eight hundred feet, and inclining to the sea in a sweeping slope, partially spread with grass and tufted with low trees, or striking down to it at once in a tremendous precipice, with the naked rock exposed in abrupt crags. In some places there was in front of the cliffs a singular mixture of nakedness and vegetation, and rocks, and grass, and trees, were blended together, as if some recent convulsion had overturned the solid beds of rock, and spared some patches of the former surface, a bramble or a green sod, as memorials of the change. But the vastness of the scene was the spell that at once filled and controuled the mind, and simplifying attention, left us little to do when standing on these heights but to ponder on the wide horizon. As we looked over the sea the sight had no specific object to rest upon, but was carried farther and farther over one broad, level surface, which terminated
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in a soft misty line and melted into the sky. The void over our heads appeared less vast than that before us, in which the sea acted as a scale, or, like the line from a kite, as a conductor to the eye.

From these boundless visions we were occasionally recalled to ourselves by a perpendicular peep at the rocks below us, followed by a deliberate step backwards, to counteract that involuntary impulse, which on these occasions, seems perversely to be pushing and edging one on. A man will thrust half of his body out of his garret window, without fear or thought of a fall; but let him ascend two or three hundred feet higher, and though the necessity of falling may not be more obvious, and though the consequences of falling would not be more fatal, yet he immediately begins to tremble, and intrench himself in his strong holds. When we look from an eminence only fifty feet high, it may require an effort of calculation to convince us that we should be killed if we were to fall; but when we look from a height of seven or eight hundred feet, the certainty of being dashed to pieces if a foot should slip is so vividly illustrated, that there appears to be danger in the mere contemplation of a fall; death is represented as so very certain that we imagine it to be very near. We are sensible of the same kind of feeling when the eye is not the medium through which terror is received. A man will stand with perfect confidence at the very brink of a pool which he conceives may contain just water enough to cover his head, but signify to him that the pool has no bottom, and he will instantly start back that he may not be drowned.

From the headland of Bull Point, distant rather more than a mile from Mort Point, the coast extends no farther to the northward, but turning to the eastward, continues in that direction to the mouth of the Severn. From Bull Point, the Bristol Channel becomes gradually narrower, the opposite coast of Wales running to the E. S. E. till it reaches the mouth of the Severn, from whence both coasts again incline to the northward, regularly converging to a point.

Our horses were the first to signify any distaste for our mountainous course, and we were at length obliged, for the sake of speed and security, to dismount. When we had walked for an hour we ourselves began to suspect that hills would be more agreeable if they were all top, and recalled to mind Woollocombe Sands, without reproaching them for their flatness. Nearly at the end of our journey and our breath, we arrived at the base of a height of longer and steeper ascent than any that we had yet passed: after a very laborious effort, with our noses almost as close to the ground as our feet, we reached the top, and then descended into Ilfracombe. The descent had become very easy and gradual before we entered the town, the first object in which is the church, a neat, respectable edifice, in the very plainest style of architecture, which, unlike prouder cathedrals, has been repaired at different times, by different hands, without betraying any marks of disproportion, and without exciting any regret for those parts that have been lost, or
contempt

contempt for those that have been renewed. From the church, the town extends to the sea-side in one street, about a mile in length, of suitable breadth, well paved, and remarkably clean. As nearly the whole town is included in this one street, it is almost superfluous to observe that the houses are built without any respect for regularity. The tinker is of course a window narrower and a story lower than the baker, who is in his turn overtopped by the butcher, while all crouch, in due subordination, under the tower of the doctor. But in spite of this gradation of ranks, the general appearance of the town is very respectable, and to our eyes, that had not of late been accustomed to palaces, the street of Ilfracombe, with its shops and its pavement, looked quite metropolitan. At the lower part of the town there are some good houses overlooking the sea, which are inhabited by visitors, who frequent this place for the purpose of sea-bathing.

Ilfracombe has an excellent harbour, easy of access, yet secured against any injurious effects of wind and sea. The bason of the harbour is surrounded on three sides by the land, and on the fourth is protected from the north or sea-wind by a bold mass of rock which stretches nearly half way across the mouth, and leaves open just sufficient space for the entrance of vessels. On the summit of this rock, which rises pyramidally, is erected a lighthouse for the direction of ships in the night, for the harbour is so land-locked, that light is almost as necessary as water for the passage into it. The lighthouse is built in the form of a chapel, a whimsical fancy that has treated "the genius of the place" rather too cavalierly. No one would think of fixing a chapel of ease, really dedicated to the uses of a chapel, on the top of a high, steep, rugged rock; therefore this lighthouse, in its character of disguise, simply stands as a model of inconvenience. The harbour is still further inclosed and defended by an artificial pier, on which the following inscription is engraved on a stone tablet:

"THIS EXTENSIVE PIER,
BUILT SOME YEARS SINCE BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF THE BOUCHIERS,
BARONS FITZWARINE, EARLS OF BATHE, AND VICE-ADMIRALS OF THE PLACE,
WAS IN THE YEAR 1760 PARTLY REBUILT,
LENGTHENED AND ENLARGED BY SIR BOUCHIER WREY, BART.
THE PRESENT LORD AND INHERITOR OF THIS PIER AND MANOR."

The commerce of the port is confined to a few coasting traders, but the harbour offers a certain shelter to all vessels navigating the Bristol channel, which in bad weather are excluded by the bar at the mouth of the Taw and Torridge from the harbours of Barnstaple and Bideford.

The general scenery about Ilfracombe would furnish matter for a complete vocabulary of the picturesque; hill, valley, wood, rock, and water, all distributed into an arrangement



Ilfracombe, Coast of North Devon



View of Ilfracombe, from Hilsborough

ment that could not be altered and improved. To the east and west of the harbour, the bold and lofty cliffs faced with rock stand the brunt of the storms from the sea, and shelter the town, the harbour, and the cultivated fields about them. I have seldom seen any thing superior in richness and variety to the land-prospect from the lighthouse rock, comprehending the harbour crowded with vessels, the inclosed sea, clear and smooth as a mirror, the cliffs in front wooded from top to bottom, and a vast mountain in the back ground, rising above all, and divided into meadows and corn fields—the whole seen in one mingled and brilliant view. When sated with the luxuriance of this prospect, the eye may turn from it and repose on the simple, solemn grandeur of the coast, where it presents its dark and naked rocks to the open sea. Here nature, intent only on vastness, has been sparing of all embellishment, nor could art add any thing to her rough outline, or by any form of improvement either alter or disguise it.

From the summit of Hillsborough, a tremendous height to the eastward of the harbour, all the beauties of Ilfracombe may be seen spread out as in a map, with its rude and gentle features contrasted, its woods and its fields edged with a rugged border of rock. There are many other points from which all the objects which I have described may be seen to equal advantage, and in new and varied combinations, but I desist from any further representation of them lest I should fatigue by repetition : an artist who could give force and prominence to every shade of difference might labour for months at Ilfracombe without exhausting his subjects.

Amongst other views from Hillsborough we caught a birds-eye glimpse of the coast to the eastward, the scene of our future operations, extending in a series of inequalities, that determined us to pursue our course along the Devonshire shore by sea. We engaged a four-oared boat, and at a very early hour in the morning embarked on our voyage, with a strong and foul wind, and the tide against us. This arrangement of circumstances was not exactly of our own selection ; the wind was not to be controuled, and the boatmen assured us that they could gain ground over the tide, which would turn in two hours after our departure, and find us prepared to take the earliest advantage of its change. Our glimpse of the coast to the eastward had not deceived us. For some miles it is strangely irregular, and proves, by the wild disorder of the rocks, the confusion of the strata, the deep clefts and chasms, and the fragments that line the shore, that it has been subject to some great convulsion. The cliffs are of prodigious height, yet their vast front is hollowed into numberless little bays, and battered and broken, as if the sea had risen and torn down the rocks from their very summits. In order to avoid the force of the tide we were obliged to keep close to the shore, and follow all its windings : in the sheltered recesses we advanced without much effort, but round the projecting points the tide ran with such velocity, and there was so tumultuous a sea, that it required extreme labour to pull the boat through the water, and a miracle, as we sometimes thought, to support her above it. We were surprised, and a little
shocked,

shocked, at the boldness with which the man approached the rocks, on which there was a raging surf. The management of the helm was committed to my hands, and I was continually called to order: "Keep her in, sir; pray keep her in, out of the tide, and never fear the rocks." The waves which threatened to throw us on to the shore were counteracted by the recoil of the waves in advance, and we were thus held in balance between them, but with the appearance of being every moment about to be dashed to pieces. We had not only to fear the rocks of the main land, but had to steer through a perfect labyrinth of them in the sea, starting up in clusters about us, or discovered by the breakers, or by a dark shadow in the water over them. At low water they are seen in large masses, full half a mile from the shore. We were deploring the obstructions that they must oppose to navigation, when our boatmen represented to us that if it were not for some such impediments pilots might starve. They declared that the rocks were bread to themselves and their families, and pointed out one of more than common terrors, that was a bit of roast beef on a Sunday. How natural, or at least common, this mode of reasoning is, it would be superfluous to illustrate by further examples.

We at length arrived opposite to a point of land, from whose base the rocks project so far into the sea, that in doubling them we were exposed to the full force of the tide. Here we remained stationary, and as if spell-bound, for ten minutes, the men straining with all their might, and, in their rage, startling us with their profane wishes that they and the boat might go to the bottom. In the oral chart of the boatmen along shore this terrible point is emphatically denounced as Pull-and-be-damned Point. Perseverance had finally its just reward; we doubled the point, and immediately entered into the quiet little cove of Combe-Martin, sheltered from wind and tide, and with nothing to disturb our contemplation of the varied scenery around us. We had rowed about four miles from Ilfracombe, in which interval the coast, though broken and indented, preserves a continued line. At Combe-Martin, a deep and narrow glen, which extends to a considerable distance inland, separates the great chain of cliffs, and terminates in the sea. This chasm opened to us a view of uncommon richness and fertility, swelling over the masses of black rock, which, on each side of the bay, form the base of the land. Above them the hills rise to a great height, and are cultivated to their summits. Cultivation can make even a flat country pleasing, but it is singularly delightful to see mountains thus softened and subdued, and their sharp ridges and sudden peaks shaded with trees and yellow with corn. Vegetation on the steep sides of these heights does not destroy their majesty, for it has none of the trimness of art about it, but is as wild and fantastic in arrangement as the surface over which it is spread. The whole seems like the sole work of nature; and one might fancy that the same bold hand which piled the unheewn rocks below, had scattered over the rising hills their various decoration.

Round the whole coast we had seldom seen a gap in the cliffs that was not filled by a fisherman and his boat, and the little inlet of Combe-Martin is fully occupied by a few



Near Combmartin, on the coast of North Devon



Lynmouth, on the coast of North Devon

few boats on the beach, and by a group of cottages beyond, sufficiently inartificial in appearance to harmonize with the general scene. They are situated at the bottom of the glen, which on each side is overhung by hills of the same fertile and romantic character as those which skirt the bay.

We found that one of the cottages was a public-house, with no promise on the outside, but furnished with plenty within, and a very sensible landlady, who maintained that nothing was superior to a good breakfast, which she regarded as the foundation on which every thing useful or agreeable in the business of the day was to be raised. We were precisely in a state to coincide with her in opinion, and to admit, that no circumstances, however elevated, can make us forget, for any length of time, that we have a stomach. Love and jealousy may have great control over us, but in the long run we are slaves to nothing so much as to bread and butter.

In five minutes all the male population of the village had assembled about us at our meal; and ale, a great leveller, soon determined that there should be no secrets between us. When we had satisfied all their questions, they revealed to us that they gained a subsistence by fishing and by piloting vessels in the Bristol Channel. They felt themselves somewhat scandalized, however, by these simple pursuits, and reverted with pride to those days when a little honest smuggling cheered a man's heart at Combe-Martin with a drop of unadulterated gin. "But these are cruel times," they observed, "and the Lord only knows what we shall be obliged to give up next." They were occasionally assisted, they told us, by a wreck; but this was a very uncertain casualty, and scarcely to be hoped for twice in a winter. We had frequent conversations on this subject with various boatmen during our voyage, and always discovered that they consider it in no degree a moral offence to plunder a wreck. When a vessel is once driven ashore, they look upon it as justly lost to the owners, and sent to be fairly scrambled for by all those who will hazard their lives for the spoil. They pay no more respect to the construction of the law in this case, than to that abominable despotism that would deprive them of their gin. Amongst themselves, a man who had robbed a vessel of property to the amount of fifty pounds might pass for a very honest fellow; but if he were known to have stolen a pocket handkerchief on shore, he would be shunned as a thief. They talk of a good wreck-season as they do of a good mackarel-season, and thank Providence for both.

When we returned to our boat the tide had turned and the wind abated, so that we proceeded along very smoothly and pleasantly. For three leagues to the eastward of Combe Martin the coast is even more vast than that which we had just passed. Some of the cliffs are computed to be a thousand feet in height, and they are so steep, that when we were not many yards from their base we could distinguish sheep on the ridges and projections at their summits. These sheep appeared like white specks, so very minute that we should not have observed them at all had they not been pointed out to us by the boatmen, nor have believed that they were animals of any kind had we not perceived that they

moved. We were contesting the matter with the men, with our eyes intently fixed on a cluster of the white specks, when they suddenly vanished, and we then granted at once that they could not be daisies. The cliffs are generally covered with short russet grass, and in parts tufted with shrubby oak; but the rocks are frequently seen bursting through this surface, and at intervals all vegetation is arrested; the rocks appear rising in fragments over fragments, and the whole front looks like one tremendous ruin. The changes which have taken place on the face of this coast are of no recent date, and have not been effected by the common force of the sea, or by any of the slow causes which act at present on the surface of the earth, but by some sudden and extraordinary convulsion. Some of the cliffs preserve deep traces of a violent shock, and where the edges of the rocks are disclosed the strata are seen broken and overturned; but in a general view of the coast, though the ruin still appears, it appears in a state of reparation, and the sharp peaks and rugged indentations are partially smoothed and rounded by earth, and garnished with a sprinkling of vegetation. This coast is considerably loftier than any part of the north coast of Cornwall, but it has not the same wild and terrible grandeur, the same dismal, desolate gloom, which was always associated in our minds with shipwrecks and storms. It is at intervals only on the coast of Devon that the rocks burst forth; but on the coast of Cornwall, league after league is marked by one dark line of rock, never interrupted by a patch of earth, but parted by a wide chasm, faced also on each side with rock, and again renewed, and still in rock. Both coasts appear to have been shattered by some tremendous concussion, but in the one the effects have been gradually softened by time, while in the other the confusion is still fresh and unreformed, the ruggedness unvaried and untamed.

Amongst the objects that attracted our particular attention after leaving Combe Martin were the Big Hangman and the Little Hangman, two projecting cliffs, more rude in form, and more lofty and precipitous than the cliffs on either side of them, and therefore distinguished by these ferocious titles. The Little Hangman is only little when opposed to his brother monster; and when we saw them they were both reduced to a perfect equality by the clouds that had settled on their heads. Two leagues farther to the eastward there is a very magnificent scene of rocks bounding the Valley of Stones. This valley is precisely what its name imports it to be, a valley whose bottom and sides are entirely covered with stones. We could see nothing of it from the sea, but we saw its character copied on the coast in so profuse a display of stones that we had little to regret.

About two miles to the eastward of this spot are the little bay and village of Linmouth, surrounded by a mixed order of scenery, in which the beautiful and the grand are very singularly contrasted. The view is seen to most advantage from the sea, and as we saw it, as it were, by surprise, after the eye had been long bounded by one vast and uninterrupted fence. At Linmouth there is an opening in the cliffs, and through this there unexpectedly dawns upon you a view of the interior, very limited indeed in extent, but varied and picturesque, and a little village in the place of the rude rocks at the water's edge.

edge. This scene was suddenly disclosed to us, after gazing at the blank rocks, like the glitter and show of the stage, by the drawing up of the curtain at a theatre. On each side of the bay the cliffs taper down to the sea in two bold slopes, covered with the richest verdure, and abundantly shaded with wood. The cottages are scattered about at their base, and separated into two divisions by a fresh water stream, the Lyn, which, flashing and foaming over a bed of rocks, gives its tiny tribute to the sea with great noise and pretension. But the most imposing feature in the prospect is a huge, rugged, and barren mountain in the back ground, twelve hundred feet in height, and in all that we could see of its front completely perpendicular. This mountain, as we looked at it from the sea, appeared of a square form, standing quite alone, unconnected at either extremity with any other land, and rising at once from the plain like a vast wall. Its naked front acquires additional dreariness by being so immediately opposed to the gentle character of the two sloping points in the fore-ground, whose green pastures and bright foliage sparkle in the sun with more than common lustre, when thus set off by this bleak mountain in their rear. In a wider prospect the effect would not have been so striking, but here every blade of grass has its force, and the barrenness, embodied as it is in so majestic a form, is perfectly sublime.

We had intended to make Linmouth the boundary of our day's voyage, but discovered that the barrenness which had so happy an effect in the back-ground of the picture, had advanced into the public-house, which we expected to see smiling with a ripe harvest of rolls and cheese. This unlooked-for circumstance drove us again into our boat, for we had quite outlived all the benefit that we had derived from our foodful landlady at Combe Martin. After two or three strokes of the oars the village disappeared, and we were again shut out by a long line of perpendicular cliffs, suspended like one great curtain. The coast to the eastward of Linmouth becomes less strikingly grand, still preserving immense height, but more tame and regular in form, and generally rounded, as at Clovelly, from top to bottom, by a solid mass of low, shrubby trees. Such a sight in Cornwall we should have pronounced to be beautiful, but we were now so familiarized with trees that we had grown fastidious, and hesitated to admire a bush which had no other recommendation than that of being green. But if there was less to interest us in the coast to our right, we had new objects to observe by the development of the coast of Wales to our left; and as the channel became narrower at every mile that we advanced, we amused ourselves with watching the forms of the distant land as they gradually grew into distinctness. Soon after leaving Ilfracombe we had observed an alteration in the colour of the sea, which, as we proceeded to the eastward, exchanged its fresh and sparkling hues of green and purple for one plain tinge of mud. With land visible on each side it lost likewise all its grandeur, as well as all the beauty of its proper colour; but then, in compensation, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were entirely out of the reach of ground-swells.

About two leagues to the eastward of Linmouth the coast of north Devon terminates,
but

but it loses itself in the coast of Somersetshire by so imperceptible a transition, that we could not decide upon the exact line of demarcation between them. Our boatmen, who were all at least a yard asunder in their opinions on the subject, proposed to determine the question by a wager, of which we never heard the result.

The whole extent of the north coast of Devonshire is about fifty miles. The distance from Ilfracombe to its eastern extremity is twenty miles, and in this interval there were only two places at which we could land, or at least from which there was any possibility of access into the interior. Shipwrecks on such a coast are more than commonly terrible. Instances have occurred of people's escaping from a wreck on to the rocks at low water, and being swept away by the returning tide before they could find an inlet to the land. The coast of Somersetshire, after continuing for four miles in the same line of insurmountable cliffs, recedes into a spacious and beautiful bay, with the hills to the right sloping gently down to the sea, and richly cultivated; a few scattered cottages in front, on a streak of level ground bounding the sea, and overhung by a grove of stately trees, rising abruptly on the hills behind, and a majestic headland to the left at the eastern point of the bay, of rugged and naked rock, but relenting as it advances into the recess, and terminating in a broader plain than that in front, chequered also with cottages, and the mingled colours of all kinds of vegetation. This scene was the more interesting to us, like that at Linmouth, from a kind of unexpectedness in the manner of its disclosure, and its sudden contrast of a various and extended prospect, with the dead wall by which the eye had before been repelled.

We landed nearly in the centre of the bay at the village of West Porlock, where there is little for me to record. We had not often intruded into any scene of life in which life appeared to be so perfectly becalmed. There are periods of comparative stagnation, when we say, even in London, that there is nothing stirring; it is, therefore, not surprising that there should be some seasons in the year when things are rather quiet at West Porlock. At the time of our visit, a colony of dormice in the winter could not have been more composed than its inhabitants. In the herring-season the scene changes, the people awake and come out of their holes, every face is full of anxiety, every hand grapples a net, and at sea and on shore every thing is stirring. The bay is not supplied with any variety of fish that can yield the fishermen a regular employment, and we learned that even the herrings appeared in thinner shoals than formerly. Some years since they were caught in great quantities many miles higher up the channel, but now only a few straggling divisions from the grand body penetrate to the eastward of Porlock. Their capriciousness is as difficult, I believe, to be accounted for as to be corrected: the fishermen attribute it to a deficiency of food for them on the coast, but this they can only conjecture, for when the herrings were most abundant, every other kind of fish was equally rare as at present.

There were two spare beds in one room at the public-house of the village, which we determined to occupy for the night. As we were retiring to them, an embassy arrived from

from the tap-room, representing to us that the boatmen could procure no beds for themselves, and that it was their particular desire that we should content ourselves with one bed, while they four resigned themselves to the other—and all this in a room ten feet long and a bed's length wide. We at once rebuffed any such plan, and remained inexorable, though it was again proposed to us in new forms, each excluding an individual of the original quartet. Such an arrangement had been sufficiently odious at any time, but in July—Spirits of lavender defend us! A great dash of assurance in the manners of boatmen was by no means new to us, but such an instance of positive rebellion as this stood quite alone.

A mile and a half from this village, on the eastern side of the bay, is the parent village of Porlock, in which is the parish church. We entered it at the moment when all the inhabitants were assembled at the ceremony of a funeral, always a very impressive scene in a village, where no one is too insignificant to be missed, and where death cannot select without taking away a friend or an acquaintance. One part of the rites was singular. Before the procession moved to the church all the mourners met before the house of the deceased, and there chanted a hymn, assisted by a most incongruous accompaniment from the belfry, in which a merry and vigorous peal was ringing the whole time. The sobs and cries and singing of the people, heard only at intervals, and indistinctly, through the deafening clangor of the bells, had a strange and most mournful effect. The monstrous contrast of sounds, and the confusion of associations raised by them in the mind, evidently affected all who were present, and they were much more loud and passionate in their grief while the bells were pealing in their ears, than during any other part of the service. I imagined that this custom might originally have had some refined moral in it, and that a man was thus cheered into his grave in consideration of what he had gained; but I was informed that the ringing of the bells had no such mystic meaning, but was and had been always considered as a simple part of the ceremony of mourning.

Porlock is a place of considerable antiquity, and though now reduced to a mean village, was a town of some note in the time of the Saxons, and distinguished itself on more than one occasion by the gallant resistance which it opposed to the invasions of the Danes. In the year 918, a Danish army, headed by the earls Ohtor and Rhoald, after having laid waste a great part of Wales, landed in Porlock Bay during the night; but the inhabitants on shore having received notice of their approach, attacked and routed them with great slaughter. In a later invasion, though they fought with equal resolution, they had not the same success. In the year 1052, Harold, earl of Essex, with a large force, composed of Irish and Danish troops, effected a landing in the bay in spite of all opposition*. He then formed an entrenched camp, and leaving a sufficient garrison for its defence, marched into the interior, spreading desolation before him. The town of Porlock was reduced to ashes by this barbarian, and never rose again in any more

* Saxon Chronicle, An. 1052, p. 166.

important form than it possesses at present. The trenches of Harold's camp are still visible, and swords and other instruments of war have frequently been dug up near them. It is said that tradition still preserves the memory of all these transactions fresh in the parish, and I cannot presume to deny the fact, though I can assert that the tradition is of a very taciturn disposition, and never opens its lips to strangers. In our conversation with the natives we heard of the harvest, and the herrings, and other notorious matters of modern history, but not a syllable of Harold or the ancient town of Porlock.

We pursued our voyage from Porlock Bay to Minehead, a distance of two leagues, in our boat. From the eastern point of the bay the coast extends in a straight line of cliffs still of vast height, and smoothed into one unvaried form by an equal covering of brushwood, till it terminates in the promontory of Minehead. To the eastward of this headland there is a long flat, which continues with little variation to the mouth of the Severn. Minehead was formerly a seaport of great importance, and besides a very extensive coasting trade, had considerable concerns with the Straits and the West Indies. In the beginning of the last century there were forty vessels belonging to it engaged in the Irish trade. But of this enlarged and various commerce there are no traces remaining, and it has now all the lifeless stillness of Porlock, which is here the more melancholy, as not being the natural inheritance of the place, but the consequence of desertion and decay. It has a spacious harbour, formed by a handsome stone pier, and so remarkably secure, that in the year 1703, when a violent gale of wind, accompanied with a very high tide, committed dreadful ravages on this coast, Minehead was the only harbour that could defend its shipping.

The town of Minehead is distributed into three divisions, the Quay Town, the Middle Town, and the Upper Town, and this strange mode of separation, together with the subdivisions, which also cut each part into pieces, entirely disguises the appearance of its being a town at all. The Quay Town is the most regular, and is composed of a single row of small but neat cottages, built on the sea-shore, in a line with the promontory of Minehead, which though covered with wood in front, discloses a very grand display of rocks, projecting in immense masses from its eastern side. Of these it has been written so frequently and so long ago, that they threaten to fall and crush the cottages beneath, that I shall not venture to reproach them with any such intention. Two and twenty years ago the whole of this part of the town was destroyed by fire, and the utter loss of trade and all spirit of speculation in the place, is mournfully exhibited in many ruins of blackened walls which still remain unrepaired.

The Middle Town is nearly half a mile inland, and has the air of a decent village, with more streets than houses. The Upper Town is situated on the slope of a steep hill, more than a quarter of a mile from the Middle Town, and is the most insignificant of the three, consisting only of a few shabby cottages, which it would take less time to pull down than to describe.

Minehead

Minehead is a borough-town, and returns two members to parliament, who are elected by such of the parishioners as are housekeepers, and do not receive alms. There is an alms-house in the parish, the bequest of a Mr. Robert Quirk. An inscription on a brass-plate over the door thus energetically sets forth Mr. Quirk's charitable disposition :—

“ Robert Quirk built this house Anno 1630, and doth give it to the use of the poore of this parish for ever. And for better maintenance I do give my two inner cellers, at the inner end of the key ; and cursed be that man that shall convert it to any other use than to the use of the poore.”

Under this is an engraving of a ship and the following couplet.

“ God's providence
Is my inheritance. R. Q.”

The country around Minehead is beautifully diversified with hill and valley, both teeming with the most exuberant vegetation. The climate is so mild that the myrtle tree will live here throughout the year in the open air. The winters bring months of rain, but are rarely attended by frosts of more than two or three days duration.

Being informed that we should meet with nothing deserving of observation on this side of the Bristol channel beyond Minehead, we determined to pass over from this port to Cardiff, on the opposite coast, and from thence commence our voyage round the Welsh coast. A foul wind prevented our proceeding so far to the eastward, and we landed nearly opposite to Minehead, at Aberthaw. The word *Aber*, in Welsh, means the confluence of a river, and all places in Wales with this addition have the same signification as Exmouth, Plymouth, and others in England. The stream which meets the sea at Aberthaw is very small, and so lazy in its current that it has not scooped out a channel, but forms a swamp, which received us from our boat up to the knees. A quarter of a mile inland is the village of Aberthaw, where we were welcomed by the custom-house officer, the only person in the place who could speak to us in our own language. With all our home feelings fresh about us, and not at all corned by the sea air during a passage of three hours, it seemed quite strange to be asked if we had arrived from England, and to see English faces about us with foreign tongues. Our friend of the excise communicated to us the history of his neighbourhood, which combines few particulars that are generally known, or indeed worthy to be so. The coast about Aberthaw is composed of a peculiar kind of limestone, which furnishes a most valuable cement. When burnt into lime and placed under water it immediately assumes the hardness of the original rock, and even when pulverised and scattered over the land it is converted into a hard grit by the first shower of rain. In the construction of bridges, piers, and all stone work that is exposed to water, this lime is in the highest estimation. The greater part of the coast of Wales is composed of limestone, but none is found of this peculiar quality but at Aberthaw. All the roofs and walls in the village are defended by a coat of this eternal cement ; and when a roof admits the rain, it is conceived quite time to pull the house down.

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We proceeded from hence by the direct and inland road to Cardiff. This town is situated on the eastern bank of the river Taff, over which there is a handsome stone bridge of five arches, forming the western entrance. It is the capital of Glamorganshire, though not the most considerable town in the county, either in extent or population. In the arrangement of the streets, and the construction of the buildings, regularity is the least striking feature, but the streets are well paved, and the houses of that simple and elementary order, where nothing is added that is not wanted, and all that is wanted is to keep out wind and water. The chief ornament of the town is its castle. The whole of Glamorganshire is rich in the remains of castles, many of which were founded about the same period by a party of Norman usurpers. In the year 1091, Robert Fitzhamon, a Norman chief, and kinsman to William the Conqueror, made the conquest of this county, and having parcelled out various lordships to twelve knights who had assisted him in his enterprise, reserved the town of Cardiff among other estates for himself, and erected the castle in the year 1110. In its present condition there is nothing very interesting about it, and the lovers of antiquity gaze at it and groan twice, once for its ruins and once for its improvements. The great body of the edifice has been modernised into a comfortable dwelling-house by a variety of alterations and embellishments, which do not exactly correspond with the baronial grandeur of its ancient parts. It may be said, however, in palliation of these innovations, that they certainly contribute to the convenience of the place as a house to live in, and that the newfangled windows do admit the light, an advantage not studiously attended to in those which preceded them. To keep up ruins in a state of purity at an expense sufficient to build a palace is an unprofitable kind of business, and when a man undertakes by a series of repairs to convert a dilapidated castle into a habitable dwelling, it is hardly to be expected that he should sacrifice all accommodation, in every corner of every room of his house, to the harsh requisitions of the original design. When ancient buildings are restored that they may be devoted to the uses of the first foundation, or preserved as models of particular orders of architecture, precedent should be observed in every stone that is replaced; but no one would wish that all the castles in Wales should be repaired as castles, and he who by a few modern additions turns them to account, is not more criminal than he who suffers them quietly to moulder away. I have said thus much on this subject, because it has been the fashion for every passing tourist that has glanced at Cardiff castle, to reproach its owner* with great bitterness of expression for improvements which I think perfectly innocent.

The castle and all its offices are encompassed by a wall, enclosing a considerable area. In the centre, on the summit of an artificial mound, stand the unadulterated remains of the ancient keep, now called the magazine, from having been employed as one in the civil wars, when Cardiff supported the cause of Charles the First. The castle was bombarded by Cromwell in person for three successive days, and was finally reduced through the trea-

* The Marquis of Bute.

chery of a deserter. In a building at the entrance, called the Black Tower, Robert, Duke of Normandy, is said to have been confined for twenty-six years by his brother, King Henry the First. A small dark hole under ground is still to be seen, which tradition assigns as the dungeon of the unfortunate Robert, but if the authority of some of our early historians did not discountenance the fact, the internal evidence of the hole would be sufficient to refute it, for nothing but a toad could possibly have lived there for a month. William of Malmesbury records, that Henry made the imprisonment of his brother very easy to him, furnishing him with an elegant table, and with an allowance of buffoons for his diversion, pleasures which, in the opinion of the duke, quite overbalanced the loss of his sovereignty.

The only other building in the town at all worthy of notice is the church, which has a high tower of very peculiar beauty, with the parapet richly carved and crowned at each corner by a transparent gothic pinnacle. The body of the church is of a much older date, and in the most cumbrous style of Norman architecture. The trade of Cardiff is trifling, but its port is employed as the outlet for the vast produce of the iron mines in the northern part of Glamorganshire. Two miles below the town there is an excellent harbour, Penarth harbour, formed by the confluence of the rivers Ely and Taff and the sea. Excepting Milford Haven, this is the best harbour on either side of the Bristol Channel, having water enough at neap tides for ships of six hundred tons, and room enough for a fleet of many hundred vessels to ride in perfect security. The bottom is of soft mud, and entirely free from banks and rocks. From the harbour there is a canal which extends to the iron works at Merthyr Tydvil. It has a tide-lock at its mouth, and is navigable up to Cardiff for vessels of four hundred tons, and from thence to Merthyr Tydvil, for barges of one hundred tons. Its whole length is only twenty-six miles, but the country over which it is carried is in parts so exceedingly rugged, that it was a work of enormous difficulty and expense. The head of the canal at Merthyr Tydvil is more than five hundred and fifty feet higher than the tide-lock where it falls into Penarth harbour, and in the intervening space it is raised sometimes to an elevation of three hundred feet above the Taff, to which it runs parallel in its whole course.

The iron works at Merthyr Tydvil are said to be by far the most extensive of any in the kingdom. Before the war with America, which has made some reduction in the business, Mr. Crawshay, the proprietor of Cyfarthfa works, the largest in Merthyr Tydvil, constantly employed fifteen hundred men, at an average of thirty shillings a week per man, making the amount of weekly wages paid by him, two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. It appeared from the canal accounts, that the Cyfarthfa works sent nine thousand nine hundred and six tons of iron to Cardiff in one year*. The whole quantity of wrought iron formerly shipped at Cardiff amounted on an average to about five hun-

* See Malkin's Scenery, &c. of South Wales.

dred tons weekly, and the exportation is still immense, to London, Bristol, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other ports of England.

The natural scenery round Cardiff presents few objects to attract attention. Between the town and the sea the country is extended in a flat, dingy moor, through which the Taff meanders in a stream of mud, and of a hue, not as Drayton represented it in his time,

“ ————— as gray as any glass,”

but as black as any coal. To the northward of Cardiff this river is said to run through a most delightful country, rich in cultivation, and abounding in scenes of picturesque beauty that are not surpassed by any part of South Wales.

In the narrow strait of the Bristol Channel, from the mouth of the Severn to Swansea Bay, the Welsh coast is tame and uninteresting, extended either in a long flat of sand, or in low banks of limestone, which, from the uniform and precise arrangement of the strata, have frequently the appearance of an artificial wall. It is a most dangerous coast for shipping, with very shoal water along shore, and beset with sunk rocks and long banks stretching far into the sea. About four miles from Penarth is the island of Scilly, and two miles further to the westward the island of Barry, both of which were in all probability once attached to the mainland. They are both distant about three hundred yards from high-water mark, but at low water they are approachable by land, and a carriage may pass to Barry, though the road is over a very rough bank of stones. Scilly Isle is so called from Reginald Scilly, one of the twelve knights who assisted Fitzhamon in the conquest of Glamorgan, and who received this island as part of his allotment: it is not quite a mile in circumference, and is neither inhabited nor cultivated. Barry Isle derives its name from an Irish saint, Baruch, who, like some other holy men of that country whom I have had occasion to mention, though not positively of an amphibious nature, had some piscatorial privileges that are not the common lot of land animals. Being on a visit at the palace of the Archbishop St. David, in Pembrokeshire, he was detained there so long by contrary winds, that he at length grew quite impatient, and borrowing a poney from his illustrious host, whipped and spurred his way over to Ireland, plump in the wind's eye, but in how long a period of time is not recorded. He spent part of his life in the character of a hermit in Barry Isle, and died and was buried there in the year 700. This island contains three hundred acres of land, part of which is in a state of cultivation, and maintains a few cows and sheep. There is only one building on it, which in the summer season is fitted up as a boarding house, and has accommodations for ten or twelve people. The place is inconvenient for the purpose of bathing, has no beautiful walks about it, and none of the usual amusements of watering places, but visitors are attracted to it by the novelty of the situation, and that they may gaze at the sea all round them, and wonder at their confinement. Any neglect or miscalculation in the purveyors of bread, beef, and other provisions, might at any time involve the company in
some

some embarrassment, but then there is something delightfully piquant in procuring the necessities of life, as it were, by stratagem, or by chance, and which can be duly appreciated only by those who have been long worn out by the repetition of breakfast, dinner, and supper, in their ordinary course of dull and certain rotation. The place would form a most excellent hospital for ennui, and he that is feeding in the wide world under the weight of that distemper, might to a certainty become lean and lively by a summer's exile at Barry.

A little higher up the channel are the Flatholm and Steepholm, two islands, which, together with the numerous shoals and sandbanks stretching out from the Welsh and English coasts, form a line of obstructions before the mouth of the Severn, which renders its navigation exceedingly difficult. The Flatholm is four miles from the Welsh, and eight miles from the English coast: the Steepholm is opposite to it, and three miles nearer to the English coast. The Flatholm is about a mile and a half in circumference, and low land, as its name imports. Upon it there is a lighthouse, a large circular building of stone, seventy-two feet in height, which was erected under the authority of the Corporation of Trinity House, in the year 1734. It may be seen from Bristol, and likewise from a great distance down the channel, and thus acts as a guide to vessels through all the intricacies of this dangerous track. The island has not more than forty acres of land in a state of cultivation, and is inhabited only by persons who have the charge of the lighthouse. The Steepholm is a round, lofty island, rather less in circumference than the other, perfectly barren and not inhabited.

For some leagues to the westward of Barry, there is nothing worth observing immediately on the coast, but we had occasional views of the inland country, which is rich in scenes of picturesque beauty, generally well wooded, and in all respects well cultivated. The fertility and verdure of the land do not appear to be in any degree injured by exposure to the sea-wind; the trees and pasturage are neither stunted nor discoloured, and the hedges and ditches, and other privileged nurseries of spontaneous vegetation, are not despoiled of their proper ornaments of briars, and weeds, and flowers. I make particular mention of the hedge rows, not only because they contribute to the embellishment of the country, but because they furnish the comfort of shade, a rare enjoyment on the coast, where there is generally no possibility of getting out of the sun but by getting under the water. In maritime counties which are open to the wind blowing over a wide extent of sea, briars and weeds are as coy as more important kinds of vegetation, and the hedges by consequence appear in the form of stone walls, or bare banks of earth, cutting the brown fields into regular oblongs and squares, and most obtrusively announcing their office to the eye, but affording neither shelter nor shade to man or beast.

The next memorable object on the coast is St. Donat's Castle, a structure of no particular beauty or grandeur, but which one approaches with interest and curiosity, merely that he may pore over stones and mortar laid together by human hands seven hundred
years

years ago. It was built about the same time with Cardiff Castle, and its first lord was William de Esterling or Stradling, one of the followers of Fitzhamon. The family of the Stradlings outlived the descendants of all the other twelve knights, and had possession of the lordship and castle of St. Donats for six hundred and eighty-four years. The building is situated on a gentle eminence, a few hundred yards from the sea, and had in its better days a small park to the west, stocked with deer, and a succession of formal gardens on its south side, descending in terraces from the walls to the beach. These ornamental additions appear to have been long neglected, and are now scarcely distinguishable under the various disguises with which cows, sheep, and pigs, have united to encumber them. But the domains in their present condition are much more in harmony with the venerable exterior of the castle, than when frittered into lawns and tulip beds: a certain degree of ruin is essential to the interest of an ancient castle, especially of one that has no interest but its antiquity, and St. Donats is now exactly in that state of doubtful preservation which throws over it a mournful solemnity; with every object that the eye rests upon stained with the rust of age, a memorial of time, and a subject for seriousness and reflection.

The castle is closely surrounded by trees, and except from the high ground in the park, no considerable part of the building can be seen distinctly in one view. Between the eminence on which it stands and the park, there is a little dell thickly planted with elms, which if not coeval with the castle, accord with it in appearances of antiquity, and tell of winters that have passed, by the gray, withered, rigid branches at their tops, rising above the waving foliage below. In the dell, immediately under the castle, is a small church, which, like every object in the scene about it, exhibits many signs of age and decay. There are a few old monuments in it, representing human figures that are no longer to be identified by the noses, the fingers, or the toes. There is a statue of Prince Richard Hopkins with the head broken off, and one of Howel Dha, of which the parts that are wanting are more numerous than those which remain.

On the eastern side the castle was defended by a wall, fragments of which are still visible through a thick covering of ivy and moss; within the wall are some ruins of out-buildings, of which no one in the neighbourhood has presumed positively to define the use, but groans have been heard, and surmise has made up a story, not of many words, but an ocean of blood. On a height in the park there is a watch-tower, to which tradition attaches a story of as much cruelty and oppression as that which groans out its horrors among the opposite ruins. It reports, that in the days when lords of castles were the legal tyrants of the country around them, a centinel was always stationed on this watch-tower to look out for vessels in distress, not for the purpose of guiding and saving them, but that the servants of the castle might have instant notice when a ship was wrecked, and pounce upon it in the name of their lord, before the country people had time to come down and intercept them. Those who were excluded from any share in the
plunder,

plunder, would no doubt feel infinitely exasperated at this inhuman selfishness, and would regard all encroachments on the common right in wrecks, as an intolerable injustice; perhaps as much so as an embargo on the natural produce of the sea, the sprats or the herrings. But as pillage in some form was a matter of necessity, it was certainly more desirable for those suffering shipwreck, to be at the mercy of one claimant, than exposed to the tumultuous violence of a general scramble.

The channel here is so obstructed by shoals and sunk rocks, that wrecks are very frequent; and the people on this coast have always been, and still are, notorious for more than common rapaciousness and brutality in their attacks upon the miserable wretches who have the misfortune to be cast away upon their shores. The particulars that are recorded of their savageness on these occasions, are such as one should expect to hear of only amidst the privileged pillage and massacre in a stormed town: they have been accused not only of robbing, but sometimes of murdering, that they might rob with security; and, heedless of age and sex, of tearing the clothes from the persons of women and children, though drenched with wet, and shivering and dying with cold. There is a mixture of such monstrous cruelty and cowardice in thus falling upon the feeble and distressed, that it is difficult to credit these shocking accounts, but I fear that they are true, and that they extend to many other parts of our coast. I do not believe that the seamen along shore are ever concerned in any of these desperate outrages: I have before had occasion to observe, that they do not hesitate to plunder a wreck, and that they plunder on a simple principle of justice to themselves; but they are invariably humane and gentle towards the sufferers, and I have had frequent opportunities of seeing them when they have readily risked their own lives to save others; and that, too, when they had no expectation of reward. The people who are called wreckers come from all the country villages in the neighbourhood of the coast; and it is most probable that the numbers of those are but few, who are guilty of the worst enormities of their dreadful trade, and that they consist of those miscreants who, not only on the coast but in all parts of this and every other country, prowl about loose in society, always prepared for plunder, and often fearless and ferocious from want, ready to murder when plunder is to be the reward. From my own observation of the general manners and disposition of the people on the coasts of Cornwall, Devonshire, and South Wales, where cruelties on occasions of shipwreck are most notorious, I can certainly say nothing to the discredit of their humanity; but I am aware that a man may be easily deceived in his estimate of the character of the common people, who pays his way through a country during a summer's ramble, and that he must not put all his purchases in the articles of bows and smiles, to the account of pure benevolence.

But to return to St. Donats. Those who desire to depart from the castle in the full possession of those grave and sober feelings which the contemplation of antiquity inspires, should view only its exterior, and not advance beyond the shade of the venerable elms

elms which surround it. When we entered the inner court of the building, all the visions of days that are gone vanished at once, and we stood amidst the familiar bustle of life as it is, encompassed on all sides by the dangling signals of the great wash. The interior of the castle is in tolerable repair, and is divided into separate tenements, all of which are inhabited. There is nothing particularly deserving of notice in any of the apartments: they have all been materially altered in form since their first foundation, and in point of furniture, exhibit nothing but the plainest specimens of modern upholstery. All the superstitions of the place are nearly superseded, for every corner that could have harboured a spirit is turned to some vulgar use. The last subterranean ghost was vanquished by a hogshead of ale; and some mysterious music in an upper chamber, quite silenced by the removal of an old trunk, and the substitution of tables and chairs.

The coast at St. Donats is low and tame, but about a league farther to the westward it assumes a bolder character, and continues for a few miles in a range of cliffs, perhaps not exceeding eighty feet in height, but remarkable for some curious excavations formed by the action of the sea, in some of which the rocks are fretted into a most perplexing variety of fantastic configurations, and in others disposed into such formal combinations, with such a singular correspondence of parts, that they look more like the work of art than things of nature. Two of the most extraordinary caverns are distinguished by the names of the Cave and the Wind Hole. The Cave is a long passage running parallel to the shore, with an arched roof supported by columns of rock, and has the appearance of a magnificent piazza. The entrance from the south is very grand, and there is an awful gloom and stillness within, which we thought very impressive, but which our guide soon interrupted with all the force of his lungs, in order to explain to us how distinctly we might hear his voice in the grotto; nor could we convince him during the whole period of our stay, that any thing but a little delicacy on our part on the subject of troubling him, could move us to pray for a remission of his thunder.

The Wind Hole is a much larger excavation, extending at right angles to the shore, and has obtained its name from some fissures which descend from the top of the cliff, at some distance from its edge, and open into the cavern below: when there is a fresh wind blowing on to the shore, it rushes up these vents with great violence. The state of the tide did not permit us to explore the interior of this cavern, which can be entered only at low water during spring tides.

On the summit of a projecting cliff, about four miles from St. Donats, is a gentleman's seat, called Dunraven House, a modern structure, but occupying the place of an ancient castle which, after having undergone in the contests of the Saxons and the Welsh, the usual vicissitudes of castles, devolved to a long succession of peaceable proprietors, of the name of Butler, till it passed by marriage to a family of Vaughans. The last proprietor of this name is said to have grown rich by the wrecks on his manor, which he multiplied as much as possible by the hellish device of setting up false lights along the shore.



St. Donats, Glamorganshire



Britton Ferry, Glamorganshire

shore. Tradition reports that this wretch was punished for his iniquity by a sudden misfortune, of which these are the particulars. Within sight of the house there is a large rock, which is partially dry at low water, but at other times entirely covered by the sea. On this rock two of Vaughan's sons landed one day for the sake of amusement, but not taking care to secure their boat, it was carried away by the tide, and they suddenly discovered themselves doomed to inevitable destruction, and with the protracted horror of watching the gradual rise of the water, which they knew must at last overwhelm them. In this terrible situation they were perceived by the family from the house, but no assistance could be given to them, for there was no other boat in the neighbourhood, and no time to procure one from a distance: amidst the vain expedients and frantic screams of the poor boys and their wretched parents, the tide rose, and the rock disappeared. This visitation was, of course, generally regarded as a judgment on Vaughan; and he himself was so struck with grief and remorse, that he could no longer endure the sight of his house, and sold it to a Mr. Wyndham, the ancestor of its present possessor.

The mansion has lately received many improvements, and is said to be one of the best houses in the county. The grounds about it, in consequence of their elevated situation, are naked and cheerless, but they command a most delightful view over the Bristol Channel, bounded by the cliffs of Somerset and Devon. These cliffs lose little of their vastness when seen from this distance of four or five leagues, but seem still near to the eye, and are objects of involuntary attention. We had had them in view during our whole progress along this side of the channel, and were pleased to contemplate them again and again under all their effects; either when towering through the mists of morning, or with all their variations of form and colour made distinct by the brilliancy of noon, or when sobered into one dark, solemn mass, by the fading light of evening.

We pursued our course along the coast for some miles to the westward of Dunraven; but finding nothing to repay us for our toil, and being informed that we should find nothing for many miles farther, we turned inland, and arriving at the Pyle Inn, a solitary house established purposely for the convenience of tourists through Wales, procured a chaise there, and proceeded with all speed, by the shortest route, to Briton Ferry. The turnpike-road skirts the coast almost the whole way, and we had therefore the pleasure of ascertaining, that we had not been misinformed, and that there was really nothing to see, except a long tract of sand. This observation refers merely to the coast; the inland country still continued to be verdant and beautiful. Between the Pyle Inn and Briton Ferry, a distance of ten miles, many small streams meet the sea; and these, together with the larger river of Neath, have formed the vast accumulation of sand, which not only lines the shore, but extends in dangerous banks far into the channel.

Briton Ferry forms a little haven at the mouth of the Neath, in the deepest recess of Swansea Bay, and is surrounded by scenery, which in richness and elegance I have seldom
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seen equalled on any other part of our coast. The river spreads at its confluence into a fine expanse of water, deep, smooth, and clear, and is bounded on each side by gentle hills, beautifully diversified in form, and covered with trees of full and stately growth. The haven is always crowded with vessels, that add materially to the general picturesque effect : every tide puts them in motion, when they are seen gliding swiftly and silently through the glassy water, their sails hanging idle and in folds, till entering the sea they catch the breeze and bound away. I would willingly dwell longer on this beautiful scene, but that it is impossible to give any adequate idea of it by description : it presents no one simple and prominent subject for observation, but is composed of an infinity of parts, all of great importance in the picture, but connected by so many slight relations, and relieved and enforced by so many gradations of distance and contrast, that they cannot be combined with effect in language. Lord Vernon is the proprietor of Briton Ferry, and has a house in the neighbourhood, which commands almost every variety of prospect that can be pleasing ; the winding river, the broad sea, and a succession of hills and valleys in the happiest style of nature, and in the richest state of cultivation.

Near the house is a village church, with a small burial-ground, in which the graves are all studiously decked with evergreens and flowers. This is a custom peculiar to many parts of Wales ; but the churchyard of Briton Ferry has long been noted for more than common profusion in its decorations, and has been celebrated in an elegy by Mason. There is something at once pretty and tender in this custom, but, like all human institutions, it is subject to abuse, and is sometimes, with a strange perversion of its proper signification, converted into an instrument of malice and revenge. None but sweet-scented flowers are planted on the graves, and no others are considered as emblematical of goodness ; but the turnsole, African marygold, or some other memorials of iniquity, are sometimes insidiously introduced among the pinks and roses by a piqued neighbour, in expression of contempt for the deceased or his surviving relations. The facility which is thus given to every malevolent individual of dropping a seed against the memory of another, is certainly a great imperfection in this system of monumental gardening ; and it forms a puzzling kind of consideration to determine what possible construction the law of libel could put upon this singular mode of slander : it would have rather a droll effect in a trial, to hear of a man escaping on a nice question of smell, or being at once pronounced guilty by the whole nose of the court. The custom is now growing into disuse, having, it is said, in a great measure been eaten away by the horses of the clergy, who have enforced their right of pasturage in the churchyards* ; and when we advert to the small stipends received by many of this body in Wales, we cannot in justice be very severe in our animadversions on these encroachments.

* See Donovan's *Excursion through South Wales*.

The port of Briton Ferry is frequented principally by vessels employed in the service of the copper works and iron works of Neath. They bring copper ore from Cornwall and Anglesea; the iron ore and coals are obtained from mines at a short distance from the works. The carriage of all the materials from the mines to the works, and from the works to the harbour, is rendered easy and cheap by a canal, which commences near the mouth of the Neath, and runs twelve miles up the country. There is always something interesting in the busy bustle of industry; but in copper works and iron works, it certainly presents itself to the eye under its most unfavourable appearances. One is more particularly disgusted with the soot and smoke of Neath, from seeing them so familiar with the faces of the women, who in all parts of Wales are employed in offices of the hardest and dirtiest drudgery like the men. On the banks of the canal I saw little companies of them chipping the large coals into small pieces for the furnaces, without shoes or stockings, their clothes hanging about them, released, for the sake of ease, from pins and strings, and their faces as black as the coals, except where channeled by the streams of perspiration that trickled down them. If there had been a Don Quixote in Wales we should most assuredly have met him here. Nothing can be more ghastly than the countenances of the people employed in the copper works; but I was informed by a gentleman residing near Neath, that their health is not materially affected, or at least, that they do not suffer more than those who labour in the iron-founderies. There were many men among them of great age, who had been surrounded by copper in all its processes for thirty or forty years.

The smoke from the copper works, if it comes in contact with the land before it has been at all rarefied by the air, acts as a deadly blight upon all vegetation. The Neath works are surrounded on all sides by an open space, so that the smoke is either dissipated by the wind, or suspended till it loses its pernicious qualities; but in the neighbourhood of Swansea there are some very extensive copper works, which are situated in a hollow, and immediately about them there is not a blade of grass, a green bush, nor any form of vegetation: volumes of smoke, thick and pestilential, are seen crawling up the sides of the hills, which are as bare as a turnpike-road.

From the mouth of the river Neath the province of Gower commences, and from thence extends to the westward in a narrow peninsula, bounded on the south and west sides by the sea, and on the north by the estuary called the Burry River. This province was first conquered in the year 1099, by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, a Norman chief, who, unlike his countryman Fitzhamon, did not limit his demands on the country which he had subdued to certain lordships in its richest parts for himself and his followers, but, in a more comprehensive spirit of usurpation, seized upon all. Fitzhamon and his knights erected castles and military works, that they might resist any hostile attacks, but when once firmly established in their possessions, they seem to have desisted from all further aggressions, and not to have interrupted the native inhabitants in the enjoyment

of the common customs and privileges of their country. But the conqueror Beaumont drove all the natives from Gower, and peopled it with a colony of Normans and English, which maintained its supremacy in this little district of land in spite of all opposition from the Welsh, who regarded it for centuries with the bitterest animosity. The peculiar situation of this province, well defined and defended by nature, and from its extent of coast possessing means of easy and certain communication with England, pointed it out as admirably calculated for the establishment of a colony, that would at once relieve the mother-country from some clamorous adventurers, who were unprovided for, and act as a constant check upon the turbulence of the Welsh. That the Welsh, during their struggles for liberty, resented this tyranny and injustice with violent indignation is not to be doubted; but when they finally lost all pretensions to the rank of an independent nation, their jealousies at the intrusion of strangers would naturally subside, and give way to sober calculation on the advantages of mutual and friendly communication. Their irritation, however, was very tardily appeased, and it is said, that even to this day their intercourse with the people of Gower is marked with evident coldness and suspicion. But this is giving them credit for a degree of folly and illiberality that does equal injustice to their good sense and good nature. It would indeed be quite unnatural if, after the tranquillity of ages, this unconquerable alienation should still subsist between people living under the same government and the same laws, brought continually together by a thousand mutual necessities, drinking the same ale and eating the same mutton. Nevertheless, some travellers have declared, that all intercourse between the inhabitants of Gower and the adjoining parts of Wales is absolutely interdicted; and others, with a little more moderation, have said, that they will not intermarry, that their customs are totally distinct, and particularly, that they wear very different kinds of hats. Nothing to corroborate these assertions fell within the scope of my observation; on the contrary, I met with frequent instances of English husbands and Welsh wives, and Welsh husbands and English wives, apparently living together in perfect harmony. In the last boisterous excesses of a wake or a fair, I can easily conceive that the ancient feelings of national rivalry might be for a moment revived, and that the parties might be ready to decide the question of superiority at the point of their knuckles; but in the ordinary business of life, they do not suffer their peace to be disturbed by such fanciful distinctions, but associate on terms of the most intimate familiarity, and interchange hearts and hats without reserve.

The English language is generally spoken throughout Gower, and this is now the only evident discordance between the two people (I mean between the people of Gower and other parts of Wales, for they are both distinguished by many light peculiarities from the people of England) and as the English language has long been rapidly spreading over all Wales, it is probable that in the course of half a century even this may be removed. An English tourist in Wales who wishes to give zest to his travels by reckoning an interpreter in his suite, must avoid the trodden paths, for, except among the mountains and
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the remote villages, it is now a kind of rarity to meet with one who can converse only in Welsh.

We proceeded in a boat from Briton Ferry to Swansea, a gay and flourishing town, all alive with the activity of business. It is the most considerable sea-port in Wales, and employs a great number of shipping, but has no foreign commerce. Coals and copper form the most important articles of its merchandise: it supplies Cornwall exclusively with coals, and receives from thence copper ore, which is smelted in the works near Swansea, and again exported to London, Birmingham, and other parts of England. Two-thirds of all the copper in the kingdom are said to be smelted here. One ton of copper requires twenty tons of coals to smelt it, so that in the account of carriage, it is cheaper by nineteen-twentieths to bring the copper to the coal, than to take the coal to the copper.

The harbour of Swansea is formed by two stone piers extending more than three hundred yards into the sea, and leaving a space of seventy-five yards between them for the entrance. The unusual length of these piers was rendered necessary in order to increase the depth of water on the bar, occasioned by the sand and mud brought down by the river Tawe, which opens into the harbour. The river is extremely narrow, and is navigable only for two miles from its mouth; but the conveyance of coals and copper is facilitated by means of a canal.

The town of Swansea is situated on the western bank of the Tawe, but the river is so mean a stream that it is in no degree ornamental, and does not combine as a prominent object with any view of the town, or any part of it. All accounts, however, agree in pronouncing Swansea to be one of the handsomest towns in Wales, and, as far my observations extended, I fully coincide with the general decision, though without admitting that it is absolutely a handsome town. It is a fashionable watering-place, and in this character has of late years received various additions of lodging-houses, hotels, shops, and circulating libraries, none of which it will be necessary for me to describe more particularly, as a Swansea Guide has already been published, which has explored all the *penetralia* of the place, and set forth the names, quality, and situation of every street, alley, and house, with the utmost fidelity and minuteness. The population is estimated at eight thousand, and together with the trade of the place, is yearly increasing. There are various manufactories in the town, a pottery, a soap factory, and numerous establishments for the supply of the shipping with sail-cloth, cordage, and other materials. The pottery is on a very extensive scale, and rivals the works of Staffordshire in the excellence and cheapness of its wares.

I was particularly struck in this neighbourhood, as at Neath, and indeed in most parts of this county which I visited, with the wretched, filthy, ragged appearance of the lower orders of people. The women are beyond all sufferance dirty and slovenly, and as they unfortunately all dress alike, there is no competition among them, and they are
equally

equally unmoved by the love of cleanliness and the shame of dirt. Few of them ever wear shoes or stockings, though some do wear stocking legs, reaching down to the ancles, and attached by a loop to the great toe; their outer garments are always of woollen, as coarse as a horse-cloth, and of a dark colour that does not require washing; on their heads they wear a man's hat, sometimes without a brim, sometimes without a crown, and sometimes without brim or crown, and thus generally disguised, they present a form of more roughness and rudeness, in the shape of woman, than I ever saw in any other part of the kingdom.

But there is a far more serious subject for reproof than this, in the corruption of morals and manners which the increase of manufactories has occasioned among this people within the last half century. Wales has always been considered as the land of simple virtue, and with its mountains and valleys has always been connected the pleasing association of a people living beyond the common temptations of society, in a state of unadulterated nature. But whatever truth there may be in this picture in the less travelled parts of the principality, there is certainly none in this county, where all the usual vices of vulgar life now grow as in their proper soil. The women have not escaped the common contamination; the streets of Swansea are almost as notorious for scenes of loud and shameless profligacy as the Point at Portsmouth. That this degeneracy results from the increase of manufactories, and the consequent attraction of a larger population to one point, there can be no doubt; and it is unfortunate that manufactories, while they tend to bring people together, at the same time shut them out from those advantages which are necessary to the formation of a decent society. As manufactories increase, education declines; they afford employment in some of their processes to the weakest hands, so that every child, as soon as it can use its fingers, is sent to work for its shilling, and grows up with no other idea, and no better pride, than that of earning, like those about it, something beyond the necessities of life to spend in drunkenness and riot. Parents, by their own dissipation, become incompetent to provide for their children by any other means than this early sacrifice: the difference between putting a child to school at a small expense, and putting it to the manufactory at a small profit, is material. The present system of 'schools for all,' that is rising in the metropolis, may in time extend its advantages to the extremities of the kingdom; and I think there can be no question that it will operate advantageously, and disappoint the apprehensions of those who are fearful lest manufactures should give way to morals, and the people employ their hands with less facility and goodwill, from the addition of a little improvement to their minds, and a little quickness to their moral sense.

There are the remains of an old castle at Swansea, which have been long converted into a poorhouse and a jail, and are so confounded by this double degradation, and likewise by a familiar crowd of upstart houses pressing upon them on all sides, that there are scarcely any traces left to point out their proper character. The castle was first built by Henry

Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, the conqueror of Gower, and very soon had the strength of its foundations put to the test by Gruffyd ap Rhys, who besieged it in the year 1113, and destroyed all the outworks, but could make no impression upon the body of the fortress. At subsequent periods it suffered from various attacks by the Welsh, till it became attached to the possessions of the see of St. Davids, when it was rebuilt by Bishop Gower. The most perfect part still remaining, the south-east front, is surmounted by a range of light circular arches supporting a parapet, in the style of the episcopal palace of St. Davids, which was likewise built by the same bishop.

As a watering-place, Swansea has the advantage of a fine level sandy shore for the bathers, and I have never seen bathing-sports pursued any where with greater vivacity. I do not presume to say what effect it may have upon morality, but nothing can be less formal than the manner in which both sexes bathe together at the sea-side. While the ladies are walking on the sands, or waiting at the water's edge for their turn to be dipped, there is usually a parcel of naked men capering and roaring in the sea, who thus force themselves upon observation by startling both the eye and the ear. During the two or three days that we spent at Swansea, the morning amusement of the beach was principally supplied by one individual, a gentleman who, rather late in life, was learning to swim. He was of enormous bulk, which, combined with the trials of an active exercise, exposed him to the whole company under circumstances irresistibly ridiculous. One tremendous leg was suspended above the waves, while the other was evidently on the ground, and in this buoyant attitude he laboured, and sprawled, and floundered about like a stranded grampus. There should be a master of the ceremonies for the bath as well as the ball-room, who should denounce all bathing-machines that have no awnings, confine all bathers under the cover of the awning, and in short, keep all parties asunder during their morning recreation as studiously as he brings them together in their evening exercise.

At some little distance from the pier, and at low water, you may occasionally see a company of industrious women, with their petticoats considerably above the line of decency or their knees, gathering cockles and muscles among the rocks; but let me observe, to the credit of these ladies, that they resent all impertinent intrusion in a tone of indignation, and, if necessary, with a power of fist, that few men would put themselves in the way of a second time.

We made an excursion to Oystermouth, a village near the western extremity of Swansea Bay, in the tram car, a singular kind of vehicle established for the accommodation of visitors to this place. It is a very long carriage, supported on four low iron wheels, carries sixteen persons, exclusive of the driver, is drawn by one horse, and rolls along over an iron rail-road, at the rate of five miles an hour, and with the noise of twenty sledge hammers in full play. The passage is only four miles, but it is quite sufficient to make one reel from the car at the journey's end, in a state of dizziness and confusion of the senses that it is well if he recovers from in a week.

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For about a league to the westward of Swansea, the coast continues to be of the mildest character, but at the western side of the bay it suddenly becomes rude and rugged, the land sweeping down to the sea in an abrupt declivity, with a little vegetation near the summit, but at the base composed entirely of bare rock. The rock is limestone, and is so remarkable for the beauty of its veins, that, when polished, it is said not to be inferior in appearance to foreign marble. Oystermouth is a neat little village, close to the sea, and so sheltered by the high land about it, as to receive little benefit from the sun except its light. There is a boarding-house here for strangers, who prefer rocks and seclusion to the noise and glare of Swansea, but the village is principally inhabited by fishermen. This part of the bay abounds with fish, and particularly with a very small kind of oyster, which is in high repute.

A little to the northward of the village, on a bold eminence, is Oystermouth Castle; there is nothing very worthy of examination in any part of the building, but there is a plain, simple strength about it, which, combined with its commanding situation, gives it an air of considerable majesty. It is not exactly known who was its founder; but as there are no notices of any castles in this district before the invasion by the Normans, it is supposed to have been built by Henry Beaumont, or some of his successors in Gower. The interior of the building is in a state of utter ruin; but the walls seem to be of their original height, and have suffered very little in any respect from time or violence.

From the height on which the castle stands we had a varied and beautiful prospect before us, over the whole of Swansea Bay. The extent of the bay from point to point is seven miles, and it includes in its whole curve about five leagues. Except at the western extremity, it is girded on all sides by a low shore, so that a wide expanse of country is disclosed, in a graceful crescent of hills and plains, glowing with vegetation and spotted with villas and cottages, while the sea is blended with every form of the landscape, and gives to all one general effect of freshness and brilliancy. A high degree of elegance is the distinguishing character of the scene; except about the spot where we stood, there are no features of ruggedness or abruptness; all that is distinct, or that forms the foreground of the picture, is rounded and polished, and the bleak and lofty mountains in the more remote parts of the county are here mellowed into a soft blue distance.

Not far from the village of Oystermouth the bay terminates in the Mumble's Head, a large, circular mass of rock gradually rising to a point, and crowned with a lighthouse. At the time we were near the spot this rock formed an island, but it is connected with the mainland by a narrow reef of rocks, which is dry at low water, and may be passed over on foot, though not without great difficulty. The lighthouse was built in 1794, and the light first exhibited in May of that year. It is a handsome stone tower, sixty feet in height; the rock on which it stands is about the same height. The light is of very extensive utility, serving as a general guide for all vessels navigating this part of the Bristol Channel, which near the Welsh coast is obstructed by numerous shoals. It is particularly



The Mumbles light-house, in Swansea Bay



The Worms-head, in Tenby bay

particularly useful for the direction of vessels entering Swansea Bay, which in their passage to the port of Swansea must all approach, either the Scar Weather, a very long sand near the eastern side of the bay, or the Mixon, another equally dangerous, lying close off the Mumbles Head.

The shore immediately about the Mumbles, and for some distance both to the westward and northward of it, is strewed with large fragments of rock, the certain memorials of encroachments by the sea, and it is said that a great extent of land has been swallowed up between this point and the opposite side of the bay. A former tourist in Wales observes, "That the shores of Swansea Bay have suffered greatly by the encroachment of the sea, at no very distant period, is extremely obvious. A wide extent of forest land now lies buried beneath its sands. It is confidently asserted by the natives that there was formerly a direct road from the Mumbles Point to Briton Ferry, and that during one of the rebellions the country people were afraid to pass through the woods from that point to Swansea, lest they should be surprised by a banditti of freebooters who infested it. In confirmation of this event, branches of trees are not unfrequently washed out of the sands by the sea. Coidfrank Forest, standing between Swansea and Briton Ferry, in the time of Speede, seems to have been in a great measure, if not entirely lost, since that period*." This, however, is placing rather too much reliance on the evidence of the natives and the branches of trees, for the pathway from the Mumbles to Briton Ferry would have placed Swansea nearly a mile and a half from the sea, and its most ancient name is Abertawe, expressive of its situation at the confluence of the river.

Being informed that we could procure no beds, and probably no provisions, in the western parts of Gower, we returned from the Mumbles to Swansea, and early on the following morning proceeded by the inland road to Oxwich Bay, in a chaise, which we sent on to the extremity of the peninsula, that it might meet us there after we had performed the circuit of the coast, and take us back to the land of rest and plenty.

After passing six or seven miles from Swansea, we perceived a material alteration in the face of the country, which was still more strongly marked as we approached the sea; the deep, rich pasturage of the meadows was exchanged for short, brown grass, and the hedge-rows for stone walls. Trees became exceedingly rare, and when they did appear, bore evident traces of their exposure to the Atlantic, in their branches turning from the west, and in their scanty and broken foliage. This cheerless prospect was suddenly relieved by our entrance into the grounds of Penrice Castle, which, by prodigious labour and expense, have been brought into a state of excellent cultivation, and by favour of a sheltered situation, in some parts, have the decoration of a little wood. It has been complained, that they are rather too elaborately ornamental, and betray too plainly, in their smooth lawns, trim walks, and methodical fish-ponds, the evidences of artificial

* Donovan's Excursions through South Wales.

arrangement; but where nature has done so little, and where she so obstinately resists all improvement, it is a matter of great difficulty so to employ art as to avoid the appearance of it. I confess that I did not observe any disagreeable formality about them, and, indeed, looked at them with the more interest, as proclaiming the triumph of art: they form at least a little garden in a wilderness, and do infinite credit to the skill and perseverance of their proprietor. The grounds are bounded to the south by a deep, barren sand, which extends for about half a mile, when it terminates in Oxwich Bay.

Within the precincts of the grounds are the ruins of Penrice Castle, which are now converted into an aviary, and near them is a neat modern villa. The castle, like all the rest in this district, was built by Henry Beaumont. It was given to the Penrices, a Norman family, who came over to England with William the Conqueror, on their settlement in Gower, during the reign of Edward the First. The estate afterwards devolved by marriage to the Mansels, and finally to the Talbots, in which family it still remains. Penrice is not a Norman name, but was adopted by the family from the original title of the place, and is a corruption of Pen Rhys. On this spot, Rhys, the son of Caradoc ap Jestin, was slain in the battle which secured to Henry Beaumont the conquest of Gower. The late Thomas Mansel Talbot, Esq. was the author of most of the improvements on the estate.

We had been prepared to see some very grand scenery in Oxwich Bay, but were disappointed: there are some jagged rocks at the points, but they are of no great magnitude, and soon give way to sand hills, which bound nearly the whole semicircle of the bay. On the eastern side of the bay, about half a mile from the sea, are the ruins of Penarth Castle, which are almost ingulphed by the sand. Two round towers, and some fragments of an embattled wall, are all that remain. History furnishes no memorials of this castle, but the tradition of the neighbourhood has determined that it was not constructed by hands, but either stole hither of its own accord, or was planted by the power of enchantment. A small river, without a name, flows near to the castle, and pours itself into the bay below: it rises among some lofty mountains in the northern part of the peninsula, and when swollen with rain probably bears down with it a great quantity of earth from the sides of the hills, and has contributed materially to the accumulation of sand which surrounds the bay.

On the opposite side of the bay, and rather nearer to the sea than Penarth, are the ruins of Oxwich Castle, and as they stand on harder ground, all the parts that remain are to be seen, though they are insufficient to give any idea of the original design and extent of the building. Castles are so common in this little district of Gower, which in its whole circuit does not exceed fifty miles, that our first question on entering a village was regularly—which is the way to the castle? and we seldom found that our question was misapplied. Most of them are in a very ruinous condition, which may be accounted for both from the violent attacks of the Welsh during their days of sieges, and the later depredations

depredations of those who have wanted, or, as Dr. Johnson expresses himself on a similar occasion, "fancied that they wanted" the materials of which they are composed. They are all situated on the coast, as it was an important consideration with the Normans and English not only to prevent any sudden surprizes by the Welsh, but to have places of refuge from which they might communicate by signals with English vessels in the channel, and which would enable them to protect the disembarkation of reinforcements.

There are a few cottages composing the village of Penrice, under the shelter of Oxwich Point, the western point of the bay, and near them a remarkably pretty church, surrounded by a few trees, which were the last that we noticed in the peninsula.

After passing round Oxwich Point, we entered upon another sandy bay bounded by a far-projecting headland, called Port Inon Point, from whence to the western extremity of the peninsula the coast is almost as rugged as the north coast of Cornwall, presenting one unvaried front of naked and craggy rock. We had lately been accustomed to view the sea confined like a lake, and embellishing a beautiful country on its borders, but we now saw it again in all its majesty, rolling in big waves upon the rocks, and scattering blight over the country beyond. At frequent intervals the cliffs are divided by a wide chasm, with its sides disclosing huge fragments of rock, confusedly jumbled together. These chasms form a striking peculiarity in the character of this coast: there is scarcely an interval of half a mile that is not intersected by one of them, and some extend nearly a quarter of a mile inland. When we stood at the extremity of one of them near the sea, so that we could at the same time see the shattered front of the cliffs, the vast beds of rock were laid open on all sides of us, and formed a scene of ruin that was perfectly sublime. The effect of them is rendered the more singular by the flatness of the country adjoining the coast: when you see nothing before you but a plain, you come without warning upon the brink of a tremendous abyss, with the sea dashing below, at the depth of more than two hundred feet.

Chasms, something of a similar character, though on a much smaller scale, and in a very different style of ornament, occur in the eastern parts of Glamorganshire, and at a little distance from the sea. Mr. Malkin in his *Scenery of South Wales* thus describes them. "There is one peculiarity in the face of this country which I must not omit to mention. In the flat parts of it, and near the sea at the greatest distance from the mountains, seeing, as you imagine, the whole surface of the ground for a considerable stretch, you come suddenly on an abrupt sinking, not deep, but perpendicular as the side of a crag, of more or less extent, forming a rich, woody, and retired shelter, the picturesque properties of which contrast most delightfully with the uniform dulness of corn-fields. You pass through these sequestered dells, ascend on the other side, and regain the flat." The rock of the whole coast of Glamorganshire, and, indeed, of almost the whole county, is limestone; and these abrupt gaps, occasioned by the subsidence of the strata, are common in all limestone countries. This rock is speedily worn into caverns

by the sea, and is likewise split and shivered by frost, so that when the top of a cavern is above the reach of the sea, the frost continues its operations till, in a course of ages, the superstructure gives way.

After a most laborious walk, which was impeded not only by the occasional intervention of these yawning gulfs, but also by a continued thicket of furze, we arrived at the Worm's Head, the most western point of Gower. This is a very remarkable promontory, and the most conspicuous sea-mark in the channel. Like the Mumble's Head, it is connected with the mainland only by a low ledge of rocks, which at certain times of the tide is covered by the sea. From this ledge it gradually rises to about the same height as the main cliffs, and runs out in a straight line for more than half a mile, when it shelves down nearly to a level with the sea, and again rises abruptly in a vast column of rock, which towers above every other part of the promontory. Its whole length is said to be rather more than a mile, and the rock in which it terminates is at least two hundred and fifty feet in height. It derives its names from some resemblance which seamen have supposed it bears to a worm with its head erect, a simile which at least cannot be charged with the sin of exaggeration.

In the spring and summer this promontory is covered with myriads of sea fowl: the most remarkable are the Eligugs, birds of passage of the Auk kind, and generally known, I believe, by the name of the Razor-Bill. They make no nest, and lay but one egg, which they deposit on the bare rock. They rise with great difficulty from the ground, and therefore sit upon the ledges of the rocks impending over the sea, where they are ranged in close columns, tier above tier, from the water's edge to the summit of the cliffs. Though countless thousands of eggs lie contiguous, each bird readily distinguishes its own, at least so it may be presumed, for flocks of them rise at once from their seats, and return again in a body, and settle without hesitation or confusion. Their eggs are frequently laid upon the smooth surface of shelving rocks, and it is supposed that they are prevented from rolling off by the nicety with which they are balanced. This does not appear probable, for if their support depended upon so delicate an equilibrium, the least puff of wind would be sufficient to upset them. Some ornithologists have conjectured that the eggs are enveloped in some glutinous matter, which confines them to the rocks; and this fact, one would think, might be easily ascertained, for if the egg really sticks to the rock, some little resistance might be perceived on removing it. Our guide, who informed us that he had taken many hundred eggs in his time, rather inclined to the opinion of some marvellous equilibrium, and declared that he had often removed an egg, which he could by no art replace on the same spot from whence he had taken it. Nevertheless, it is most probable that there is some slight cement, though it may have escaped the observation of our heavy-handed informant.

The Eligugs come to this country early in April, and prepare for the important business of incubation in May: in July their young are fledged, and early in August the whole

whole flock disappears. When the young bird is able to fly and pick up shrimps for itself, the mother shoves it down from the rocks into the sea, and by this short act is at once relieved from all further care and regard for an object which, during three months, she had scarcely left for a moment.

These birds seem to be exposed to no enemy but man, from whose rapacious invasions precipices cannot secure them. Places were pointed out to us to which people had climbed in pursuit of a few eggs, which no combination of courage and caution could have enabled them to reach, but at the imminent risk of their lives. To the love of eggs is added that powerful attraction called sport, and under this double impulse a man sees no danger, or at least knows no fear. The people are sometimes lowered down by ropes from the top of the cliff, and this is the safest plan, though the jagged projections of the rocks render it a difficult and painful service. The birds are sometimes eaten, but, like all other sea-fowl, they are reported to be exceedingly rank.

From the heights near the Worm's Head we had a view of the whole curve of Caermarthen Bay, with Caldy Island, its western horn, nearly opposite to us, and distant about fifteen miles. The Caermarthenshire coast forms the front of this bay, and is so low that we could scarcely distinguish its line of termination; the cliffs of Devonshire appeared to the south, still clearly marked, at the distance of thirty miles. To the northward of the Worm's Head the coast of Gower becomes less bold and rugged, and we continued our walk without occasion for a pause to Whitford Point, which stretches out for more than a mile in a line of sandhills, and forms the most northern point of the peninsula. The extremity of this point is not more than a mile and a half from the coast of Caermarthenshire, which runs parallel to the north coast of Gower, and is separated from it by the estuary of the Lloughor river. To the eastward of Whitford Point there is a well-sheltered haven, which will admit vessels of two hundred tons. The river Burry, a very small stream, pours itself into this haven, and the whole frith between the two coasts is commonly, though improperly, called the Burry River. Both banks of the Lloughor are quite flat, from Whitford Point to the village of Lloughor, where the river alters its course, and turning to the northward continues to divide the counties of Glamorganshire and Caermarthenshire. As the evening was advancing, and as there was nothing further to attract us, we hastened back from Whitford Point to Rosilly, a small village near the Worm's Head, where our chaise was in waiting, and returned to Swansea.

On consulting here with some friends on the best mode of pursuing our voyage, we were informed that we should find the Caermarthenshire coast extremely uninteresting, and should escape much useless toil and delay by avoiding it altogether, and proceeding by the inland road to Tenby. We had already lost so much time by the necessity of returning to Swansea from our excursions in Gower, that we determined to adopt this plan,
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and we did it with the less hesitation, as we had had an opportunity of ascertaining by our own observations that the general character of the Caermarthenshire coast was tame and uniform. Its whole extent from east to west is about twenty-five miles. From the mouth of the Lloughor to the mouth of the Towy, it is extended in a dreary flat marsh, bounded towards the sea by a long chain of sand hills; the marsh terminates at the Towy, but the sand hills continue with little interruption to the western extremity of the coast. At low water the sea retires to a very great distance from the shore, leaving dry a wide plain of sand along the whole line of the coast. This accumulation of sand has been formed by the co-operation of five rivers, the Lloughor, the Gwendraeth Vawr, the Gwendraeth Vychan, the Towy, and the Tawe, which, within the space of sixteen miles, all empty themselves into Caermarthen Bay.

The towns and villages on this coast were not represented to us as sufficiently important to compensate for the deficiency of all other objects of interest. The town of Kidwelly, the village of Llanstephan, and the town of Llaugharne, have each the ruins of a castle; but we had already seen so many castles, and in the course of our progress through Wales were about to see so many more, that we deviated from these without the smallest compunction. They were all founded by the Normans, and the history of them all is unvaried and uninteresting. Some dispute originating in that constant animosity which subsisted between the Welsh and the Normans and English, is followed at once by a general clatter of arms, in which we hear of no particular instances of individual heroism or suffering: the parties meet, the castle is stormed and destroyed, and the business ends in one gross account of blood. After this event the castle is rebuilt, and we speedily hear of it again, when the Lord Rhys, or some other scatterer of foes, is under its walls, who assaults it, takes it and burns it, and then leaves it to be burned and built again. In a protracted siege there might be some circumstances to awaken sympathy, and make one a party in the cause, but one is quite confounded by this peremptory mode of battery: before we have time to feel a preference and choose our side, the castle is down and the garrison butchered to the last man. If these rapid assaults were connected with any one great event in the history of the country, they might still be worthy of some attention; but they are merely little detached interludes, endlessly repeated, and leading to nothing. The Welsh could never combine with unanimity in the defence of their liberty; they were always split into divisions, some fighting against their common enemies, and some fighting against each other, and were thus involved for many centuries in a state of constant and promiscuous warfare. We are sometimes hurried along with enthusiasm in the train of a Welsh chieftain, who, fired with a just indignation, falls fiercely upon his oppressors, the Normans, but in the very moment of victory, he suddenly leaves us in the lurch, turns his arms, on a perfectly new principle, against a rival chieftain of his own country, and after an ample indulgence in slaughter and pillage, retires

tires to his home. In the mean time the Normans recover from their defeat, restore their fortifications, and we then find ourselves exactly in *statu quo*, and with very little passion to begin again.

As speed was our great object in our journey from Swansea to Tenby, we had but little time for observation, and I shall not trouble the reader with any of those vague remarks which it was permitted me to make through a chaise window, or while trifling for a moment with the goat or the raven in the yard of an inn.

The coast of Pembrokeshire commences about four miles to the northward of Tenby, near New Inn, a little village with a most perfidious name, set up as a snare for the unwary, who may go thither in the simplicity of their hearts and the emptiness of their stomachs for food and refreshment. It consists of a few fishermen's cottages, and does not offer in any of its departments even the humblest apology for the assurance of its title. From this point the coast recedes into a spacious sandy bay, called Sandersfoot, bounded by Monkstone Head; here it suddenly assumes a new character, and continues to the southward in a broken line of lofty, naked, and precipitous cliffs, till it terminates in a bold promontory, on which stands the town of Tenby. The space between this promontory and Monkstone Head is called Tenby Bay, but the coast is extremely irregular, and forms many smaller bays and promontories.

There is something exceedingly wild and romantic in the appearance of the town, rising abruptly from the sea, and mingling with all the ruggedness of the coast. It commands a very extensive sea view, diversified by numerous points of distant land which break the horizon: to the west the coast of Gower clearly defined, and to the south the long and misty line of the Devonshire mountains. When we turn to contemplate the inland prospect there is little to admire; the country is almost destitute of wood, and every kind of vegetation that is permitted to appear is tarnished and tattered by the western wind.

Tenby has been raised within the last twenty years from an obscure fishing town into a fashionable watering-place; it has one range of very good lodging-houses, a large hotel, and one of a subordinate character, and boasts among its more luxurious establishments a theatre and a billiard-room. This sudden accession of prosperity so inflated the minds of the natives, and so far intoxicated them, that they lost all sense of moderation. Some few summers since, every article included in the requisitions of the visitors was raised to so monstrous a price, that they determined with one consent to abandon the place. A season of empty houses had the expected effect, and Tenby is now not more extravagant, I believe, than other places of the same description.

Sir William Paxton has been a great benefactor to the town, and the patron of most of its modern improvements. This gentleman lately erected some very large baths at an immense expense, after the design of Mr. Cockerell. The building is very ornamental to the town, and includes a multiplicity of accommodations; hot-baths, vapour-baths, cold-baths,

baths, a cupping-room, bed-rooms, and lastly, a reading-room, copiously supplied with newspapers, and various publications on the benefits of bathing and the art of swimming.

Before I make any remarks on the ancient state of Tenby, it will be necessary to mention a few circumstances of the general history of Pembrokeshire, which are intimately connected with it. The whole southern part of the county was colonized in the reign of Henry the First by a large body of Flemings, which, like the colony in Gower, defended itself successfully against all the resistance of the Welsh. The conduct of a foreign people thus established in a little corner of a hostile country forms an interesting subject of enquiry, and one might have expected to find full documents relating to the means by which they obtained their territory, and the power and policy by which they maintained it. But unfortunately history has overlooked the Flemings in Pembrokeshire, or at least has confined all its memorials of them within a very few lines. The particulars of their settlement in Wales are thus related by Hollinshed. "A. D. 1107, about this season a great part of Flanders being drowned by an inundation or breaking in of the sea, a great number of Flemings came into England, beseeching the king to have some void place assigned them wherein they might inhabit. At first they were appointed to the countrie being on the east part of the river Tweed, but within foure years after they were removed into a corner by the sea-side in Wales, called Pembrokeshire, to the end they might be a defence there to the English against the unquiet Welshmen. It should appeare by some writers that this multitude of Flemings consisted not of such only as came over about that time, by reason their countrie was overflowne by the sea (as ye have heard), but of other also that arrived here long before, even in the daies of William the Conqueror, through the friendship of the queene, their countriewoman; sithins which time their number so increased, that the realme of England was sore pestered with them; whereupon King Henry devised to place them in Pembrokeshire, as well as to avoid them out of the other parts of England, as also by their helpe, to tame the bold and presumptuous fierceness of the Welshmen, which thing in those parties they brought very well to passe; for after they were settled there, they valiantly resisted their enemies, and made verie sharpe warres upon them, sometimes with gaine and sometimes with losse."—This account is confirmed by other historians both English and Welsh, but little is added to it. When Henry devised to place these foreigners in Wales, it does not appear that there was any difficulty in securing their admission, and as the Normans had at that time a military force in Pembrokeshire employed against Gruffyd ap Rhys, it is probable that they assisted the Flemings in the reduction of the Welsh, and joined with them in the formation of the new settlement. No mention is made of any men of rank among the Flemings; and it is supposed by some that they were a subordinate part of the colony, and were employed only as soldiers, artificers, and manufacturers, under the government of Norman chieftains. Mr. Fenton in his *Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, observes, "That in all the legal instruments of those days, and for three hundred years after, the names of the
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Tenby, Pembrokeshire



The Eligug-stack, near St. Gowanshead, Pembrokeshire

the attesting witnesses, who were usually men of the first note, or ecclesiastics, appear to be of Norman origin, and are characterized by the articles *de la* and *de*, or the prefix of *Fitz*, proving the new settlers to be of an inferior class, as no Flemish names ever, or very rarely, occur in such attestations." The English language is now universally spoken in the south of Pembrokeshire, and as there is reason to suppose that it has been adopted for many centuries, it tends to prove that the numbers, at least of the Normans, or rather the Norman-English, in the early settlement were considerable, though the Flemings, during their previous residence in England, might have acquired some knowledge of the language, and speedily have improved it by their constant commercial intercourse with the country. Whatever rank they bore in the colony, it is certain that they contributed largely by their valour to its security; and by their industry and ingenuity to the advancement of its wealth and importance. There are numerous specimens of their architectural skill in the construction of castles and fortifications still remaining in the districts which they occupied; and these certainly prove that there must have been some among them far above the rank of common labourers, though there may have been no men of high birth and distinction.

In the few observations which are made upon them by the Welsh historians they are generally described as a most treacherous and dishonest people; but Giraldus Cambrensis speaks of them more favourably, and represents them as a bold, hardy, and enterprising race, well versed in commerce, despising danger and fatigue in the pursuit of gain by sea or land, and equally skilful and active in the service of the plough as the sword. It is true that with this disposition they may have combined treachery and dishonesty; and if neither of these base qualities were inherent parts of their national character, they may both have been induced by the peculiarity of their circumstances and situation in Wales. That the Welsh should have reproached them as a worthless people is not surprising, and though they may have been a little warped in their judgment by prejudice, yet they are evidently not without some justification in applying the term dishonesty to a horde of vagabonds who were forced upon them by an act of violent and unprincipled usurpation.

Of the present descendants of the Flemings in Pembrokeshire, it will be unnecessary to say much: time has long obliterated the recollection of their ancient feuds, and so far equalized them in every essential point of character and manners with their neighbours, that they are to be recognized as a distinct people only by their language; and this cause of separation, as I have before observed, is generally and rapidly on the decline. It has been thought extraordinary that a race once, according to the authority of Giraldus, so strongly marked, and so opposite in many respects to the people among whom they settled, should at present discover scarcely any national peculiarities whatever; but when we remember how much they have been intermixed with the Normans, the English, and the Welsh, since the first settlement of the Flemings in Wales, and when we take into consideration

consideration the complete alteration in their habits of life, and in the whole frame of society throughout the country, it would be far more startling to find them still retaining any uncommon distinctions.

The town of Tenby was most probably founded by the Flemings; and it is certain that it was one of their strongest and most important posts. Its natural situation tended to give it security, and it was surrounded by walls, which were low where the assistance of art was scarcely necessary, but on two sides strong and lofty, and flanked with towers. A great part of these walls is still remaining, as are also some fragments of a castle, by which the town was further defended.

There are a few facts in the Welsh Chronicle relating to the early exploits of the Flemings in Tenby, which show that conciliatory measures formed the least portion of their policy. In the year 1150, Cadelh, the son of Gruffyd ap Rhys, being not only a great warrior but a keen sportsman, uncoupled his hounds and followed the stag with a few companions to the neighbourhood of Tenby, when he was suddenly surprised by some of the inhabitants, who seeing that the party was small and unarmed, attacked them fiercely, and wounded Cadelh so severely that he escaped with difficulty to his home, where he lay long in a dangerous state. This violent and unprovoked aggression in a time of peace, called forth the vengeance of Meredyth and Rhys, the brothers of Cadelh, who entered the territory of Gower, where it is supposed there was another body of Flemings, and after burning and destroying without mercy, returned from their incursion loaded with spoil. This was rather a circuitous mode of retaliation; but in the following year they suddenly turned their arms against Tenby, scaled the castle before the garrison had any warning of their danger, and obtaining possession, expended their fury upon their more immediate enemies. Two years after this event Meredyth died, at the age of twenty-five, and is reported, by the historians of his country, to have been a worthy knight, just and liberal to all men. His brother, the Lord Rhys, after a stormy life, principally employed, according to the custom of the times, in destroying castles, died in the year 1196. He was the terror of the Flemings, whom he persecuted with great vigour and success. He has received a still more liberal eulogy than his brother, being styled the hope and the anchor of South Wales; "the overthrower of the mighty, and setter up of the weak; the overturner of the holds, the separator of troops, the scatterer of his foes, among whom he appeared as a wild boar among whelps, or a lion that for anger beateth his tail to the ground*." Maelgwn, the son of this hero, emulated the glory of his father, and in the year 1188 made a desperate attack upon Tenby, and reduced the castle and the whole town to ashes. In summing up my present remarks upon this illustrious family let me observe, that Maelgwn was not denied his full proportion of praise: he is said to have been fair and comely in his person, just and honest, beloved by his friends, and dreaded by his enemies.

* History of Cambria, by D. Powel.

The castle of Tenby was rebuilt soon after this last assault by William de la Grace, Earl of Pembroke; the town was also restored, and as the spirit of the Welsh became broken, the inhabitants transferred their attention to the arts of peace, and by their activity advanced Tenby to a state of considerable commercial importance. The manufacture of woollen formed the principal source of its wealth. It received repeated charters, conferring on it numerous and valuable privileges, from the time of Edward the Second to that of Elizabeth; but a little before the latter reign had, from causes that are unexplained, fallen into some decay, and soon after rapidly declined into complete obscurity, from which it never recovered till lately brought into notice as a watering-place. It was employed, however, as a military post after it had lost all other pretensions. The castle was garrisoned for the king during the civil wars in 1644, and was taken by storm, after a siege of three days, by the forces of the parliament under the command of Colonel Langhorn. This officer, together with Colonel Poyer, who in 1647 had been appointed governor of Pembroke Castle, thinking their services in some way ill requited, changed their party, and held the castles for the king. General Cromwell was sent into Wales with eight thousand troops to quell this insurrection; and Tenby, after a resolute defence, surrendered by capitulation. This was the last military service in which the castle was engaged: the more ignoble assaults, which have reduced it to its present ruinous condition, are not commemorated.

We were informed by a gentleman residing at Tenby, that a few years since numerous remains of ancient buildings, well worth preserving, were scattered about the town, all of which have successively given way to the ruthless hand of improvement. The church is of considerable antiquity, but has been built at different periods and in different styles of architecture, none of which are remarkable for their beauty. There are some handsome monuments within; the most conspicuous of which are those erected to the memory of John and Thomas White, two brothers, who were opulent merchants of Tenby in the fifteenth century. In an account of Pembrokeshire by George Owen, an antiquary in the time of Elizabeth, it is related that the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, fled, together with his uncle Jasper, from Pembroke Castle to Tenby, and that Thomas White was active in their cause; saved them from the pursuit of their enemies; and furnished them with the vessel by which they escaped to sea. After the battle of Bosworth Field, Henry did not forget his benefactor, but granted him a lease (at what rent is not recorded) of all the crown lands about Tenby. The two brothers are represented recumbent on their respective tombs, clad in long robes, and each with a mercatorial badge, in the form of an enormous purse, hanging from his girdle. The front of the tombs is ornamented with figures in basso relievo, representing various members of the family. The whole is an excellent style of sculpture. There are some other monuments worthy of notice, but their history would lead me into too long a digression.

Tenby has a small but very secure harbour, with a beautiful little pier, apparently of great age, extending in a serpentine line, and terminating in a kind of circular bastion. Near the pier-head is a small shed, called St. Julian's Chapel, where in ancient days the fishermen used to assemble to hear prayers read for their safety and success before they ventured to sea. The officiating minister received a halfpenny for each man, and a penny for each boat, as an acknowledgment for his services. This holy building was some years ago degraded into a bathing-house, and is at present still more shamefully outraged by its conversion into a blacksmith's shop.

Tenby has been restored to importance only as a place of amusement, and has recovered no portion of its former commerce. The harbour is generally full of vessels, but they belong to other ports, and lie here only for convenience or shelter. They consist principally of colliers, and take in their cargoes at Sandersfoot Bay, in the neighbourhood of which there are some extensive collieries: as the bay is dangerous and exposed, they never venture to ground there except when they are certain of being immediately freighted and discharged. At a very early period Tenby was celebrated for its fisheries, and obtained from the Welsh the appellation of *Dinby y Piscoid*. Caermarthen Bay, whence it procured its supplies, is still stocked with a great abundance and variety of fish; but so far have the present natives lost all that spirit of enterprize which marked their ancestors, that they see this source of wealth, to which they have the first pretension, at least by right of situation, engrossed by other and more active adventurers. In the summer season ten or twelve large smacks from Dartmouth and Torbay lie here and catch an immense quantity of fish, for which they have a ready and certain market at Bristol. There are only a few small boats belonging to the town, so that *Dinby y Piscoid* is at present very sparingly supplied with fish.

At the east end of the pier rises the Castle Hill, forming the extreme point of the promontory on which the town is built. The ruins of the castle are on the summit, and though they are too trifling to give any idea of the original size and form of the building, yet they are sufficiently striking to give some dignity to the rugged steep which supports them. A square tower and a large circular bastion at the eastern extremity, and a round tower on the highest part of the hill, are all the parts that remain. On the south side there are some ruined walls of other buildings, but of too modern a date to be looked upon as any thing but vulgar rubbish: they have no character of military works, and are supposed to have been storehouses.

Opposite to the Castle Hill, and not more than fifty yards distant from it, is St. Catherine's Island, a large mass of craggy rock, with a sprinkling of earth and vegetation on the summit. It is accessible at low water, and may be ascended, though by a steep and difficult path. The saint whose name it bears was formerly considered a most important personage, being the grand patroness of the woollen manufacture. If from the

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force of old habits she still regards this valuable business with affection, and from the superiority which Welsh flannel still retains over every other it may be presumed she does, her affection is perfectly gratuitous, for her worship is fallen into total disuse.

To the southward of the Castle Hill the coast again recedes into a bay, about two miles across, and is low and sandy; but the rocks rise again at Gilter Point, a headland, which bounds the bay. Opposite to this point, and at the distance of rather more than half a mile, is St. Margaret's Island, connected with which by a long reef of rocks, partially dry at low water, is the Island of Caldey. Many of these small islands on this coast, and they are numerous, have been canonized by the holy presence of monks and devotees. The natural seclusion and tranquillity of such situations were particularly favourable to religious meditation, and they afforded likewise a secure retreat from the continual broils between the Flemings and the Welsh, in which the cowl, perhaps, had it been in the way, might not have been held altogether sacred. St. Margaret's Island is rocky, and, except from one or two points, inaccessible. The particular order of recluses that lingered upon this rock is not known; but there are the ruins of a religious building upon it, from whose form of construction conjecture may draw various inferences. It is divided into numerous small apartments, in none of which, when the roof was on, could any man more than four feet high have stood upright. A nursery at once presents itself to the mind on a view of these pigmy premises, but as such an establishment was not among the necessities of monastic life, we may suppose that they formed a house of penance, a kind of stocks, in which the disorderly and contumacious were brought down upon their knees. On Caldey Island there are remains of more extensive buildings, and of a less questionable character. A priory was founded here by Robert, the son of Martin de Turribus, one of the early Norman invaders of Wales. The same person likewise founded the abbey of St. Dogmaels, on the banks of the Teivy, to which this on Caldey was subordinate. Many of the apartments and offices of the priory are still in good preservation, and the tower of the church, crowned with a stone spire, is perfect. A neat modern house is attached to the ruins, belonging to Mr. Kynaston, the present proprietor of Caldey. The island is about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, and yields by its various produce a considerable revenue. It contains six hundred and eleven acres of land, two hundred of which are inclosed, and in tolerable cultivation. The rocks are chiefly limestone, which furnishes manure for the land, and is also shipped in large quantities to the opposite coast. The island abounds with rabbits, which form the most profitable part of the live stock.

On the north side of Caldey there is an excellent road for shipping, sheltered from the south and west winds, which are generally the most boisterous, and on this coast raise the heaviest sea. Two hundred vessels may ride here, with each (in sea phrase) a clear birth. The protection afforded by this little island is of peculiar importance, for the harbour of Tenby will admit but few vessels, and the bars at the mouths
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of all the other havens in Carmarthen Bay render them, in bad weather, perfectly inaccessible.

We were detained at Tenby a day longer than we desired by a storm of wind and rain: the gale blew from the south-west, and was exceedingly violent. No damage was done to the shipping on this coast, but in the course of our progress we saw several vessels that had been wrecked in this gale. On the following day all was calm, and we continued our journey on foot, intending, after our observations on the coast, to make Pembroke our quarters for the night.

The most southern part of Pembrokeshire, including the hundred of Castle Martin, forms a peninsula, bounded on two sides by the sea, and on the north by Milford Haven. This peninsula bears a great resemblance to that of Gower, and was no doubt selected as the seat of a foreign colony from the same considerations. Both districts are equally defended by nature, and equally well situated for communication with England. They are alike in many other respects; in the nature of their soils, in the nakedness of their western parts, and in the ruggedness and grandeur of their coasts. As both were inhabited by the same people, engaged continually in the same kind of warfare, their general history is necessarily very much alike, and in both of them castles are as multitudinous as mile-stones. Lastly, there is a striking resemblance between them in the penuriousness of their accommodations for travellers, and it was this point of similitude which obliged us to make Pembroke our general resting place during our survey of the coast.

The first object that attracted our notice after leaving Tenby was, as the reader may probably suspect, a castle. We had been forewarned that such an object would be in our way, at the distance of five miles, and had gone forwards with no great degree of enthusiasm, in the expectation of seeing, as usual, an old shattered tower, with, perhaps, a little loose lumber scattered about it in the last stage of ruin. In this expectation, however, we were agreeably deceived, and found Manorbeer by far the most extensive castle that we had hitherto seen, and, except St. Donat's, the most entire. No mention is made of it in the Welsh Chronicle, and it seems by some singular kind of favour to have escaped, from its first foundation to the present moment, the common ravages to which all other castles in the district around it were exposed. The general design of it is very irregular, but the style of architecture is uniform, and every part seems to be of equal antiquity. It is situated on a gentle knoll, in a narrow sandy valley, which at the distance of about forty yards from the walls terminates in the sea. The architecture is remarkable for its extreme simplicity; there are no ornamental pillars, fine windows, and elaborate doorways: strength was the great object in the construction of the castle, and no attempts were made to disguise it.

Giraldus de Barri, the great prototype of all Welsh tourists, was born at Manorbeer, in the year 1146. His father was William de Barri, a Norman of high rank, and his mother, Angharad, a niece of Gruffyd ap Rhys, Prince of South Wales. Giraldus de-
plores

plores the consequences of this mixed blood, observing, that the Welsh hated him for the sake of his Norman father, and the English for that of his Welsh mother. He was bred to the church, and after having completed his education, prepared the way for his preferment by paying court to men in power. He began his career as the Archbishop of Canterbury's legate in Wales, and went forth with the rage of a reformer, excommunicating without mercy or distinction all those who offended against the strictest ordinations of the church. Though a young man at this period, and vain of his own personal beauty, he felt himself particularly scandalized by the incontinence of the clergy, called all their wives concubines, and imperiously insisted upon their being dismissed. At Brecknock, in the diocese of Saint David's, he found a hoary archdeacon living in open infamy with his wife, and not being able to shake the constancy of the old man by his remonstrances, stripped him of his benefices, and delivered them up to his superior. After this act of justice he returned to the archbishop, and was immediately appointed to the vacant dignities of the uxorious archdeacon. In his new office he persevered in the same rigorous system, and boasted that he was always engaged in disputes, and that justice and victory were always on his side. One of these engagements sets forth the tactics of religious warfare in so comical a point of view, that I cannot forbear from quoting the account of it. Giraldus received intimation that Adam, Bishop of St. Asaph, was coming to dedicate the church of Keri, over which he had no lawful authority, and that if no obstacles intervened, he would probably take possession not only of the church, but of the whole province to which it appertained. The archdeacon sprung to his duty like a lion, dispatched messengers to two princes of the country, requesting a supply of men, horses, and arms, and hastened with his forces to Keri. Here he found that the enemy had been at work before him, and had concealed the keys of the church: these, however, being recovered, he entered, and celebrated mass with great solemnity. "In the meantime messengers arrived from the bishop, ordering preparations to be made for the dedication of the church. Mass being concluded, the archdeacon sent some of his clergy, attended by the dean of the province, to inform the bishop, 'That if he came to Keri as a neighbour and a friend he would receive him with every mark of hospitality; but if otherwise, he desired him not to proceed.' The bishop returned for answer, 'That he was coming in his professional capacity as bishop of the diocese, to perform his duty in the dedication of the church.' The archdeacon and his clergy met the bishop at the entrance of the churchyard, where a long dispute arose about the matter in question, and each asserted their respective rights to the church of Keri. To enforce his claims the more, the bishop dismounted from his horse, placed his mitre on his head, and taking up his pastoral staffs, walked with his attendants towards the church. The archdeacon proceeded to meet him, accompanied by his clergy, dressed in their surplices and sacerdotal robes, who, with lighted tapers and upraised crucifix, came forth from the church in processional form: at length each began to excommunicate the other; but the archdeacon having ordered

ordered the bells to be rung three times, as the usual confirmation of the sentence, the bishop and his train mounted their horses, and made a precipitate retreat, followed by a great mob, and pelted with clods of earth and stones."

This droll encounter created much merriment at the court of Henry the Second, but it procured for Giraldus no promotion above his archdeaconry; for in consequence of his connexion with the princes and chieftains of Wales, the king, though he respected his character and talents, determined, from motives of no very liberal policy, never to appoint him to any high authority in that country. He made him preceptor to his son John, and would have given him promotion in Ireland, but the ambition of Giraldus was to be satisfied by nothing but the bishopric of St. David's, and he resolutely rejected all other ecclesiastical preferment. After the death of Henry he was nominated by the archdeacons and canons of St. David's to his favourite see, but found a new enemy in Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who refused to accept the nomination. Resistance from the see of Canterbury, armed with whose authority he had first signalized his zeal for the church, must have been a severe mortification to the pride of Giraldus. All his spirit seemed to sink under this blow, and he determined, as he himself declares, no longer to sacrifice his peace to a vain ambition, to withdraw from the worship of the court, whose cares may wound but can never satisfy the heart; and dedicate the remainder of his life to retirement and literature. To this sensible determination he adhered for some years, but his ambition had another spring. On returning, after a long absence, to St. David's, he found the clergy still warm in his cause, and resolved, at their instigation, to travel to Rome, and supplicate the interposition of the pope. He was urged to this step, he says, not only by an earnestness for his own election, but by a general feeling of regard for the interests of his metropolitan church, and a desire to rescue its rights and privileges from the encroachments of the see of Canterbury. After a protracted litigation of five anxious years, the pope pronounced sentence against him, and put a final period to all his struggles for power. He passed the last seventeen years of his life in study and seclusion, and died at Saint David's, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Giraldus was a voluminous author, but is at present best known from his *Itinerary* through Wales, of which Sir Richard Colt Hoare lately published the first English translation. In the year 1187, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, was sent into Wales by Henry the Second, to preach the crusade: Giraldus accompanied him, and wrote an account of the expedition, combined with a topographical description of the country, and notices on its history and antiquities. Among these subjects he introduces a strange medley of idle traditions and puerile fictions, which he seems to have collected with amazing avidity during his tour; for though a man of great learning and ability, he agreed with the weakest and most uninformed in all the superstitions of the age in which he lived. His fables and his matters of fact are compounded with the most whimsical gravity, and he tells us in the same composed tone of narration of a castle besieged, and of a woman, who

who profanely sitting down on the tomb of Saint Osana, found herself glued to her seat, and did not rise without leaving her petticoats, &c. behind her. His boundless credulity renders his authority dubious on all subjects that did not come under his own immediate observation; but his topographical descriptions are said to be remarkably correct, and he gives much valuable information relating to manners and customs.

He describes Manorbeer, his native place, with a partiality that may readily be forgiven: after marshalling all the graces of its surrounding scenery, its beautiful woods, orchards, and vineyards, its magnificent fishpond, broad lake, and running stream of never-failing water, he settles its pretensions by the following train of obvious deduction. "Demetia (West Wales), therefore, with its seven cantreds, is the most beautiful as well as the most powerful district of Wales; Pembroke the finest province of Demetia, and the place I have just described the most delightful part of Pembroke. It is evident, therefore, that Manor Pirr is the pleasantest spot in Wales; and the author may be pardoned for having thus extolled his native soil, his genial territory, with a profusion of praise and admiration." This little paradise is not to be recognised by any of its ancient features; its woods have fallen, and its streams have ceased to flow, and nothing is now to be seen but a cheerless, naked valley of sand.

It is supposed that the castle of Manorbeer was founded by the father of Giraldus, William de Barri, who was a follower of Arnulph de Montgomery, the first Norman invader of this part of Wales. Giraldus himself does not confirm the fact by his authority, but refers us back to a far more distant antiquity, and concludes that *Maenor Pirr* was the mansion of Pyrrhus, a royal scion from the east, who reigned in Britain at a period which history has not very clearly defined. I shall not proceed, as some have done, gravely to dispute whether it is probable that a well-designed and well-finished castle of Norman architecture should have been built by a British king sometime after the deluge, but we may suppose that some early prince or chieftain had his hut here, which transferred its name to the castle afterwards raised by the Normans on the same ground. Whether Pirr, as Giraldus has determined, honestly means Pyrrhus, I am not prepared to say, and as a mere bald fact, it is of very little importance whether it was Pyrrhus *aut nullus*. The etymology of the present title of Manorbeer, according to vulgar tradition, is this: a knight of the castle was engaged in single combat with a bear that had long been the terror of the neighbourhood, and the fight was so desperately and equally contested, that it was long doubtful which would fall, Man or Bear. Had this story been extant in the time of Giraldus, I am inclined to think that he would have preferred it to Pyrrhus.

We walked for some miles to the westward of Manorbeer without seeing any thing remarkable on the coast, and with a naked and dreary country on our right, till we arrived at Stackpool Court, the seat of Lord Cawdor, which, like Penrice in Gower, has by severe and skilful discipline been forced into cultivation, and forms a little spot of verdure in a circle of barrenness. The grounds are in a deep and sheltered valley,
abundantly

abundantly clothed with wood, and laid out in every respect with excellent taste. There are a park well stocked with deer, gardens, shrubberies, and all the formal embellishments of a gentleman's seat, which it may be allowed me to particularize, for in this discordant climate they appear in the character of curiosities. Immediately to the southward of the park you enter again upon a region of nakedness, a vast tract of sandhills, tenanted by rabbits. The mansion of Stackpool is large, but its architecture is heavy and inelegant. It was built by the grandfather of Lord Cawdor, who was son of Sir Alexander Campbell of Cawdor Castle, in Scotland: Sir Alexander was the first of the name who settled here, and came into possession of the Stackpool estates by marriage. There was formerly a castle on the site of the present building, which in the civil wars was garrisoned for the king; and in an account of the siege by the forces of parliament, it is said, that the walls were so strong that the ordnance made but little impression upon them. The castle was no doubt built by the Normans: the first possessor of whom there is any mention was Sir Elidore de Stackpool, who lived in the twelfth century. Nothing is known of this knight but what is told by Giraldus, who was his contemporary, and he simply relates of him that he was once a little imposed upon by a demon, a red-haired youth, calling himself Simon. This devil, however, was of a very civil and obliging disposition; he seized upon the keys of the house-steward rather abruptly, and insisted upon performing his office, but then he performed it so skilfully and conscientiously, that there was no very fair ground for complaint. He knew intuitively the dishes that were most agreeable to the palates of his master and mistress, and took care that they should always be upon the table, and he at the same time regaled the domestics with some choice bits, for it was his opinion that those who worked hard should be well fed. After holding his situation for forty days he was discharged, and delivered up his keys very peaceably. Being requested to give some account of himself before his departure, he confessed that he was begotten by a demon upon the wife of a rustic in the parish: there was some reason to question the truth of this statement, resting thus upon the testimony of only one person concerned; but all doubts were soon cleared up, for the woman herself very candidly avowed the fact.

It does not appear that the castle was ever engaged in any military service before the reign of Charles the First; I shall therefore forbear to trace its history and the names of its possessors after the time of Sir Elidore.

A small stream, which has its source a little to the northward of Stackpool, flows through the grounds, and falls into the sea at the distance of about a mile from the house, forming a little port, called Broad Haven. The water is very ornamental to the grounds, but is so obstructed by sand that it affords a harbour only to small craft. We made this creek the limit of our this day's observations, and turning to the northward proceeded to Pembroke. We here found a very comfortable inn and a very communicative landlord, who, when he had ascertained the cause of our visit to his house, and the nature of our
future

future intentions, declared that we were in high luck, for that the first objects we should see on the coast in our excursion of the next day, were those which thousands had travelled from the remotest parts of the principality to see and to worship. These objects, he informed us, and he looked miracles as he spoke, were St. Gowan's Chapel and a holy well, whose waters are a sovereign remedy for all kinds and degrees of sickness or sorrow. With this cordial prospect before us we started in the morning, under the conduct of a guide, who, during our journey to the sacred spot, endeavoured with all his eloquence to quicken our faith. On arriving at the brink of the cliff, we descended by a few stone steps, and found ourselves surrounded by a scene of rudeness and grandeur which, conversant as we were with rocks, we had never seen surpassed. The cliffs on each side of us presented a vast front, broken into every possible variety of rude forms; near their summits were large masses of overhanging rock, some of which seemed to be so doubtfully supported, and had so enormous a bulk hanging in the air, that it was impossible to look at them without stepping back and preparing for their fall. One might have fancied that the coast had been shattered by a recent earthquake, which had left the rocks still unsettled and vibrating with the shock. Beneath us lay a confused heap of fragments, which had been torn down from the cliffs; and the sea, rolling on to the shore with a deep swell, was raging and roaring amongst them. In the midst of this wild solitude stands the chapel of the saint, and superstition could scarcely have chosen for herself a more appropriate throne. A steep and narrow path leads down to the sanctuary, but the descent is facilitated by a flight of steps cut in the rocks; fifty-two steps a man would say who went boring to work by the ordinary rules of calculation, but it is very well known in these parts, that you might as well attempt to count the grains of sand on the sea-shore as to tell the number of these mystic steps. The chapel stands across the pass about midway down the cliff: it is a rude building of stone, twenty feet in length and twelve in breadth; and had it not been for a bell hung under an open arch at one end of the roof, one might have mistaken it for a fisherman's hut. Of the date or occasion of its foundation nothing is known.

Our guide, anxious to witness the full confirmation of our faith, accompanied us into the interior, where we beheld, suspended from the walls, several crutches, which had supported the crippled and credulous to the well, and which were hung up here in testimony of their cure, and as offerings of gratitude to their gracious deliverer. With this strong hold upon our minds, our guide ventured to bring our belief to new trials, and leading us to a small doorway in the east wall of the chapel, pointed out a circular cavity in the rock, large enough to hold the body of a man. Into this we were to creep, and then to form what wishes were most agreeable to ourselves, which were certainly to be granted, providing that they did not prove disagreeable to the saint. This little cell was formed by a miracle; the saint was once pursued by some barbarous pagans, and was running
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wildly

wildly about his cave, not knowing whither to turn for safety, when the rocks suddenly opened to receive him, and thus preserved his valuable life.

A few more steps lead from the chapel down to the well, and as we were descending, we met a miserable, emaciated girl, who was toiling up with the utmost difficulty and pain, and bending under the load of a large pitcher of water, which she told us she was going to drink. She had been in ill health for many years, and had formerly drunk the water with strict regularity during twelve months, but growing worse, had applied to the doctor, who declared, after a long trial, that he could give her no relief, and she had now returned again, as her last refuge, to Saint Gowan. The failure of the doctor had awakened all her confidence in the saint, and she was only fearful that he might be offended at her former impatience. As we were ascending from the well, we perceived another votary who had hitherto escaped our observation, a poor lad perched upon a rock, with paper and pencil in his hands, and his eyes devoutly fixed upon the chapel. He too was suffering from disease, and had been long drinking the charmed water with no benefit to his health, and with no injury to his faith: he was too feeble to work, and spent much of his time among these solitary rocks, amusing himself with his pencil, which he had never been instructed to use, but which he hoped would one day enable him to take a faithful likeness of the steps, the chapel, and the well. These poor people seemed to be utterly ignorant of all particulars relating to the birth and history of Saint Gowan, and delivered themselves up to his keeping without troubling themselves about his credentials. My own enquiries on this subject (and my wishes in the wall may be supposed to have made me enquire with some earnestness,) have not led to any satisfactory conclusions. There seems to be a doubt whether he was a thorough-bred saint imported from Ireland in the early ages of christianity, or Sir Gawaine, the nephew of king Arthur, and a model of valour and courtesy, canonized after his death by an error of the vulgar. In either case nothing is known of his adventures in connexion with this rude spot, and whether he lived or died here it may never be permitted us to know.

In our progress to the westward of Saint Gowan's, we had to pause almost at every step to gaze at some new wonder in the forms of the rocks. The coast, like that of Gower, is composed entirely of limestone, and has suffered even more from the battering of the sea, exhibiting such a strange confusion of rocks, twisted and torn into such multiplied and fantastic configurations, that I despair of giving any idea of the complicated scene by description. The whole is on a scale of exceeding grandeur, and while we were marking the changes of the rocks, and examining them in all their detail, we were as much struck with their vastness as with their variety. At a short distance from Saint Gowan's we came to a fissure in the cliffs, called Adam's Leap, extending from the summit to the sea, a depth of full two hundred feet: a gentleman of the name of Adam is said, when following the hounds, to have galloped unawares to the brink of this terrible gulf, and, unable to check

check or turn his horse, to have been carried over it. The story gives a superadded horror to the place, and may very well be credited by a passing traveller; but I confess, now that my judgment is cool and my knees steady, that I think it extremely suspicious: we may admit that the gap may be wider at present than it was at the time of the occurrence, and thus become reconciled to the powers of the horse; but it is very improbable that the man, a resident in the neighbourhood, and of course well acquainted with the general character of the coast, should have selected this particular line of pursuit, when there was a safe and even course for him a few hundred yards further from the sea. His horse to be sure may have run away with him; but then we are called upon to make the same allowance for the conduct of another desperate sportsman, named Penny, who flew over the gulf on the same occasion.

The cliffs are intersected by numerous clefts and chasms which all seem to have been formed by the same means, the excavation of subterraneous passages by the sea, and the subsidence of the rocks above them. The rise of the tide above the base of the cliffs is eighteen or twenty feet, and in gales of wind blowing on to the shore every wave rises at least twenty feet above the ordinary level, so that a cavern of forty feet in height may be made by the sea. This system of sapping directed against the foundations of rocks, particularly subject from the nature of their composition and their modes of stratification to sink and give way, is sufficient to account for all these chasms, though some of them are so vast that one might have supposed it would have required a more than common convulsion of nature for their production. They are generally broad at their entrance near the sea, and become gradually narrower as they recede from it, till they close in a point. We observed one, however, in which this order was inverted, the widest part being farthest inland, with the sides converging till they met at the very edge of the cliff, near the summit, leaving a shallow gap above, and a long narrow fissure below, not more than two yards in width, but spreading near the base into a larger opening, through which the sea burst with prodigious fury. The little streak of light at the extremity of this long, deep, and gloomy passage had a very singular effect. Not far from this chasm is Bosherton Meer, a curious cavity at the distance of about a hundred yards from the edge of the cliffs, and resembling a well or a coal-pit. The circumference at the mouth is small, but the duct widens downwards, retaining its circular form to a great depth, when it leads by a winding passage to the shore. In gales of wind the sea is said to be forced up this duct with amazing violence, and to rise in a pillar of foam thirty or forty feet above the mouth, and with a roar that may be heard at the distance of a mile from the spot. We observed many pits of this kind in this neighbourhood of various dimensions, but all of the same general character, and all communicating with the sea.

The next wonder was the Castles, two huge masses of rock detached from the land, which were covered with sea fowl, all crowded together, fighting and scuffling for places, as numerous and as full of motion as a swarm of bees. Their day of migration was at
hand,

hand, and the whole flock seemed to be full of impatience, and agitated by all the hurry and bustle of preparation. The two rocks are supposed to bear some resemblance to castles, from the steepness of their sides and the formality of their strata, though in this respect they are not so remarkable as the main cliff immediately opposite to them, which is as perpendicular as a wall, with regular courses of rock disposed at equal distances from top to bottom, exactly like artificial masonry, and on a most magnificent scale, for the cliff is nearly two hundred feet in height, and each course of rock full fifteen feet in thickness. The manner in which these piles of rock, like the Castles, are disunited, is plainly indicated: almost every projecting point of land has an excavation worn completely through it, and some have two or three; in process of time the layer of rocks above the excavation gives way, and leaves the extremity of the point detached. A little to the westward of the Castles there is a projecting cliff with an arch through it, of such immense breadth and height that the whole promontory looks like a bridge, but preserving all the bold irregularity of nature in her rudest works. Farther on is the Eligug Stack, another insulated rock, much more singular in its form than either of the Castles. It rises in a lofty and rugged column, about a hundred feet in height, leaning considerably to seaward, very slender in the middle, and with a huge top which overhangs the base. Nothing could be more strange than the appearance of this vast body, thus upheld in a posture which one should not have supposed it possible for it to have maintained but for an instant, and in the very act of falling. The strata of this stack are all horizontal, but those of the main cliffs are very remarkable for the variety of their position, and their confused intermixture. The cliff immediately opposite to the stack juts out into a considerable projection, and at its extremity (as represented in the plate of the Eligug Stack,) there is for the space of about thirty feet a range of nearly vertical strata, with those on each side completely at right angles. In the disjointed fragments at the base of the point they rise and dip in various directions, which may be accounted for from the manner in which the rocks have fallen; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to hazard a conjecture upon the nature of the convulsion, which could have acted with such power, yet with such partial operation, on the solid body of the cliff. To the westward of this point the coast recedes into a small bay, where the strata exhibit a new variety, rising and falling in gentle undulations along the whole front of the cliffs: beyond the bay they resume their horizontal position, but along the remainder of this coast are at intervals again thrown into disorder.

At the Head of Man, a lofty promontory, they appear, as in the cliffs near the Castles, in a regular succession of equal courses, which look just like the work of art; and the resemblance is perhaps more striking here, as the courses are of less enormous thickness. The name of this promontory seems to be pregnant with meaning, but we could not discover the propriety of its application; nor could our guide, though in his train of reasoning on the subject he deduced numerous and very opposite conclusions, give us any satisfactory

satisfactory information. On arriving at Linney Head, another bold promontory, we found ourselves nearly satiated with the sight of rocks, and felt that our curiosity was rapidly giving way, and our legs too, for though the distance between Saint Gowan's and Linney is computed not to be more than five miles, yet, by following the indented edge of the cliffs, we had employed almost the whole day in going over it. It had been our wish to have proceeded along this coast by sea, but there is usually so heavy a swell, the tides are so rapid, and the ground is so studded with rocks, that a boat cannot approach the shore with any degree of safety.

From Linney Head we had a complete view of the coast, forming a deep bay, to the extremity of the peninsula, and seeing that it was of the same character as that which, at so great an expense of time and toil, we had just passed, we declined any minuter survey of it, and returned to Pembroke.

The whole of the inland country near the western extremity of the peninsula is bleak and naked, and offers nothing worthy of remark in the little villages with which it is sparingly chequered, unless I mention the churches, which have all steeples, a species of church ornament extremely rare in all parts of Wales, except in those formerly occupied by the Normans, Flemings, and English. The churches are said, now that all other distinctions are wearing away, to be an excellent criterion for forming a line of demarcation between the native Welsh and the foreign settlers in their country, though the castles render such a criterion almost superfluous. The Welsh at the time of the first invasion of Wales by the Normans had no knowledge of architecture beyond its simplest elements, and though they soon acquired great facility in destroying castles, yet they did not so readily learn the art of building them: probably they were not willing *ab hoste doceri*, or may have been so continually engaged in making attacks that they had little time or opportunity to attend to any system of defence. Their religious architecture was as inartificial as their military, and seems to have survived to the present day without alteration or improvement. The churches in Gower, Castle Martin, and other districts inhabited by the foreign settlers, are in no respect superior to the plainest village churches which we see in every county of England, but they are perfectly magnificent compared with the mean hovels, called churches, in other parts of Wales. One might have expected that national pride would have risen up in steeples all over the country, and have removed this invidious distinction long ago, but it has remained unaccountably lethargic on this subject, in spite of the taunts of tourists without number.

The only object in Pembroke that requires the notice of a traveller is its castle, which is said to be the finest relic of antiquity in Wales. The town, though the county town, has the appearance of little more than a country village, dull and silent, without bustle or business of any kind. It was formerly of more consideration, and had some little commerce, but this has been transferred to Haverfordwest, which is now regarded as the capital of the county. The town consists of only one street, situated on a narrow ridge of land,
which

which is bounded on the north and south sides by branches of Milford Haven: the ridge rises considerably towards its extremity, and terminates in a steep and rugged rock, on which stands the majestic castle. The natural advantages of its situation pointed it out to the Normans as excellently calculated for a military post, and they employed all the powers of art to improve its strength. It was encompassed by a wall, which on the north side is still remaining, and is very lofty, and flanked with numerous bastions of immense thickness: there are some remains of the wall on the south side, but the greater part has given way to modern buildings. The most advantageous view of the castle is from the water, from whence you see the solid basement of naked rock on which it stands, and which adds very materially to the commanding dignity of its appearance. It was divided into an inner and outer ward, the former including the keep and the state apartments, and the latter the barracks for the garrison and other subordinate offices. The architecture is Norman with a mixture of early Gothic. The most imposing object is the keep, which stands in the centre of the whole range of buildings, and rises far above every other part. The height of this tower is seventy-five feet, and its circumference at the base a hundred and sixty-three feet seven inches: it diminishes by a very gentle gradation towards the summit, and is covered with a vaulted roof. The walls are fourteen feet in thickness. This noble structure is entire, and seems formed to last as long as the rock on which it stands.

The castle was garrisoned in the civil wars for the king, under the command of Colonel Poyer, who from some private pique had turned traitor to the cause of the parliament. Cromwell appeared before Pembroke on the 21st of May, 1648, with a large force, but found its reduction much more difficult than he had expected. He was very ill supplied with ammunition, and was ultimately reduced to the necessity of using round stones for balls. The besieged were in a still more exhausted state, being almost without provisions, yet they defended themselves with the utmost bravery and resolution. Means, however, were at length found of cutting off their supplies of water, and they then surrendered at discretion. Poyer was afterwards executed in Covent Garden; and is said to have died very penitently. The castle was founded by Arnulph de Montgomery about the year 1090, and soon afterwards was attacked by the Welsh with a very large force, but without success. Arnulph being disgraced and banished for rebellion in the year 1102, Gerald de Windesor, who had acted as his lieutenant in the castle, was appointed to succeed him as governor; and soon after the acquisition of his new dignity, was surprised in his hold by a stratagem, which, together with its chain of consequences, gives a very lively picture of that wild and savage anarchy which for many centuries distracted the whole country of Wales. Gerald had married Nesta, sister of Gruffyd ap Rhys, and a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. The fame of her charms spread wide over the country, and reached the ears of Owen, son of Cadogan ap Bleddyn, a chieftain of Powys, who became so inflamed with the report that he determined to see her. Under pretence

pretence of paying a friendly visit he gained access to her, and finding that her beauty even transcended her fame, resolved to possess her. With this view he collected a party of lawless and ruffian companions, entered the castle privately by night, and not knowing, I suppose, the precise apartment where his mistress slept, conceived that the shortest plan would be to burn her out, and therefore set fire to the building, and waited the event. Amidst the fire and smoke Gerald awoke; and, in the first hurried impulse of the moment, would have rushed from the room; but Nesta, suspecting treason, detained him, and implored him to make his escape by a private passage. When he was in safety, she went to her chamber door, and called out that she and her children were alone. Owen burst in, and thinking that the murder of the husband, if not a title to the affections, would at least be a security for the person of the wife, made a diligent search for Gerald, but without discovering the passage through which he had retreated. At length, giving up the pursuit as hopeless, he seized upon Nesta and her children, and filling up the measure of his amusement by ravaging the whole country as he passed, reached Powys in safety. Cadogan, when he heard of this adventure, dreaded the resentment of the King of England, Henry the First, for this outrage against one of his officers, and represented to Owen the necessity of immediately restoring to Gerald his wife and children; but he would by no means consent to lose the lady, though at her request he delivered up the children. Richard, Bishop of London, was at this time Warden of the Marches; and hearing of this indignity offered to the authority of the king, instantly prepared to avenge it, and bribed Ithel and Madoc, sons of Rhiryd ap Bleddyn, and cousins to Owen, with some others, by promises of splendid remuneration, to pursue the offender, and either kill or take him. They all very cheerfully engaged in the service; pledged themselves to bring both Owen and his father to the bishop, either dead or alive, and "thereupon forthwith gathered their power to destroy the whole country." They did not, however, exactly agree upon the mode and time of attack, and while they were disputing among themselves whether it would be best to make it in open day, or under the concealment of night, Cadogan and Owen escaped and fled to sea. Nothing remained to them in this extremity but to lay waste the country, which they did very effectually, and then retired to their homes. In the meantime Owen repaired to Ireland, where he was well received: Cadogan returned to Wales, and sending messengers to the king, proved very satisfactorily that so far from bearing any share in the crime of his son, he had exerted all his authority to compel him to make atonement, and was graciously pardoned on his paying a fine of one hundred pounds. In the course of a year Owen also appeared again in Wales, and would willingly have been pardoned, but could induce no one to intercede for him. He, however, soon found a friend where he had least reason to expect one: his relation, Madoc, who had so lately plotted against his life, had now quarrelled with his employer, the bishop, and therefore sent to Owen, desiring a reconciliation. This was speedily adjusted, and followed by a league of friendship, each solemnly swearing to be true and faithful to the other. Under

this

this monstrous engagement they immediately prepared for action, and as the historian expresses it, "burned and spoiled the lands of such as they loved not, and destroyed all things that they met withal." After their predatory incursions they usually retreated for safety to the estate of their uncle, Iorwerth, who fearing that he might incur the displeasure of the king by affording them shelter, implored them to choose another place of meeting; whereupon, as indeed he might have expected, "they used his country more often than they were wont." They occasionally visited Cadogan, who remonstrated with as little effect, and who very soon forfeited his estates to the king because he had it not in his power to check their enormities. On this event Madoc and Owen fled to Ireland; from whence Madoc soon returned alone, and commenced a new system of iniquity entirely on his own account. When he arrived in Wales he repaired to the country of his uncle, Iorwerth, who now more than ever alarmed at his appearance, in consequence of the fate of Cadogan, issued a proclamation commanding all his dependants to drive him from them as an enemy. Bitterly incensed at this "unkindness and discourtesy," Madoc drew together a party of outlaws and vagabonds, and attacked his uncle in his house at midnight. Iorwerth awoke, and defended himself with intrepidity, until his house was set fire to and there was no hope left, when preferring death by the sword to the slow torment of being burned, he came forth, but his foes received him upon their spears, and cast him back into the flames. When King Henry heard of this outrage he appeared to be a little ashamed of his severity towards Cadogan, and appointed him to his brother's estates (his own were irreversibly alienated), promising at the same time to pardon his son Owen. Madoc was by no means satisfied with this arrangement, and not expecting to find a better friend in Cadogan than in Iorwerth, destroyed him also. After this act he sent straight to the Bishop of London, begging him to remember what was due to him for having formerly chased Owen from the land; and the good bishop, who mortally hated both Owen and Cadogan, thought his petition any thing but ill-timed, and rewarded him with an estate.

Owen now returned from Ireland, and both he and Madoc, on payment of large fines, received a full pardon from the king, who, however, cautioned the latter to remember, that his security from the relations of those whom he had murdered still depended upon his own providence. He did not live long without feeling the truth of this warning: Meredyth, the surviving brother of Cadogan and Iorwerth, resolved to avenge their deaths; and confiding his intentions to a party of his retainers, they strenuously supported him, and by a stratagem surprised Madoc, and made him their prisoner. Meredyth instantly sent word to his nephew Owen that the miscreant was secured, and ready to be strangled; but Owen not being able to stifle all regard for his old associate, would only consent to put both his eyes out, and divide all his property between himself and his uncle.

Owen again rebelled against the king, but was again pardoned, and soon after became a chosen favourite, and received the honour of knighthood. At this time Gruffyd ap Rhys, a great and good prince, indignant at the wrongs which his country was suffering from

from the Normans and Flemings, rose in arms, and spread ruin and death among them. When the king heard of these disasters, he sent for Owen, assured him that his whole trust was in him, and that if he would kill "that murderer, Gruffyd ap Rhys," his reward should be unbounded. Owen was delighted at this mark of royal confidence, and in an enthusiasm of generous acknowledgment, collected his followers, and swore with them, that neither man, woman, nor child, should escape their hands alive. Though unable to destroy the prince, they amply fulfilled their vow of general slaughter: the people fled into the wilds and thickets pursued by their merciless followers, who divided themselves into small bands, and left no corner unsearched. Owen took with him a company of one hundred men, and having satiated himself with blood, was returning to join the main body when he was unexpectedly checked in his course. Gerald, governor of Pembroke, was at this time in this part of the country, with a strong band of Flemings, in pursuit of the prince, Gruffyd ap Rhys, and meeting with some of the miserable wretches who had fled from Owen, learned from them that he was near at hand, attended only by a few companions. Such an opportunity for revenge was not to be neglected; he therefore hastened forwards, and soon discovered the party. Owen's men, seeing the numbers that were against them, urged him to fly; but he rejected their advice, and encouraged them to fight, vauntingly protesting that although their enemies were seven to one, yet they were only Flemings, and fit for nothing but to empty cups. He then, as if fully persuaded that what he had said was the fact, began the attack; but on the very first onset received an arrow in his heart*. All these atrocities, which I have summed up from the seizure of Gerald's wife to the death of Owen, were crowded into the short interval of eight years.

Gerald had recovered his wife before the death of Owen, but by what means it does not appear. She was very innocently the cause of further misfortunes to him; for being sister to a Welsh prince, the King of England suspected that she might exert a dangerous influence over the loyalty of her husband, and therefore removed him from the government of Pembroke, and appointed Gilbert Strongbow to succeed him, the first who came into this possession with the title of Earl of Pembroke, and with the privileges of a palatinate. From this period to the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Earls of Pembroke reigned as sovereign princes over the country, with power to appoint sheriffs, coroners, chancellors, and other officers, to execute all writs in their own name, and to pardon murders, felonies, and all other offences. The earldom remained in the family of the first earl for two hundred and eighty years, when it was wrested from them by Richard the Second, from whose reign, to that of Henry the Eighth, it was held by many different families, a fluctuating tenure, at the mercy of all the changes of the English crown. Henry the Eighth took away its jurisdiction as a palatinate, and reduced it to a simple earldom, which was conferred by his son, Edward the Sixth, on Sir William Herbert, and in his family it still remains.

* See History of Cambria, by Powel.

We took a boat at Pembroke, and proceeded down the haven to Milford : the branch of the haven which flows up to Pembroke is navigable only for vessels of small burden, and for an interval of nearly two miles is so narrow, that, with a foul wind, we found it exceedingly difficult to work our passage in a boat not more than twenty-four feet in length. It spreads considerably at the Down Pool, but opens into the main stream through a strait only two hundred yards broad at high water, and at low water little more than one hundred. There was a strong wind blowing from the west; and when we cleared this strait we found so rough a sea that we conceived it dangerous to proceed, but were informed that our only alternative was to remain all night at anchor in the boat, for the tide had ebbed too far to admit of our return, and a neck-deep plain of mud on each side of the stream rendered it completely impossible to land at any point between the strait and Pembroke. The tides are extremely rapid, and when a strong wind blows against the tide it raises if not a high sea, at least one that is very dangerous for open boats. The waves that are forced up by this opposition of wind and tide are of a peculiar character, and very distinct from the regular swell of the sea: they do not rise like a rounded hill, with the sides gradually sloping, but start up suddenly and as perpendicular as a wall; so that a boat, instead of passing over, passes through them. We landed at Milford in the dark, with our boat half full of water, after a passage of five hours, though the distance in a right line from Pembroke is not more than six miles.

The town of Milford is but of late creation, though it was once expected that before the present period of the world it would have grown into a city, to rival some of the first commercial towns of the kingdom. In the year 1784, Mr. Greville, struck with the spaciousness and security of the haven, and the advantages which it held out to commercial adventure, first conceived the plan of raising the new town, and applied himself with great spirit to carry his design into execution. His uncle, the late Sir William Hamilton, was the proprietor of the land on which it was proposed to build, and gave it up to the management of Mr. Greville, with power to grant leases and employ it in any manner that he thought would be most conducive to the interest of his new establishment. The ground was laid out, the bricklayers began their work, and in a very few years a town sprung up, of small extent indeed, but which, calculating on the spirit with which it was begun, promised a rapid increase. But unfortunately the sanguine expectations which set all this enterprize in motion were not kept alive by early encouragement: commerce did not improve in proportion to the opportunities which were held out for its exercise, and consequently the activity of speculation was repressed, and the extent and population of the town have for some years remained stationary. It had been hoped that government would have assisted the rising importance of Milford, by making it a great naval depot; but its situation has not been considered as well calculated for such an establishment, and this decision against it will probably operate as an eternal bar to its ever realizing those visions of greatness once entertained by its founder.

The

The town is very pleasantly situated, the principal range of buildings occupying an elevated terrace, with the haven in front. There is a very large and excellent hotel, which was among the earliest buildings of the new town, and was erected for the accommodation of passengers to and from Ireland. There are five packets belonging to the port, which sail to Waterford.

The church stands at the eastern extremity of the town, and is rather a melancholy memorial, for, according to the original design, it was to have formed the centre. In the interior is deposited a very interesting relic, the truck of the mainmast of the French ship, *L'Orient*, which was sawed off by Sir Samuel Hood, after she had blown up in the battle of the Nile: near it, on the pedestal of a vase of red porphyry, brought from Egypt, is the following inscription to the memory of Lord Nelson:—

The Almighty blessed his course, and ending it in
Victory, permitted him to become an immortal Example for
The heroic Navy of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,
To uphold the honour and empire of its Sovereign on the seas.

Milford was a favourite port with Lord Nelson; and the anniversary of the first of August is always held here as a festival.

The trade of the town is very confined: a few families from America settled here on the invitation of Mr. Greville, and every thing like commerce and enterprize is supported by their activity. Mr. Rotch, the principal of the new settlers, has several large ships employed in the South Sea Whale-fishery; and this is by far the most important concern in the place. We had the pleasure of being introduced to this gentleman, who received us with so much hospitality, and exerted himself with so much active kindness in promoting the objects of our pursuit, that our stay at Milford was among the pleasantest parts of our tour.

On the day after our arrival we made a little excursion down the haven in Mr. Rotch's pleasure boat, a very small vessel, but of rare powers, and as well known at Milford as *Eclipse* was at Newmarket. Among the sports established here in commemoration of the first of August is a boat race. Lord Nelson was present at the first which took place, and the recollection of this circumstance has since attached to the sport an unusual degree of interest and importance. There is a good policy in these contests, independent of other considerations, for the builders of the boats feel as much interested in their success as the owners, and a spirit of competition is thus raised among them, which is very beneficial to their art. We had a fresh breeze for our expedition, but the water being smoother than on the preceding evening, and not encroaching upon the interior of the boat, we were permitted to enjoy without disturbance our survey of this noble haven. I say noble haven, merely as it affected my own eye, for there is a great diversity of opinions on the subject; and while some have declared it to be at once the most spacious, most secure, and most commodious harbour round the kingdom, and have been anxiously
hoping

hoping that government would duly appreciate its advantages, and raise it to that national importance which they think it deserves; others have decided that it has no claims to any such consideration, and is utterly unfit for the purposes of a naval station. I was informed by several people on the spot, who were well acquainted with all the properties of the harbour, and spoke with the authority of experience, that it fully justified all that had been said in its favour, that it had room enough to contain more than the whole navy of England, and that vessels might sail in or out with perfect security by day or by night. Lord Nelson declared that it was the finest haven in Europe, and predicted that the town of Milford, from the great and manifest advantages of its situation, would realize the most sanguine expectations of its founder.

The difficulty of getting out with a westerly wind has been considered as one great objection to the haven; but that must be a choice haven indeed which can accommodate its passage to every wind. Ships may be detained at Plymouth by a southerly wind, and the detention is in this case the more serious, as this is a fair wind both up and down channel. Milford has a decided superiority over Plymouth in its complete protection from the sea. The entrance is to the south; but the channel, after running a little more than a mile to the north, turns abruptly to the east, and becomes perfectly landlocked on all sides. The entrance is nearly two miles wide, and the channel deep and free from all obstructions. After forming an angle it runs to the east in one long reach for about nine miles, when it turns again to the north, and continues in that direction till it is joined by the two rivers the East and the West Cleddau. Its whole length, from its mouth to the junction of the rivers, is about sixteen miles; and its mean breadth may be computed at a mile, though it spreads very considerably as it approaches the sea.

Off the south shore, near the entrance, is a small rocky island called Thorny Island, on which a frigate was wrecked a few years ago, through the gross ignorance or carelessness of the pilot; and this circumstance has very probably raised an unfavourable impression with respect to the general security of the haven. The simple rule for avoiding the dangers of this island is to keep to the northward of it; but this was not attended to by the pilot of the frigate, who, against all precedent, attempted to steer her between the island and the nearest shore, and lodged her upon the rocks.

In a picturesque view Milford Haven affords little to gratify attention; the land on each side is tame and naked, not combining with any variety of forms, nor with the warmth and richness of vegetation to give grace and beauty to the water. Numerous little branches diverge from the main stream on each side, and in some of these sheltered recesses, the scenery, by the addition of a little wood and verdure to the land, is of a more pleasing character. We landed in Dale Bay, near the harbour's mouth, and proceeded from thence to the lighthouses on St. Anne's Head. A narrow peninsula, which stretches out for more than two miles from the north shore, forms the western boundary of the haven, and seems like a provision of nature for its security; for had it not been for
this

this barrier it would have been exposed to the Atlantic, and perfectly useless as a harbour. St. Anne's Head is the most southern point of this peninsula, and is a very bold promontory, with a tremendous precipice on two sides of naked and shattered rock. There are two lighthouses upon it, only one of which shews a light up the harbour, though both are visible from the sea. Lighthouses were first erected here in the year 1714, in which the light was derived from coal fires; but in consequence of representations from the trade of its inadequacy, two new towers were built in the year 1800, and the lanterns furnished on the improved principle with Argand lamps and reflectors. The low lighthouse, which is situated at the extremity of St. Anne's Head, is only fifteen feet high, but is one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea; and exhibits a brilliant and continued light, seen from Skomar Island to the north, from Linney Head to the south-east, and about five miles up the harbour, as far as Hubberston. The high lighthouse is distant two hundred and three yards from the low one, and shews its light thirty feet above it. The light of this tower is not seen from the harbour, but it appears equally as strong as that of the low one, from Skomar to Linney Head, and combining with it in stated relations, affords a very certain and intelligible guide to navigators. Off Linney Head there is a dangerous rock, called the Crow Rock, and further to the westward of it a long sand, called the Porgus Bank, both of which are in the track of vessels approaching the harbour from the south-east; but by bringing both lights in a line, or rather the low light immediately under the upper one, they are guided safely between these obstructions. The two lights may be seen in clear weather at the distance of twelve leagues from sea, and not only serve as guides to Milford Haven, but as a general direction to the navigator, pointing out his situation off the coast, and in the channel, when bound up or down to other ports.

The coast to the northward of St. Anne's Head continues in a line of bold and steep cliffs of bare rock. The whole coast of Pembrokeshire seems not only to have suffered materially from the sea acting with its common powers of aggression, but to have been subject to some violent and extraordinary irruption. It is very remarkable for the irregularities of its general form; for its deep indentations; the frequency and great projection of its promontories, and the numerous islands which are scattered about it. In the course of our voyage from the Land's End we had seen a vast variety in the configurations and arrangement of rocks, but we had observed no coast so singularly broken and contorted in its general outline as that of Pembrokeshire. All its peculiarities are strikingly illustrated in the coast to the northward of St. Anne's Head: the prominence of the peninsula, of which this headland forms the extreme point, I have already mentioned, and at the distance of less than two leagues there is another, called the Hook, which is no where much more than half a mile broad, and projects for nearly two miles into the sea. This point is the south-west boundary of St. Bride's bay; a very deep bay, not more than eight miles across, from point to point, but including in its whole curve an extent of seven leagues. There is a tradition that a great part of this bay was anciently land, and covered with forest trees.

trees. In the interval between St. Anne's Head and the Hook there are three islands; two of them of considerable size, and a few leagues to the westward of the Hook the sea is studded with rocks.

Skokham Island is rather less than five miles to the north-west of St. Anne's Head, and distant about three miles from the nearest point of the main land. It is a lofty island, surrounded by a steep and rugged coast, and with only two landing places. It contains about two hundred acres of land, part of which is inclosed, and yields barley, oats, and grass, but in no great abundance. A Robinson Crusoe, however, cast upon it in its present condition, might subsist very comfortably, and would find at least some substitute for all the common wants of life. His animal food would consist principally of rabbits, but of these he would have a plentiful and continual supply. His only difficulty indeed would be to keep these little animals under proper subjection, for they multiply with such prodigious force and freedom, that unless regularly and copiously thinned they would soon make a waste of the whole island. There are several springs of excellent water, and a kind of turbary of five or six acres which produces tolerable fuel. The island pays no parish rates or tithes whatever; though I do not exactly mention this circumstance as particularly favourable to the happiness of a Robinson Crusoe.

Skomar Island is about a mile and a half to the northward of Skokham, and immediately opposite to the Hook Point, from which it is separated by a strait about three quarters of a mile wide, called Jack Sound. It is a much larger island than Skokham, containing seven hundred acres of land, but is of much the same general character, and equally swarms with rabbits. It appears to have been a very early policy to stock these islands with these fruitful animals, and they are found to compensate in a great degree for the penuriousness of every other produce. Owen, in his account of Pembrokeshire, written in the reign of Elizabeth, and now published in the Cambrian Register, observes of the two islands, Skomar and Skokham, that their pasture was valued at fifty-five shillings annually, and the rabbits upon them at fourteen pounds five shillings. The disproportion is not so violent at present, but the preponderance, I believe, is still in favour of the rabbits, four thousand of which are annually killed on Skomar.

There is an island called Gateholm, midway between Skomar and Skokham, and about the same distance from the main land as the former, but it is too small to be worthy of cultivation, and affords no matter for description. About seven miles N.N.W. from Skomar lies Gresholm, a low, rocky, and desert island, the sole property, or at least possession, of sea-fowl. Four miles to the westward of it there is a cluster of rocks, which appear at low water in scattered spots above the sea, and are descriptively called Hats and Barrels. Six miles still further to the westward is a more extensive and dangerous reef of rocks, called the Smalls, some appearing at all times in large masses above the sea, and others disclosed by the fall of the tide. On one of them there is a lighthouse, which stands in a more exposed and terrible situation than any other building of the kind on any part of our coast, the Eddystone not excepted. It is seven leagues from the main land,

land, completely open to the Atlantic, and surrounded on all sides by a wild and disordered sea. At the Eddystone the tide runs less than three knots, and here more than six. The main rock of the Smalls, upon which the lighthouse is erected, is about fifty yards in length, lying S.E. and N.W.; but is not more than six feet above high water-mark, so that the sea, if in any degree agitated, passes entirely over it, and in gales of wind from the south or west rises in a body thirty feet above it. To the south-east of this rock are four smaller rocks, which appear in a line before low water, extending to the distance of one hundred yards. Still further out is a sunken rock, immediately beyond which there is a depth of forty fathoms. The rock of the Smalls is basaltic, containing twenty-five per cent of iron, and is easily fusible in a common coal fire.

The lighthouse is built entirely with wood, and is very skilfully contrived. The base consists of eight oak posts, whole trees, surrounding a central one, and so arranged as to form a segment of an octagonal pyramid, twenty-four feet wide at the base, and sixteen feet at the apex. The posts are fixed eight feet deep into the rock, and rise forty feet above it: the intervals between them are open so as to give a free passage for the sea, except for a small space near the summit, where there is a close boarded cabin seven feet high, in which three men live, who have the charge of the lighthouse: above this there is a wooden cage forming the lantern. The building was erected in the summer of 1775, by Mr. Whitesides of Liverpool, a very ingenious man, who is still the superintendant of the lighthouse. Three of the pillars were originally of cast iron, but they soon grew loose in the sockets, and were removed in the summer of 1776, and wooden posts substituted in their place. In the winter of that year, the first in which the building had been inhabited, the people were reduced, by a long continuance of stormy weather, to a situation of extreme peril and distress. No previous care seems to have been taken to settle any plan of regular and certain communication with the shore; and in consequence of this unaccountable negligence they remained utterly unnoticed for several months, till they were almost without provisions, and till their dwelling became so crazy and insecure that they expected every tide to sweep it away. In the last extremity they first thought of making known their distress by trying the fortune of a letter in a cask: they wrote three, which all reached the shore, and one in a little creek, immediately under the house of Mr. Williams, near St. David's, to whom they were all addressed, and who was the proper agent of the lighthouse*. This one was picked up as soon as it came ashore, and the men were speedily released.

Mr.

* The following is a copy of the letter, which from people who appear to have been most outrageously neglected, is written in so mild and patient a spirit that I think it worth transcribing.

SIR,

TO MR. WILLIAMS.

Smalls, February 1st, 1777.

Being now in a most dangerous and distressed condition upon the Smalls, do hereby trust Providence will bring to your hand this, which prayeth for your immediate assistance to fetch us off the Smalls before

Mr. Whitesides was one of the sufferers on this occasion, having very enthusiastically devoted himself to a winter's imprisonment, merely that he might witness the first trial of his own work. In the course of his bitter experience he had well appreciated all its imperfections, and so fully studied their cause and their remedy that he soon repaired the building, making such alterations and additions as enabled it to stand for more than thirty years without receiving any material injury. It lately, however, suffered a shock which had very nearly destroyed it. On the night of the 18th of October, 1812, there blew a hurricane in St. George's Channel, exceeding in violence any that ever had been remembered, which strewed the shore with wrecks, and even in Milford Haven, landlocked as it is, drove eighteen vessels on shore, several of which were totally wrecked. In the course of this night one of the supporting posts of the lighthouse on the Smalls was broken to pieces, and others were loosened and displaced; the lantern was entirely swept away, and the men's cabin so shattered that the sea burst in upon them and drenched them with every wave. They gave up all hope of being saved, and waited in utter darkness, their cabin rocking in the wind, and the pillars cracking under them, for the final crush, which they expected every moment to overwhelm them. When the morning dawned the violence of the gale had abated, but the sea was still flying over them, and they saw all the misery of their situation, without any prospect of relief. On the night of the 19th, a Waterford packet, bound to Milford, passed by the Smalls, and it was then discovered that the light was missing. The circumstance was communicated to the agent of Trinity-house at Milford, who requested the masters of all the packets to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity, *when they were passing*, of affording relief to the people. Attempts were made on several succeeding days to approach the rock, but the violence of the surf rendered it quite impracticable for any boat to land. A cask was washed on shore with a letter in it from the wretched men, in which they earnestly begged to be taken off, and a signal of distress was seen flying on the lighthouse; but no assistance could be given to them, and they remained in this deplorable situation till the 2d of November. There is a vessel appointed to attend upon the Smalls, but she had been damaged in the gale of the eighteenth, and was unable to put to sea.

The lighthouse was unoccupied during the remainder of the winter of 1812, but being repaired in the course of the following spring, the light was again exhibited on the 9th of June.

We should have been much gratified by making a voyage to see this curious building, but were deterred from the undertaking by the uncertainty of the passage, and a principle

the next spring (*tide*), or we fear we shall all perish: our water near all gone; our fire quite gone; and our house in a most melancholy manner. I doubt not but you will fetch us from here as fast as possible; we can be got off at some part of the tide almost any weather. I need say no more, but remain your distressed

Humble servant,

H. WHITESIDES.

severe

of severe but necessary economy in the employment of our time. My information on the subject has been derived from the Trinity-house ; the gentlemen of that corporation having, with great kindness and condescension, permitted me to apply to their agents for particulars relating to all the lighthouses on the coast, and I take this opportunity of expressing both for my friend Mr. Daniell and myself our high sense of their favour.

After our survey of St. Anne's Head, and the adjoining coast, we returned to Dale Bay, and rested at the village of Dale, consisting of a few fishermen's cottages, and a decent public house, which, whatever may be its ordinary means of accommodation for hungry travellers, was by the mediation of our friends very amply provided at the time of our visit. Dale is said to be the spot where the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, landed with his troops from France, and with great probability, as it is the first convenient landing-place on this side of the haven. He was joined here by Sir Rhys ap Thomas, a man of high consideration in Wales, whose powerful co-operation was very instrumental to Henry's success. This gallant knight, though indignant at the cruelties and tyranny of Richard, had felt the necessity of temporizing, and with this view had written to the king from Carmarthen, declaring that no rebel should land at Milford Haven without walking over his body. This was rather an intemperate style of expression for a man who was influenced only by a cold policy ; and when it was determined by the friends of the earl that he should land at Milford, Sir Rhys was not a little puzzled to determine by what means he could escape with a clear conscience from his engagement. The Bishop of St. David's, however, and other churchmen, prevailed upon him by slow degrees to believe, that there was nothing offensive to the laws of honour and morality in violating an unguarded promise, and sustained by such authority he became an active partisan in the new cause. Having disengaged himself from the spirit of his promise, there was nothing left but to trick himself out of all obligation to its literal signification ; therefore, at the moment of the earl's landing he extended himself quietly upon the ground, and requested him to step over his body. Some accounts deny that he had recourse to this desperate mode of humiliation, and maintain that he merely crept under the arch of a bridge while the earl was passing over. The Welsh give to Sir Rhys the honour of having killed Richard with his own hand ; and as we are perfectly ignorant who did kill him, Sir Rhys may as well have the honour as another man.

Leaving Dale, we committed ourselves again to our boat : we had not advanced far before the wind, which had been gradually abating, died entirely away, and the haven, having no visible outlet, had the appearance of a lake ; and it had all the beauty of a lake in the glassy smoothness of its water, but wanted the bright sedgy margin, and every accompaniment of gracefulness or grandeur in the country on all sides, to give it the full charm of lake scenery. At low water it is bordered by a broad streak of mud, and there is nothing much more pleasing in the banks beyond to divert the eye from this vile de-

formity. Trees will grow under skilful management in situations much more exposed, but the haven seems to be neglected in every way, and doomed to have as little wood on its banks as on its water.

A mile to the north-east of Thorny Island there is a narrow reef of rocks called the Stack, which is elevated considerably above the level of the water, and is steep and abrupt on all sides. The water is deep all round it, and it is not regarded as any serious obstruction in the way of navigation. As we passed it we were amused by the grotesque appearance of some cormorants which were sitting upon the rocks, five or six in a row, as upright as if they stood upon their tails, and with their wings expanded. Their feathers are said not to be quite impervious to the water, and they therefore do not remain long upon it at a time, but frequently return to the rocks and open their wings that they may dry themselves in the sun and air. We had not often seen them in places where they were so liable to interruption, but their choice in this instance was probably governed by the redundancy of food, their greatest of all possible temptations. They are very disgusting birds in their habits, and stink most abominably. After having gormandized till they have no power either to catch or swallow another mouthful, they crawl to a rock, and there sit dozing in a state of stupor, under all the horrors of digestion, and occasionally venting a low, hoarse, half-suffocated croak, which tells of all that they endure. We had seen them in this state, when they were so tamed by their sufferings that nothing could alarm them, neither words nor stones; they seemed to be reduced to that total carelessness of life which is felt by people under the palsy of sea-sickness. When relieved from this burdensome process they are exceedingly lively and energetic, dive after their prey with the rapidity of a dart, and seize upon it with amazing certainty: they emerge from the water with the fish across the bill, twirl it up into the air, open their mouths, and receive it headforemost into their stomachs. As long as there is a fish to be had they pursue this game with the same alacrity, till reaching the borders of suffocation, they again retire to a rock, to sit out the dreary term of digestion. They are large powerful birds, frequently weighing seven or eight pounds: they have a long, sharp, hooked bill; their colour is nearly black.

Ornithologists have described the cormorant as of a stern, sullen character, with a keen penetrating eye, and carrying in his whole deportment the appearance of the wary plunderer, the unrelenting tyrant, and the insatiate glutton*. I know not that he is more chargeable with the sin of tyranny than other sea-fowl: a few herrings more or less make but little alteration in the scale of atrocity; and the gull and others, though their stomachs may not be quite so capacious, pounce upon their prey with the same pitiless eagerness, and devour it with the same unfeeling relish.

* Bewick's Birds.

We landed at the little port of Hubberstone Haikin, and seeing nothing there to detain us returned to Castle Hall, the house of Mr. Rotch, about a mile from the town of Milford, and very agreeably situated on an eminence sloping gently down to the haven. There are some plantations about it, which are in a very thriving condition, and no doubt the same embellishment might be extended to every coast of the haven. We were detained two days at Castle Hall by rain, and spent our time so pleasantly in the society of Mr. Rotch and his family, that we were not unthankful for so good an excuse to our consciences as travellers for our delay. Mr. Rotch was determined that we should feel the benefit of his obliging attentions far beyond the limits of his own house, and on the return of better weather insisted upon furnishing us with a carriage, to take us at our leisure to Cardigan. The carriage was an open car, drawn by a single horse, both admirably framed for a voyage over Welsh hills and roads. We hired a young lad in the neighbourhood, whose recommendations to our service were his skill in driving, and his knowledge of the country; and thus completely equipped, we took leave of our hospitable friends and renewed our journey.

About half an hour after our departure the weather changed, and a heavy rain came on, which obscured all external objects, and left us nothing but the pleasures of imagination. These were soon interrupted by vulgar sense, and we gave a peremptory order to our driver to hasten to the first convenient place of shelter that was at hand, when to our extreme surprise we found that he had been lost for some time, and so hopelessly, that he had been turning to the right and left as the lanes presented themselves, entirely under the direction of chance. He attributed his ignorance to the state of the atmosphere, and felt quite confident that it would be cleared away together with the rain; but he deceived himself, for not a ray of better light came upon him during the whole of our journey to Cardigan.

After being long the sport of the blundering and conflicting directions of passengers whom we met on our road, we finally picked our way into Little Haven, where we found a small public house, but a large fire, and this was more than we expected, and as much as we desired.

In the afternoon the rain subsided, and we strolled to the sea shore, where we beheld a most beautiful effect produced by a new alteration in the weather. There had been a hot, heavy, loitering air from the south during the day; but the wind now suddenly shifted, and blew strongly from the west. We had perceived its approach by a darkening of the distant sea, and we soon felt it cool and fresh in our faces; presently the sun burst forth in the west, and the whole appearance of nature was changed in a moment. The wind freshened rapidly, and as the sea rose the sun shone bright on the top of every wave, which curled and foamed as it swept along, while the great body of the water was in deep shadow. The dark scud was still flying over our heads, and was finely contrasted with the splendour of the west, but in half an hour there was not a cloud to be seen, and all was equally sparkling and brilliant. The effect of this general reanimation was heightened
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by the action of some small brigs and sloops, which had been lying at anchor during the calm, but had now crowded every sail to clear the land. We stood to contemplate this scene till it had lost the charm which first attracted us, its novelty, and then turned our attention to what else there was to be seen at Little Haven. It is a small sandy creek, with no pretensions to the name or quality of a haven, except in the summer time, and in very fine weather, when vessels may venture to ground in it.

Culm, which is procured in large quantities near the spot, is the only article of exportation: the imports depend upon the industry and success of the fishermen, who, together with their families, form the population of the village. We passed the night among them, but were in our car betimes in the morning. The coast to the northward of Little Haven is rugged and rocky; but as the tide was out, we were enabled to pass over the sands to Broad Haven, another creek, of rather more extent, but not with more of the character of a haven. There are a few decent lodging-houses at this place for bathers; but as there was nothing more interesting to remark, we passed on. The coast rises to the northward of this creek, but soon dips again, and continues tame and flat for several miles. The front of St. Bride's Bay is generally bounded by a beach of large rounded stones, which are also strewed in patches over the sands, as far as the tide retires at low water, and seem to strengthen the traditional account of the encroachments of the sea. The irruption is referred back to a very distant antiquity. Giraldus observes, that in his time, after a storm of extraordinary violence the surface of the earth was laid bare, which had been covered for ages with sand, and discovered the trunks of trees with the marks of the hatchet appearing upon them as fresh as if made only yesterday: he further relates, that the road for ships became impassable, and looked not like a shore, but like a grove cut down, *perhaps at the time of the deluge or not long after*. Whether people thought of cutting down trees at the time of the deluge, or how long after that event there were people in St. Bride's Bay, or how soon they used hatchets, it would be equally difficult to determine.

After passing over Newgall Sands, the principal scene of these antediluvian groves, we turned into the road which leads along the coast to St. David's. This artificial way was considerably more rugged than the stony beach which we had occasionally to contend with in our passage over the sands, and we had not advanced many hundred yards before we discovered that our charioteer was not in any degree more trustworthy as a driver than as a guide. We were at length shamed out of our apprehensions of broken bones by the intervention of a turnpike, where we were called upon to pay for our use of a road, which we had very lately determined that nothing but the love of glory should in reason have tempted a man to pass. Hills, hollows, and rocks we found, and had expected to find, but surely nothing was ever so humorously out of place as this turnpike. The manner of making or mending the highways, as it is called, is uniform in all this part of the country, and consists in overturning upon them cart-loads of stones as big as one's head, which,

which, in a track where wheels seldom roll, are never forced down into the earth, but form, as the old woman at the toll-gate observed, a fine hard road.

We rested from our labours at Solva, a small mean town, but in a very romantic situation, at the bottom of a deep, narrow, and serpentine valley opening at the distance of half a mile into the sea, which at high-water flows up to the town. Nearer the sea, on the summit of a hill at the west side of the valley, there are six or eight cottages of rather more decent appearance, and these are called the Upper Town. A little wood on the sides of the hills would make the little valley of Solva, with the sea winding through it, perfectly beautiful; but since the deluge, trees have refused to grow within sight of St. Bride's Bay, and their place is here supplied by furze and fern.

There are a few small coasting vessels belonging to the port, and the harbour affords shelter to vessels driven by stress of weather into the bay; but it is difficult of access, and not to be approached with safety by a stranger. The entrance is very narrow, and has a large detached mass of rock nearly in the centre, which so blocks up the passage, that at a short distance from the land no opening is visible. This rock renders the entrance dangerous, but it acts as a breakwater and protects the interior of the harbour from the force of the sea, so that its services, good and ill, are nearly balanced.

Leaving Solva, we proceeded over a dreary and miserable country to St. David's. We had observed no great vigour of vegetation in any of the inland parts of Pembrokeshire which we had had an opportunity of seeing, but we were now entering upon a region destitute of every charm of nature, and extended around us in unvaried nakedness. It has been represented as in the same state from the most distant times. Giraldus describes it with equal force and fidelity as "*Terra Saxosa, sterilis et infœcunda; nec sylvis vestita, nec fluminibus distincta, nec pratis ornata; ventis solum, et procellis semper exposita.*" In the very heart of this melancholy desert, and within view of a wild and terrible coast, stands the city of St. David's, which, whatever may have been its former extent and condition, is now reduced to a village of the meanest and most wretched description. So mournful a combination of nature and art I never remember to have seen; every object bears the same impression of dismal poverty, whether the eye settles upon the ragged and tattered village, or wanders over the surrounding country, divided by stone walls into large unprofitable enclosures, without one spot of verdure, and with a soil insufficient, on every little eminence, to hide the nakedness and deformity of the rocks.

The ancient buildings are situated in a deep hollow, and no part of them is visible from the village, except the summit of the cathedral tower; but on approaching to the brink of the close, they all burst upon you in one view, and present a very melancholy scene, with some little surviving magnificence, but waste, silent, and forsaken. The most striking, though one of the most ruinous of the remains is the palace, erected by Bishop Gower in the reign of Edward the Third. This building has now no roof, the bare earth is its floor, and every kind of decoration within is utterly destroyed; but a considerable
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part of the walls is still standing, by which we may ascertain its original extent, and gain some idea of the splendour of its architecture. The form was quadrangular. The walls are very lofty, and surmounted all round by a parapet raised on light pointed arches, which are studded with roses, and supported by small octangular columns, with ornamented bases and capitals. This kind of parapet is peculiar to this palace and some others built by the same bishop, and its effect is so singularly beautiful that it is extraordinary that it has never been imitated.

Many of the apartments may still be traced: that called King John's hall, occupying the south side of the quadrangle, is the most remarkable; it is ninety-six feet long, and thirty-three feet wide, lighted by lofty side windows, and by a circular one at the south end, with sixteen radii diverging from a quatrefoil opening in the centre, and most beautifully carved. King John is said to have been entertained in this room on his return from Ireland; but it is supposed erroneously, for King John died before Bishop Gower, its reputed founder, was born. As all the archives of St. David's are lost, this question can never be satisfactorily decided; possibly Bishop Gower did not build the whole of the palace, but simply enlarged it, and added to it the open parapet, which is said to be the peculiar characteristic of his architecture.

The apartments of the bishops were in the east front: their hall was sixty-seven feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and their kitchen, now alas! no more, was on a very large scale, and laid out with that critical attention to convenience which so important a subject deserved. As all the parts and proportions, and all the forms of ornament still distinguishable in this once noble palace, have already been frequently and copiously illustrated, I will not swell the account by a dilated repetition: every succeeding observer may discover in it some new effect of time, but no new traces of its ancient magnificence, and little is gained by merely registering the stages of its decay.

To the north of the palace there are numerous remains of buildings, once the residences of the minor ecclesiastics, but in too dilapidated a state for description. The cathedral, the only building within the close that is not perfectly a ruin, has nothing remarkable in its exterior, the architecture of which is plain, unornamented Gothic. The west front, however, may be particularly mentioned, which has been altered by Mr. Nash in a style of the most barbarous incongruity. The interior is exceedingly solemn and majestic. The nave is separated from the side aisles by grand Saxon arches, richly decorated, and above each of these are two smaller arches extending to the roof, which is of Irish oak, and elaborately carved. The cathedral has been altered and enlarged at different times, and combines great variety in its modes of architecture: the lower arches are entirely Saxon, but in those of the gallery there is a great mixture of Gothic ornament. The nave is the oldest portion of the building, and the most perfect, though it betrays many appearances of neglect and decay: the pavement is broken and irregular, and much of the finest and most delicate kind of decoration on the roof and on the arches is displaced or obtunded.

The



Solva, near St. Davids, Pembrokeshire



View of the entrance to Fishguard, near Goodwych sands

The skreen, supporting the rood-loft in front and separating the nave from the choir, is of Gothic architecture, very irregular, but exceedingly light and elegant. Under the rood-loft are three monuments, which are remarkable for nothing more than their mutilated condition. All the monuments in the cathedral were barbarously defaced during the civil wars by Cromwell and his troops, who not only disfigured their sculpture but obliterated nearly all their inscriptions, so that they are now, in many instances, to be identified only by conjecture. One of those under the rood-loft is ascribed to Bishop Gower, the illustrious founder of the palace, and the others to two individuals, whose inscriptions we may cheerfully dispense with. The choir occupies the area of the tower, which is supported by three immense pointed arches, and a circular one facing the nave, and now walled up above the skreen, though formerly open, and admitting a continued perspective to the eastern extremity of the cathedral. The rich tracery of this arch is still seen figured out upon the blank wall, and has a very singular effect. The roof of the choir is of wood, fantastically painted, and part of the floor is inlaid with a Mosaic pavement, in good preservation, but of no particular beauty. On each side is a range of stalls, with the usual ludicrous and indecent embellishments on the reverses of the seats. St. Andrew's Chapel forms the north, and the Chanter's Chapel the south transept, both very homely buildings, with nothing worthy of notice in them.

In the chancel, which is separated from the choir by a low, open railing, there are some interesting monuments: on the north side is the effigy of the Lord Rhys, Prince of South Wales, one of the greatest names in the history of his country. He is represented in complete armour, with a lion at his head and at his feet, and with a lion rampant on his breastplate. The figure is very little mutilated except about the hands and arms, and is admirably executed. Immediately opposite to it, on the other side of the chancel, is another effigy of similar design, representing Rhys Gryg, son of the Lord Rhys, who does not fill quite so large a space in history: little more is said of him than that he married in the year 1219; died in 1233, and was honourably buried by the side of his father. On the same side, and on the pavement, are the recumbent figures of Bishops Anselm and Iorwerth, the former of whom is distinguished by an inscription to the following effect:—

PETRA, PRECOR, DIC SIC
ANSELMUS EPISCOPUS EST HIC.

There was formerly an inscription in the same style on a flat tomb-stone in the choir, except that an honest Welshman had crept into the couplet in a more mixed costume. It ran thus:—

PETRA, PRECOR, DIC SIC;
MORGANUS AP EYNON, EST HIC.

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In the area of the chancel is the tomb of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, father to Henry the Seventh; it was formerly embellished with an effigy of the earl in brass, with an escutcheon at each corner, and with a long inscription on a brass plate, but all these insignia were pilfered during the civil wars. The tomb is of beautiful marble, dark with white spots, and most brilliantly polished. In the north wall is the once honoured shrine of Saint David, which is remarkable for its simplicity. The lower part consists of a plain tomb, with four quatrefoil apertures in front, in which the offerings were deposited: above this are three Gothic niches, said formerly to have been filled by an illustrious trio, Saint David, Saint Patrick, and Saint Denis.

The side aisles of the chancel are roofless, and yielded up without remorse to the inclemencies of the weather, no care being taken to preserve the monuments or any of the decorations in the interior; a precaution that might be adopted at a very slight expense, and the neglect of which shows a sad lack of taste and feeling. In the south aisle there is a monument under a canopy, with an effigy of a priest, supposed to be Giraldus, but on no certain authority. Under another canopy in the same aisle is the tomb of Silvester, a physician, with the following invidious inscription, which seems to prove that doctors and their patients are much on a par:—

SILVESTER MEDICUS JACET HIC. EJUSQUE RUINA,
MONSTRAT QUOD MORTI NON OBSISTIT MEDICINA.

Bishop Vaughan's Chapel, which stands between the ruined aisles, is a building of exquisite beauty, in the style of highly ornamented Gothic that prevailed at the latter end of the reign of Henry the Seventh. Though surrounded by ruins, it has hitherto escaped all material injury: the roof is of stone, most richly and elegantly sculptured, and in its minutest proportions and finest ridges as fresh and as sharp as if finished but yesterday. In the east wall are two niches of equally varied and delicate workmanship, but not in a state of such perfect preservation.

A small vestibule leads from this chapel to St. Mary's Chapel, which bounds the cathedral to the east. It has no roof, and all the pride of its architecture lies in scattered fragments on the ground. There are some remains of handsome monuments in it, and among others that of Bishop Martin its founder.

There is reason to apprehend that the whole cathedral is rapidly hastening to the ground, for independent of the reckless neglect from which it has long suffered, it is exposed to other and more dangerous sources of decay, from which, perhaps, no care could preserve it. It is built upon a bog, and within these few years has discovered some very alarming symptoms, resulting from this faithless foundation. The north wall leans outwards visibly, but its danger has been observed and attended to, and it is now supported
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by buttresses on the outside, in which form has been so utterly sacrificed to strength, that it is to be hoped they have not been ineffectually applied.

Contiguous to the north side of the cathedral, and formerly connected with it by cloisters, is St. Mary's college, now roofless and in all respects a ruin, though from the fine proportions of the windows, and some ornamental sculpture remaining about them, it appears to have been an elegant building. It was founded by Bishop Martin in the year 1388, who endowed it with 100*l.* per annum. The community consisted of a master and seven priests, who, when the service in the cathedral had fallen into neglect, were appointed to preserve at least some little worship, with instructions to sing at the hours of high mass, and with strict injunctions to avoid that unhallowed luxury and sensuality which had begun to encroach upon the sacred precincts of the close.

A small brook runs between the cathedral and the palace, called the Alan, which has been the scene of more miracles than one. It had, in ancient times, a flat stone laid across it, serving for a bridge, and called Lechlavar, the talking-stone, from having once openly expressed its displeasure at a very heavy indignity offered by some thoughtless wretches who had presumed to carry a corpse over it. This was the only occasion in which it was ever known to have spoken, a circumstance not to be wondered at, for being only a foot in thickness, it cracked in twain with this single effort. Giraldus treats this story as a barbarous superstition of an early and uncultivated age, but is not a little surprised that in his time the river should have flowed with wine.

I have said enough concerning the present mournful condition of St. David's to justify, and indeed make necessary, some account of the great patron-saint, and the rise and decline of his church establishment; but I come so late into this field of observation, and after so many predecessors, that my remarks cannot be very novel, and shall therefore not be very long. Saint David was descended from illustrious parents, his father being no less than Sandde ap Cedig ap Ceredig ap Cunedda Wledig, and his mother, Non, the daughter of Gynyr, of Caer Gawch, a chieftain of Pembrokeshire. This is the most accredited story of his birth, though there are some who introduce him into the world under less favourable circumstances, declaring that he was the fruit of an illicit connexion between a Welsh prince and (*horresco referens*) a vestal virgin. Such an origin might be a misfortune, but was no great scandal to a man so much the founder of his own fame as St. David.

After great preparatory pomp, and much thunder and lightning, he was born in the year 460, and brought up at Old Menapia, a Roman town, whose exact site antiquaries have not resolved upon, though they have agreed that it was at no great distance from the present city of the saint. After receiving a proper education he was admitted into the order of the priesthood, and became a disciple of Paulinus in the Isle of Wight, under whom he studied for ten years. At the conclusion of this period he was dismissed, on the warning of an angel, to preach the word among the Britons, and immediately went forth and exerted himself with equal energy and success: he then returned to his native country,

and settled in the Valley of Roses ; a most unaccountable misnomer Giraldus thinks for a valley of rock, though probably nothing more was intended than those spiritual flowers which made a garden for St. David wherever he trod. He here founded a monastery, and soon collected about him numerous and respectable disciples, who cheerfully obeyed him in all things, though he was very remarkable for the strictness of his rules and the vigour of his authority. The food of his flock was bread and herbs, and their drink water mixed with milk : their clothing was the skins of beasts. They were not permitted to eat the bread of idleness, but addicted themselves to manual labour in the fields, and after their toil retired to their sparing meal, and then to prayer and repentance. No man was allowed to slumber, or sneeze, or spit in church, or to do any thing at any time, however necessary to be done, without previous permission from the saint.

By this rigorous system of discipline St. David gained a high reputation for sanctity ; and having already distinguished himself for his eloquence, he was soon called into a wider field of action, to fight for the cause of the true church against the heretical doctrines of the Pelagians, which had sprung up in force at a time when it was supposed that they had been completely extinguished. For this purpose he attended at a national synod, held at Brevi, in Cardiganshire, and there preached with such cogency that the heresy was at once confuted and overturned. As a reward for this signal service he was exalted, on the resignation of St. Dubricius, to the metropolitan see of Caerleon, which he accepted on condition that it should be translated to the Valley of Roses, a situation to which he was particularly attached, both by its seclusion from all the temptations of luxury, and its security from the invasions of the Saxons. He was moreover influenced in his choice by his reverence for a place that had once been honoured by the presence and preference of St. Patrick, who, after his wanderings in various parts of the world, became so enamoured of this silent and solitary spot, that he determined to devote to it the remainder of his life, and would in all probability have adhered to his determination had not an angel warned him that it was reserved for St. David, not yet born, and pointed out to him the proper scene of his exertions and his brightest fame among the yet untaught sons of Ireland.

Having thus briefly traced St. David to the highest pinnacle of his power, I shall not follow him through any of his miracles, but leave him quietly to the honours of his primacy. The exact time of his death is not known, but he died at a patriarchal age, leaving a name that was the admiration of his country, and as celebrated for its powers of absolving and healing in the more desperate cases of sin and sorrow as that of any saint on the calendar.

Thousands visited his shrine ; the fame of which at length became so exalted that it was decided that two pilgrimages to it were as efficacious as one to Rome, and this appreciation was very candidly confirmed by the pope. The names of kings are recorded among a host of more humble votaries. William the Conqueror, Henry the Second, and

Edward

Edward the First, though such visitors had little to hope from the intercession of a Welsh saint, all knelt at his shrine.

These multiplied pilgrimages were exceedingly beneficial to the see, for all the devotions were paid in hard money, and the accumulation was so immense, that on the weekly division of the gains among the industrious priests they are said to have baffled all calculation, and to have been dealt out in dishes, each receiving at least his dish full of the pious food, and some being helped twice or thrice, according to their rank and appetite.

St. David's, however, was exposed to many terrible calamities from an early period of its history, for as the fame of its wealth became diffused it attracted numerous rapacious invaders to the spot, from whom it had been once hoped that its remoteness would have secured it. In the year 810 it was first sacked and destroyed by the West-Saxons, and from this period to the invasion of Wales by the Normans it suffered from a rapid series of depredations both by Saxons and Danes: in one of their sacrilegious attacks the shrine itself was violated, and in another the bishop murdered. During the primacy of Sampson, the twenty-fifth archbishop, a plague burst out in the diocese, and the mortality became so alarming that the prelate, at the earnest intercession of his clergy, fled from his post, and removed with his pall to Dol, in Normandy, where, on the death of the former dignitary, he was promoted to the bishopric, and in contradiction to the exact rule of right, and the lawful jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Tours, he exercised archiepiscopal authority, and transmitted it to his successors, who long maintained their usurpation. St. David's remained divested of its pall for many years, when Pope Eugenius the Third, taking advantage of its helplessness and nakedness, subjected it to the see of Canterbury, A. D. 1148. Notwithstanding this ungracious act (though, as far as a layman can judge, it appears in the light of no very unjust retribution) the Welsh bishops refused to acknowledge any other head than their old metropolitan church, but were speedily reduced to submission. Henry the First, in the year 1151, gave the last fatal blow to the supremacy of St. David's by appointing Bernard, a Norman, to the episcopacy, in open defiance of the just rights of the suffragans. Bernard was the first foreigner that had ever worn this British mitre, and he soon proved, by gross misconduct, how ill he deserved it. This misconduct is to be accounted for by the simple circumstance of his being a foreigner; he was not attached to the soil by the honest prejudices of his predecessors; he had not the same true and inborn reverence for the saint and the spot where he had lived and preached, but considered himself, in the Valley of Roses, rather as a banished man, and looking upon the rocks around him with a cold, correct eye, saw nothing in them but their nakedness, and panted for nothing but translation. After shamefully wasting the revenues, and alienating the possessions of the see, he completed his sum of injury by resigning its metropolitan privileges, and peaceably acknowledging the supreme jurisdiction of Canterbury.

Though St. David's thus lost all sterling power, it afterwards rose in a form of far
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more external splendour than it had ever assumed in the days of its solid and simple away. In the year 1180, the old cathedral, not more infirm through age than the numerous assaults of pagan invaders, was pulled down, and the present cathedral built by Peter de Leia, the nave of which is supposed still to stand in its original state.

In the reign of Edward the Third Bishop Gower erected his magnificent palace, and many splendid additions were made to the cathedral by various succeeding bishops to the time of Bishop Vaughan, who died in the year 1521, and was the last who contributed towards the ornament of St. David's. No alterations were made after this period but with a view to its destruction.

Bishop Barlow was the first positive plunderer that had appeared within the close since the northern savages: he had five daughters, whom he married to five bishops, giving to each of them a ponderous portion, accruing from the lead which he stripped from the palace. After committing many other depredations, he represented to the proper authorities that the see was in too forlorn and ruinous a state for any remedy but translation, a kind of palliative which Giraldus says was in his time very highly thought of by all Englishmen who were sent to St. David's. The see, however, in spite of all his representations, proved to be immovable; but he succeeded in changing the residence, and fixing it near Caermarthen. The same system of robbery was carried on by several of his successors as long as there was any thing to take, while Cromwell destroyed or mutilated all that was not worth taking, and the buildings were thus reduced to that deplorable condition in which we now see them.

In the accounts of the ancient splendour of St. David's little mention is made of the state of the city without the close, and as there is no vestige of its remains, I think it probable that it was never of any great extent or consideration. When the bishops and their clergy had their residence in the diocese there must have been employment for labourers and artisans, and the town was no doubt at that time more extensive and better appointed than at present; but not by consequence, I think, as some have ventured to conclude, a large and splendid city. The state of government, or rather of anarchy, that prevailed in Wales as long as it retained its independence, did not permit the inhabitants to settle in extended societies; and history proves that the sanctity of St. David's was not sufficient to protect it from the common calamities of the times. The choice of its situation was first determined by its seclusion, and the little temptation which it held out to Saxon invasion; and it is not likely that this advantage should have been immediately sacrificed by the establishment of a large town; nor is it more likely that such a town should have sprung up when the Saxons and other marauders became less active in their depredations, for at that period the wealth and power of the see, the great moving spring, began to decline. Mr. Fenton, a learned antiquary, and born at no great distance from the spot, observes of the present city, that it still conveys to us the outline of its former consequence, and that it is finely situated on a sloping ground. From what I have said

on

on the subject it follows, either that this description is not very fairly applied, or that my Saxon blood has in this instance obtunded my powers of discrimination. The same gentleman remarks, that the city "was regularly laid out and distributed into streets, lanes, and alleys, dignified with names, such as High-street, New-street, Nun-street, Ship-street, *Pitt-street*, Philpot-lane, Whitwell-lane, &c*." Presuming that these "&c." coming at the fag-end of the lanes, having no very comprehensive signification, this illustration does not militate very strongly against my opinion, and indeed attaches to St. David's a modicum of splendour which I am perfectly willing to subscribe to.

The city has at present only one street, which has houses at intervals on each side, and, as I have before said, of the meanest description. The Commercial Inn, which is a structure of late date, may perhaps be considered as an exception, but only as to its exterior, for within there is nothing but poverty, in its usual clothing of dirt. We had an opportunity of judging of these matters with more certainty than we desired, for we were obliged to stay and starve in the neighbourhood for two days. The village is situated on a peninsula near the western extremity of Wales, with the sea at the distance of less than two miles on every side but the east; and as there is no other town or village in any direction but towards the east, there are no roads for cars, and we therefore, by necessity, made our excursion to the adjoining coasts on foot, and then returned to the city.

Following the little river Alan to the south, we arrived at Porthclais, where it meets the sea, winding through a narrow inlet of the same character as Solva, and like it wanting only a sprinkling of wood and brighter vegetation among the rocks to make it a beautiful scene. Porthclais has suffered very materially from the misfortunes of St. David's: it was formerly the port where all the exotic luxuries for the bishop's table were landed, and carried on a brisk trade in these precious materials, but has now only two or three sloops, which import limestone and culm for the use of the neighbourhood. We proceeded from hence to Pen-y-Maen Melin Point, which forms the northern horn of St. Bride's Bay. Opposite to it is Ramsey Island, and further to the westward are some large rocks at considerable intervals from each other, extending nearly in a line for three miles north and south, and called, so it pleased the facetiousness of our forefathers, the Bishop and his Clerks. There is a tremendous race in the sound between Ramsey and the mainland, the tide running eight or nine knots. A fresh wind was blowing against the tide, and the sea curled and broke exactly as if passing over a reef of rocks, and with the same loud and continued roar. The same kind of sea was breaking in a long line about the rocks in the distance, and gave to the whole coast a character of indescribable wildness. The scene both over the land and the sea reminded us of the loneliness and savage sublimity of the Land's-End.

Ramsey is a grand, mountainous island, surrounded by a steep and craggy coast.

* Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire.

It is about two miles and a half in length, and one in breadth, in its broadest part : it has some arable and pasture land, but the produce, like that of all the islands on this coast, is scanty. The herbage is said to be very sweet, and mixed with wild thyme, the effect of which was so beneficial to the *cheese* formerly made on the island that it became celebrated throughout the country, and bore the highest price in the markets. The island has of late years suffered a great and irremediable calamity by the invasion of rats, which ever since their arrival have persevered in a system of such fierce and unrelenting persecution against the rabbits that the race is nearly extinct.

In the early ages of Christianity Ramsey was peopled by saints and monks, who there lived free from all interruption from without, but not always on the most peaceable terms among themselves. The purest spring of water in the island, according to legendary story, spouted up from the spot where the bleeding head of St. Justinian fell when it was struck off by his murderers. He was a native of Britany, but came over to end his days in Ramsey, where he soon became celebrated for his sanctity ; but was so intolerably harsh in the exercise of his authority that his disciples rose in rebellion and cut off his head. All the atonement that was possible was made to him for this barbarous act by burying him in the same tomb with St. David.

Our course from Pen-y-Maen Melin Point lay to the northward, along a coast not lofty, but rocky and steep, and fretted by the violence of the tides into an endless variety of forms. The country to our right was gloomy and desolate, with no traces of cultivation or the care of man except stone walls, and most of these were in ruins. Our view to the north was bounded by St. David's Head, a majestic crag which towers far above every other part of this melancholy region, and is covered at the summit with vast piles of grey rock. We paused at St. Justinian's chapel, the only one which now remains of many that were formerly scattered about the coast, most of them dedicated to saints, and forming little subsidiary corners of grace for those who were not satisfied with the single intercession of St. David. They were all situated near the creeks and landing-places at the sea-side, to court the devotion of seamen before they trusted themselves to the sea, or when they returned in safety from it. The offerings at these outposts were added to those in the great depot of the cathedral, and filled many a dish for the Saturday night's supper of the priests*. St. Justinian's chapel was built by Bishop Vaughan : the roof is destroyed, but the walls remain, from which it appears to have been a plain building, more for use than show.

About a mile to the northward of the chapel we entered upon a sandy tract, called the Burrows, with nothing very interesting on the surface, but with abundance of food for curiosity beneath it. On the morning of the 28th of June, 1808, two antiquaries started from St. David's to find out the old Roman city of Menapia, but not discovering, after a

* History of the Welsh Cathedrals, by Browne Willis.

most arduous search, a single vestige above ground, they agreed, on the most mature deliberation, that it lay buried under the sand of the Burrows, immediately above a sandy bay, bounded to the north by St. David's Head. This certainly may have been its situation, but it seems scarcely necessary to have had recourse to any extraordinary effort of nature for its destruction, seeing that the modern Menapia has been so little able to withstand the common casualties of time. The invasions of the Saxons and the Danes, so frequently directed against St. David's, appear fully adequate to account for the disappearance of Old Menapia. But the question is more within the province of the spade than any other mode of research, and I leave it to those who have ardour and industry enough to dig through it.

We ascended to the summit of St. David's Head, which rises in a lofty peak, about a quarter of a mile from the extreme point of the cape, and from thence had a magnificent view over the sea, stretched out in boundless extent on every side but the east. In St. Bride's Bay to the south, and in the channel to the north, it appeared, from the eminence on which we stood, to be perfectly smooth; but to the west it was "raging white," and rebounding from the rocks in columns of foam. We had likewise a view of considerable extent over the land, but could see no boundary to its barrenness. We were now at the verge of the peninsula which forms the most western part of Wales, projecting eight miles into the sea from the line of coast on each side of it. Its breadth at the eastern extremity is about six miles, but it tapers gradually towards the west, and at the opposite extremity is scarcely three miles across. Its complete exposure accounts for its sterility, but whether this might in any degree be reclaimed by a skilful system of agriculture is yet to be tried.

Among the masses of rock that are scattered about St. David's Head it is said that there are some Druidical remains, and certainly no place could be more in harmony with the gloomiest rites of superstition. As we descended we looked narrowly for some of these remains, but nature has been so bountiful to this mountain in the covering of rocks, and so various in her arrangement of them, that we feared to trust our judgment in deciding between her works and those of the Druids. We saw no cromlechs, nor any other structure self-evidently artificial, though in this chaos of rocks there may have been some which escaped our observation. We walked for a few miles to the eastward of St. David's Head without meeting any thing remarkable, a circumstance indeed which might have occurred to us in other parts of the world, and then returned to St. David's.

As we understood that there was some intricacy in the roads leading from hence, we determined to take a guide, for our young driver had by this time honestly enough to confess that such an assistant was not altogether superfluous. Neither man nor boy could be found in the village for this service, but a young strapping girl was introduced to us, who looked fully equal to the task of being not only a guide but a protector. Our gallyantry felt a little alarmed at the idea of permitting a woman to trudge before us, but our scruples

scruples on this account were soon overruled by our landlord, who assured us that we were relieving her from a much more laborious employment, and at a considerable advance of wages. She could not speak a word of English; but as we required in her nothing more than a finger-post, we did not consider this as an objection. The Welsh women are all remarkably healthy, and have an appearance of immense strength. They are generally short, but very broad, and contain perhaps more square feet than the tallest of the sex: a file of female infantry in Wales would, I imagine, cover as much ground as an equal number of men from any regiment in the service. In Pembrokeshire they are particularly distinguished for their plumpness, which is said to result from the mild and wholesome temperature of the climate. In the hundred of St. David's an apothecary could never, with all his exertions, support himself by his profession; and it was thought necessary to attach some ecclesiastical preferment to the practice of physic, in order to induce a medical gentleman to settle in this inhospitable district*.

We travelled over a dreary tract of eight miles from St. David's to Abercastle, a small village, where there was just enough of life and action to diversify the dullness of our way, but little that is worthy to be reported. The sea flows up to the village through a narrow creek, which affords a harbour for small vessels. The entrance is between lofty and precipitous cliffs, which present a very grand display of jagged rocks. On the east side there is a small island with a mound of earth on the summits, called the Grave of Sampson's Finger. To mention nothing but the name of this singular tumulus is, I acknowledge, very unsatisfactory, but it is all that is known on the spot, and I merely give it as a clue to conjecture.

We remained but a short time at Abercastle, and in our journey from thence to Fishguard we observed nothing that requires particular notice. The general appearance of the inland country was still cold and bald; but we occasionally saw a field of corn, which if it did not yield much of the picturesque, at least gave a comfortable promise of quartern loaves. The want of trees and verdure has not the same mournful effect immediately on the coast as in the interior: we are not accustomed to these ornaments on the coast, and they give way to a new order of scenery, possessing many charms in compensation. If the land be not embellished with vegetation it is infinitely diversified in its outline, and with the rocks in all their fantastic detail, and the majestic sea spotted with ships and boats, constitutes a scene that is always interesting.

The road by which we entered Fishguard was of a ruder kind than any that we had yet passed, and was only to be transcended by the streets of the town, which, as I have since found, are proverbially bad: "as rough as Fishguard streets," is an hyperbole frequently employed in describing the most impracticable roads about the country. The town is considered as the most extensive and populous of any in the county, excepting

* Manby's History of St. David's.

Haverford West, and in some of its departments is just struggling into improvement, and rising above those prejudices against cleanliness and decent order, which, if former tourists have not done it injustice, once reigned despotic over the whole place. It is only in one street that this infant reformation is visible, and in that only partially. The most imposing object here is the inn, where we were very well accommodated in every respect. We had been warned by our itinerary to fortify ourselves against the worst, and therefore were likely to attach an undue value to common advantages; but I am still inclined to think that we met with more comfort and cleanliness in this little inn than in any other which we visited in Wales. These are rather diminutive remarks, but they are a tribute of justice to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the innkeepers at Fishguard, and may serve to chronicle the march of civilization. Adjoining the inn is a shop, the only one of any account which I noticed in the town, but which is itself an emporium for every thing you want. Mr. Williams is the proprietor of this miscellaneous and well-stocked repository, and in short I consider him as quite the Peter the Great of the place.

In the other streets the inhabitants are more tenacious of their prescriptive rights, more obstinate in their scruples on the question of reform, and have not yet sacrificed their dunghills to any fanciful system of innovation—probably these are old sober people, who are settled in their opinions, or at least unwilling to do any thing in a hurry, and wish to see the effect of change upon their neighbours under a longer course of experience before they venture to follow the example.

The church, as is not unfrequent in Wales, is one of the meanest and dirtiest buildings in the town: it has no spire, nor any other distinction to denote its character except the burying ground, which adjoins the market-place, and is made the common dunghill for the multifarious refuse of fish, flesh, and vegetables. People may perhaps be as ardent and honest in their devotions here as in a cleaner place, but there is something very offensive to common feeling in this irreverent treatment of religious buildings, and from which a foreigner at least might be disposed to draw some very harsh conclusions. There is a meeting-house for Baptists, and another for Jumpers, who form the largest portion of the population, which amounts to about two thousand.

The town is built on a lofty eminence, immediately above the sea, and the airiness of its situation has prevailed over its aggregate of filth, and taken from the inhabitants one motive to cleanliness by permitting them to enjoy their dirt in uninterrupted health. There is a road cut in the rock down the front of the cliff, forming a desperate kind of descent, which leads to the harbour. Here, at the water's edge, is a lower town, consisting of twenty or thirty houses, inhabited by fishermen and other seafaring people, who, I think, are disposed to side with the reformists. The upper town is seen to great advantage from the bottom of the hill, and we were amazingly struck with the romantic rudeness of its situation, with which it corresponds most harmoniously in all its parts. There is a beauty in expediency, but there is likewise a beauty in the reverse; and the palpable

inconveniences and uncouthness of this town, and the rugged pass leading to it, would, in my opinion, judging merely as a looker on, be ill exchanged for parallel streets and turn-pike roads. There is a double view of most things: the first impression of Fishguard is that of a surprise, and an agreeable one; nor is it till one sits down soberly and honestly to declare whether the town is ill or well built, or clean or dirty, that any of those disagreeable details present themselves, which I have already commemorated.

The harbour is formed by the estuary of the river Gwyn, and, excepting Milford Haven, is infinitely the best that we had yet seen on the Welsh coast. Unlike most harbours at the mouths of rivers, it has no bar, and is entirely free from all other obstructions. It is capacious and easy of access, and has abundance of water for coasting vessels of the largest class. The entrance is nearly four hundred yards wide. It is situated in the farthest recess of a deep bay, the shores of which protect it from every wind but the north and north-east, and this exposure might be very readily obviated by the construction of a pier. Almost all the harbours on the Welsh coast are so blocked up by sand or obstructed by rocks that the bay and harbour of Fishguard are of the utmost importance to all vessels navigating St. George's Channel; and their importance has been so well understood, that, in the year 1790, the Board of Admiralty appointed a gentleman, Mr. Spence, to make a survey of them, and an estimate of the expenses that would be required for the erection of a proper pier. The survey was made, and the expenses were estimated at 14,785*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.* but nothing further was done, and the harbour has at present only a very small pier, which is utterly inadequate to its protection. Numerous wrecks, particularly of vessels from Ireland, occur along this line of coast, and are attributed to the circumstance of there being no secure harbour to the northward of Milford Haven for which vessels can run, if prevented by strong southerly winds from getting round St. David's Head and the Smalls, when bound to that port. The natural advantages of Fishguard bay and harbour, and their capability of improvement, are very clearly made out by Mr. Spence, and as I think they cannot be too often insisted upon, I have no hesitation in quoting them in his words. "Were a proper pier made at Fishguard, all ships in the south part of the Irish Channel, when forced by gales of southerly or westerly winds to bear away for a harbour, might safely run for Fishguard Road, when they cannot fetch Milford; and the packets from Waterford would have the peculiar advantage of the choice of two ports to put into as the wind would serve; for if it blew so strong from the south as to make it difficult to reach Milford, they could easily run up St. George's Channel, and put into Fishguard. To give a general idea of the situation of Fishguard Bay and its advantages; it lies within the Irish Channel, and is the next northernmost place of safety to Milford Haven, of course the nearest road for ships outward bound, who cannot get round St. David's Head and the Smalls; nor is there any place besides that large vessels can safely run for except Studwall's Road, which is seventeen leagues farther to the northward or to leeward. But Fishguard Road is also sheltered from southerly and south-east winds, whereas Studwall's Road

Road is not; and should the wind suddenly shift to the north-eastward, while they are in Fishguard Bay, so as to make their lying there dangerous, they have only to run into the proposed pier at Fishguard, where they will be safe from all winds and weather. The extent of Fishguard Bay, from east to west, is about three miles, and from north to south about one mile and three quarters, and the general depth of water is from thirty to seventy feet, according to the distance from the shore, which is bold all round. The quality of the bottom all over the bay is sand, mixed with mud a little below the surface, which holds well, so that ships of the largest size may anchor in all parts of it with south-east, southerly and westerly winds in perfect safety."

The trade of Fishguard is not very extensive: its exports are supplied by the farmers of the neighbourhood, and consist principally of oats; its imports are coal, culm, limestone, timber, and a few other materials for the use of the town and the surrounding country. It has no manufactures of any kind, the occupations and the rewards of fishing and smuggling having through a long succession of generations satisfied the moderate ambition of its simple inhabitants. The latter business is, I understand, on the decline; but fishing continues to be the chief support of the town. The bay is well stored with turbot, soles, and other excellent fish; but the people are careless of this choicer game, and give their whole attention to the herrings. They do not cure any for exportation, the demand of the town and the neighbouring villages being fully equal to the whole supply.

Fishguard is a town of considerable antiquity; but it is not the more interesting on that account, for I find nothing of early story connected with it that is in any degree more impressive than its present business of catching and eating herrings. An event of late occurrence recommends it more powerfully to the notice of the traveller: it was close to Fishguard that fourteen hundred French troops landed under General Tate, and we of course felt some curiosity in hearing all the particulars of the invasion from people who were eye-witnesses to it, and who could point out to us the places rendered memorable by the operations of the enemy. We were as much as possible made actors in the living scene, by having all its parts unfolded to us in the order and in the places in which they successively happened; but they are scarcely of sufficient importance to have any effect in description. It was in the morning of the 20th February, 1797, that the people of the town discovered three large ships approaching the coast; and as the weather was perfectly calm, they at first imagined them to be Liverpool merchantmen about to bring up till the return of a breeze. As they drew nearer, however, they were made out to be men of war, and the strangeness of their conduct immediately raised a suspicion of their design. When within about a mile of the land they 'laid to,' the troops began to descend from their sides into the boats, and there was no longer a doubt that they were enemies, and that their purpose was invasion. The terror that ensued upon this discovery was great and universal; it soon magnified the numbers of the invaders into ten times more than the number of vessels in sight could have transported, and fixed a general persuasion that they could not
possibly

possibly have any other object than to murder every living creature in the land. Thus assured, the people all hurried away to the hills and concealed themselves among the rocks and furze brakes, and before the enemy had reached the shore every house in Fishguard was deserted.

The French landed about two miles to the eastward of the east point of Fishguard Bay, on a most rugged and impracticable shore, which one should have supposed to have been sufficiently defended by nature against all power of invasion. It was not without difficulty that we descended down the steep and slippery cliff to the rocks below; yet up these heights the French, though weakened by long fasting and the fatigues of a sea voyage, dragged all their stores and ammunition, and by midnight had fixed their camp on a small plain above. Men in a better condition would never have made their attempt on such a spot, but these were in a state of desperation; they had been for some time on an allowance of provisions scarcely sufficient to support life, and the first sight of land and its promise of relief gave them extraordinary spirits and power.

From the moment of their landing to that of their surrender they acted without system of any kind, and found themselves encamped in a hostile country before they had fixed their intentions or formed their plans. If they had marched directly to Fishguard they would have found the houses empty to receive them, nor in the first confusion created by their appearance was there any thing to have prevented their penetrating much farther into the country. But they probably foresaw the certainty of their ultimate fate before they left their ships, and were unwilling to exasperate the country against them by a useless trespass. Their first consideration was to satisfy their hunger, and for this purpose they divided themselves into small parties, and *guttèd* all the cottages of a little village called Lanwnda, at a short distance from their camp. We were conducted, in the proper order of events, to the first house which was invaded, and which, being the largest and most opulent of the village, furnished an extraordinary supply: among other articles were eight geese and eight pounds of butter, which the party boiled up together, and several of them feasted on this mixture so intemperately that they died in consequence of their excess. These facts were communicated to us by various people of the neighbourhood, and were ascertained, we were informed, by the confession of some of the party concerned who survived this terrible stew.

The French on this occasion, saving their reckless waste of the poultry, did not commit any wanton barbarities; and though they did not leave a meal for a mouse in any house which they visited, yet they destroyed nothing which they could not eat. How the General disposed of himself during this memorable night I am not informed, but he does not appear to have taken any great concern in his proper business, or at least he concerned himself with very little effect. When the morning dawned no preparations had been made for the advance of his troops, nor were any evidences shewn that they had any design in their visit to Great Britain. The people of Fishguard, finding themselves so
long

long unmolested, began to resume their courage, and at this period of the transactions a feat of heroism is recorded which is still looked upon in the neighbourhood, and not unjustly, as the most signal that occurred in any stage of the invasion. It relates to an old woman, who imagining that she had little to fear from invaders, and impelled by a strong feeling of curiosity, wandered from the town, that she might have a nearer view of the enemy; in about an hour she returned, and to the utter astonishment of the inhabitants, in company with a French soldier whom she had taken prisoner, and who had been found willing to exchange his liberty for a promise of food and shelter.

In the course of this day a regular force was collected to oppose the enemy, consisting of fencibles and a troop of cavalry, but not amounting to more than seven hundred men. Lord Cawdor put himself at their head and marched boldly forwards, followed at a little distance by a large body of women, all anxiously trembling for their husbands, fathers, and brothers. The French were now in motion, and were seen winding in single file down a rugged hill, and bending their course towards Fishguard. They halted on Goodwich Sands, a fine level plain, distant a little more than a mile from the town: the British troops were almost within musket-shot on some heights above, and a bloody and desperate struggle was anticipated, when the affair was suddenly and most unexpectedly terminated by the unconditional surrender of the French. It is confidently asserted, that the cause of their yielding to so inferior a force was this: the women in the rear were all clad, according to the custom of the country, in red woollen shawls, called Whittles, and these, together with their black beaver hats, gave them not only a masculine but a very martial appearance; the French mistook them for a reserve of troops, and immediately gave up the contest in despair.

The prisoners were all confined in the church of Fishguard, the only place in which they could be properly secured, and from whence there was not the slightest apprehension of their taking away any thing valuable. They were soon removed to other quarters, and departed without leaving any traces of serious injury in any one scene of their hostilities; an extraordinary circumstance in the history of an invading army, and particularly of an army of Frenchmen. They left, however, a very strong impression on the minds of the people, who considering themselves, in spite of their late escape, as a devoted race, were long subject to continual alarms, and invariably regarded all strangers as enemies coming for the express purpose of plotting some new and more effectual attack. Thus, at least, the fact has been represented by several successive tourists, who have complained of having marched through life without any stain upon their patriotism but of driving into Fishguard under the horrible stigma of being spies. These fears and jealousies of the country must either have been exaggerated or have subsided; for though we were seen prying about the neighbourhood under very suspicious appearances, making the coast the peculiar object of our attention, and with pencils and paper visibly in our possession, yet we had not the least reason to conclude that we were looked upon as traitors.

Goodwich Sands, independent of the space which they occupied in the story of the invasion, presented some other matter of attraction to our notice. At the north end of them, and near the base of a high and rocky cape, called *Penainglâs*, which forms the western point of Fishguard Bay, there is a pretty little village with a sprinkling of wood about it, a phenomenon in this part of the world, in itself quite a feast for curiosity. The trees are sheltered by the high land from the west wind, and the same kind skreen extends its protection to some small gardens, which are notorious for bringing forth earlier cabbages than any other nursery round the country, and on this account have been styled, in the bold language of a native author, the Battersea of Fishguard. The place did not suggest to our eyes an image of so much luxuriance, and yet all that there was of vegetation was fully enforced by the contrast of the rude hills rising up in horrid nakedness immediately behind. But though we owned nothing that could reasonably remind us of Battersea, yet we were by no means insensible to the fair pretensions of Goodwich: the cottages and the patches of gardens, and the small account of foliage, were all so nicely disposed and blended and so happily relieved by the rugged and overhanging rocks, that I do not remember to have seen any thing of coast scenery more strikingly beautiful and romantic.

The village is tenanted by fishermen, but owes its principal dwelling-house and the embellishment of its best plantations to an individual who settled here some years ago, with a view, as he professed, of escaping from the cares and noise of public life: but care soon found him out in his retreat in the form of a posse of custom-house officers, who very barbarously, as the neighbours asserted, broke in upon his privacy, because he had thought proper to enliven it by carrying on, in a quiet way, a little trade in smuggling. Since this event the house has remained empty, but still offers a happy retreat to any one who can make privacy, a sea prospect, and fresh herrings, the sole articles of his happiness, without interfering with contraband practices.

The fishermen have a small harbour for their boats, defended by a rude pier, and both the pier and the boats contribute not a little to the general sum of the picturesque. The herrings had just appeared on the coast, and since the French appeared there, Goodwich, perhaps, had never exhibited a scene of more bustle and anxiety than at the time of our visit. The success of the herring season is of the utmost importance to the people, for herrings form a material part of their subsistence throughout the year. On the first appearance of a shoal the interest of the country round is immediately alarmed, and on the morning of the first night of adventure, the returning boats are hailed by an impatient crowd on the strand, and the number of herrings caught by John Morgan's or William Jones's boat are noised about the country with as much eagerness as the news of an *Extraordinary Gazette*. The herrings usually appear on this coast at the latter end of August, and the season lasts for a month or five weeks.

On leaving Fishguard we proceeded for some time without finding any thing to keep attention awake, except the badness of our road; and every mile that we advanced was
certainly



Goodwych Pier, near Fishguard, Pembrokeshire



View near Aberystwith, Cardiganshire

certainly no mean triumph of our spirit, patience, and perseverance. There was no other road open to us but the main road communicating between Fishguard and Cardigan, which one might have expected to find in a little better order; but the economy of the highways is yet but a novel study in this part of the world, where, as indeed is the case in other places, and in affairs of greater moment, matters of general and palpable convenience have to struggle for some time longer with the scruples of prescriptive indolence or resolute ignorance. One might possibly convince those who have the charge of these concerns that their mode of mending the roads is a bad one, but the day is not yet arrived when they can be moved to alter it. This same kind of complaint has been renewed at intervals by tourist after tourist, each of whom has once in his life stumbled and grumbled over the same ground, and we who bring up the rear in this line of march have at least as good a chance of stumbling and as fair a pretence for grumbling as he who led the way.

After travelling for about an hour we quitted our car, and proceeded by a road not to be approached in a car to the summit of Dinas Head, which forms the eastern point of Fishguard Bay, and terminates in a vast and terrific precipice. From hence we had a very grand view of the deep crescent of the bay, girded by a lofty, rocky, and undulating coast: Goodwich was directly opposite to us, and though the softer parts of its scenery, the trees and the gardens, were not distinguishable, its white cottages niched in the cliff, with the sea at their base and the rocks rising above them, had a very striking effect.

Returning to our car we continued our journey, still without meeting any thing to disturb us out of our road, till we came in sight of Newport, a small town situated in a valley, with some wood scattered about it, from which it derives an air of warmth and comfort not shared in many parts of this rude and desolate country. A distant view of the town is most to its advantage; for on entering its street, the first and irresistible impression is of its exceeding filthiness. We observed before almost every door in the place a miscellaneous accumulation of refuse, in a formal dunghill, protected by a stone wall, so that the provident inhabitants had really calculated on cherishing these reservoirs of rotteness. We had travelled enough not to be surprised at seeing people sinking into dirt through a mere indolent acquiescence, but we had really never before seen it made so much a matter of sober choice and design. If there had been no dirt without the pale of these regular sinks, if all that was offensive had been collected before each door in a focus of filth, a passing traveller might not have had much reason to complain; but the street of the town proved in its whole length that this was by no means the case. Each individual had his dunghill; but independent of these little plots of private property, there was a great and general depot, extending from one end of the town to the other. These are not very elegant topics of remark, but they fall naturally within the scope of my duty as a traveller and an observer; if I had omitted these facts, I must have passed by the town altogether without notice, for, in its present circumstances, I observed no other subjects for comment.

I obtruded my nose into the interior of several of the houses, but here nothing new presented itself; and were I to proceed to details, they could be of nothing but dirt.

The small river Nevern flows near the town, and a quarter of a mile below it falls into Newport Bay. It is not navigable for any kind of craft, but at its mouth forms a small harbour, though so exposed that it is seldom resorted to. A dangerous bar extends completely across the bay, which is passable only at high water. The scenery of Newport Bay is less grand and picturesque than that of Fishguard: a bold headland, called Ceibwr, forms its eastern point, and the vast Dinas its western point; but the interval between these boundaries is filled up by a flat sand.

At the period of the Norman conquests and dominion in Wales, Newport was a station of importance, and the capital of a Lordship Marcher, a title given to certain districts in Wales taken by right of force and plunder from their lawful proprietors. Robert Fitzhamon and his twelve knights, in the reign of William the Conqueror, were the first who, with no other title but that of power, carved out for themselves estates in South Wales; and their success captivated such a host of imitators, that in the course of a century almost every county in Wales included a Lordship Marcher. The preliminaries to these acts of usurpation were settled without much ceremony. A Norman adventurer petitioned the king of England that he might keep all such lands in Wales as he could win, and the king seeing that he should lose nothing by his consent, and that he might reward or secure a favourite by it, and likewise promote his own designs in the subjection of Wales, very readily accorded it. The lessee of this act of grace had then a clear course before him: the scruples of the right owners or the suggestions of justice and honesty were but light impediments; and if he had but strength sufficient, there was nothing else wanting to confirm him a Lord Marcher. It was necessary to the consummation of this title that he should acquire his territory at his own expense, and with his own private forces, the king giving nothing but his consent. If he was successful, his conquest was absolutely his own, and he reigned over it with the authority of a sovereign prince.

Possessions obtained on such principles were not very easily maintained; and the history of Wales for several centuries is filled with acts of tyranny and oppression on the part of the Normans, and violent, but ineffectual, opposition on the part of the Welsh. The latter never combined with all the power and resources of their country in one steady and determined resistance, but burst out into occasional ebullitions of resentment, which expended themselves in a few sudden and furious blows, but had no effect on their enemies than that of putting them upon their guard, and provoking them to a more oppressive exercise of their authority. The chieftains of Wales were too much engaged in adjusting their own personal disputes, and in reconciling the discordant interests of their own ill-constructed government, to give their attention with proper constancy and combination to their foreign invaders, who owed to this diversion in their favour, at least

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as much as to their own energy and skill, their permanent establishment in the country. I know not that the general sum of misery in Wales was much increased by the invasion of the Normans; for the inhabitants, from the earliest period of their known history, were always fighting amongst themselves from one end of the kingdom to the other, and on the arrival of their foreign enemies, their disputes were not multiplied, but divided, and they had occasionally an opportunity of indulging their rooted disposition to arms, without the sin and shame of shedding each others blood. But little as they had that was worth contending for in the frame of their constitution, the love of liberty was certainly never more signally displayed by any people than by the Welsh; and though their exertions were too ill combined and directed to make any serious impression on their enemies, yet in spite of failure after failure, they renewed them with a spirit and activity that were unconquerable. The principle one cannot but admire, though instant submission had been better than this protracted and unavailing resistance, by which they had no prospect of effecting their deliverance, and which contributed only to support their liberty through the struggles of a lingering death.

The conqueror of Cemaes, a district of great extent, and of which Newport formed a part, was Martin de Tours, who exerted the same tyranny and experienced the same opposition as his cotemporary usurpers, and like them still preserved his ascendancy. He transmitted his power and possessions to his son Nicholas, who maintained them with equal success, and delivered them down to his son William. This knight married a daughter of the Lord Rhys, and by this family compact at once compromised all differences: the people submitted and owned the authority of their new masters, of course reserving to themselves that right of occasional plunder which they impartially extended to their own countrymen. The Lord Rhys, whom Welsh historians combine to call the only safeguard and the truest friend of his country, does not appear to be exactly justifiable on strict principles of patriotism, in thus sacrificing the liberties of his people to considerations of family aggrandizement; but one is willing to admit any thing that bears the shadow of an apology for the actions of a high and distinguished character, and may therefore believe that in this instance the prince gave up his pride to policy, and conciliated a part of his enemies by concession, that he might employ his power with more weight against the remainder.

Newport was the principal seat of residence of the Lords Marchers of Cemaes, and still bears some traces of this distinction in the fragments of a castle, which stand on the summit of a high and steep knoll at the eastern extremity of the town. They are too much disfigured for any one, not well acquainted with the principles of architecture in Norman castles, to make out any thing like regular forms and proportions, but they still retain something of majesty about them, which is well set off by their situation. They command the whole length of the town or street, not indeed a very imposing perspective, but terminated at the other extremity by the sea; and a dark, rugged, and stony mountain,

tain, called Carn Englyn, rises abruptly to the south, and forms a very magnificent background. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Newport is reported to have been in a very thriving condition, and to have carried on an extensive trade in woollen manufactures, but its prosperity was suddenly interrupted by a dreadful mortality, which burst out in the town and reduced it to a desert. The people who escaped the disease quitted their habitations and fled to Fishguard, which, in consequence of its more elevated and airy situation, remained untainted. Newport never recovered from the effects of this calamity; but if dirt is a source of pestilence, it flourishes in its present state of obscurity most miraculously.

As the carriage road from Newport to Cardigan lies at a considerable distance from the sea, we made an excursion on foot, that we might obtain a view of the coast, but were not very amply repaid for our trouble. On a peninsula, bounded on the west side by Newport Bay, and on the east by Aberkibor Bay, a well chosen situation for those who lived in a land of enemies, many of the Norman leaders who had assisted Martin de Tours in his conquest of Cemaes fixed their places of residence. This circumstance was not known to us when we were on the spot, which retained nothing externally to provoke our enquiries; many of the names of these ancient mansions have survived, but their places are now filled by ordinary farm-houses, whose inhabitants were probably as ignorant as ourselves that they and their cows and pigs were fattening on the same ground where once dwelt the warlike followers of Martin de Tours. From the extreme point of the peninsula we had a view of the coast to the eastward, in long perspective, as far as Cemaes Head, a huge promontory, far advanced and towering above every other eminence. A line of naked cliffs is extended between this headland and the spot where we stood, but not equal in ruggedness and grandeur to many parts of the coast of Pembrokeshire which we had already seen. There is no other town to the eastward of Newport on this coast, nor any other object to recompense attention: we therefore declined pursuing a circuitous and uninteresting track along shore to Cardigan, and, returning to Newport, continued our journey by the shortest road. As we advanced the country occasionally assumed an appearance of more cheerfulness and cultivation than we had observed of late, and a tree became an object of less surprise to us; but there was little of picturesque beauty, and indeed nothing that any one would have paused to remark whose eyes had not been, like ours, accustomed for some time to scenes which wanted the most ordinary recommendations of nature. Our road lay over some very long and steep hills, but was not quite so rugged as that which we had lately passed, and we were permitted to arrive at Cardigan, and fulfil a journey of at least sixty miles, on one pair of wheels, certainly not the least memorable circumstance of our achievements during the last five or six days.

Cardigan stands on the north bank of the Teivi, which here divides the counties of Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire. There is a handsome bridge over it, which forms an imposing entrance into the town, and which on our approach raised expectations in its
favour

favour that a nearer acquaintance at once overruled. Though the county town, and probably justifying this rank by a due degree of superiority over every other town in the county, yet it offers very little for comment. The main street contains a few decent houses, is well paved, and has altogether a creditable appearance: but these simple recommendations do not extend to any other part of the town. Although I have felt every disposition to judge with candour, my remarks on Welsh towns have hitherto not been very flattering; and it may be imagined that I am ridiculously fastidious, and that I have left the metropolis with some of its best streets fresh in my recollection, which I make my standards of comparison throughout my travels. But I am not quite so unconscionable; and though, like all other travellers, I may be occasionally liable to little obliquities of judgment which are not to be controlled, yet the circumstances which produce them will as often incline me to a too favourable as to a too unmerciful decision. It is necessary to have some fixed criterion in the mind in order to preserve one's ideas of excellence from confusion, or absolute perversion; but it is difficult in a long chain of comparison to keep this criterion firm in its just proportions, and good and bad will appear with an undue degree of advantage or disadvantage, according to the succession in which they are seen. In other words, I had not forgotten Portland Place when I entered Cardigan; but Fishguard and Newport were more immediately and freshly in my recollection, and had, no doubt, some effect on my opinion.

The best building in the place is the gaol, which stands at the northern extremity of the town, and gives an air of some consequence to the entrance in this direction. It was built after the design of Mr. Nash, and seems in all its departments to be well contrived for the health and comfort of the prisoners.

Cardigan is a town of great antiquity, or rather occupies the place of a town of antiquity, and being in the ancient divisions of Wales a frontier town, it was of the highest importance as a military post, and was very often distinguished as the scene of action both in the contests between the rival princes of the country, and in their struggles with their foreign enemies. There are still some remains of its castle, but they are very trifling, and serve only to identify the ground on which it stood. No mention is made of a fortress on this spot in the Welsh Chronicle till the year 1155, when the Lord Rhys, apprehending an attack from Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, is said to have built a castle at Aberteivi, the British name of Cardigan, for the defence of his frontier. It is probable, however, that the Normans, who had made incursions in this part of the country long before this period, were the first who erected a castle here, and that it was merely repaired or garrisoned by the Lord Rhys. There is no reason to believe that the Welsh at this time had the art of building castles; if they had, they would certainly have employed it more generally, and not have allowed the whole line of their coast to be usurped by the fortresses of their enemies. This, indeed, is reasoning against the positive affirmation of the Welsh historian; but 'levelled with the ground,' and 'built,' are forms of expression in the history of castles,

castles, so indiscriminately employed in describing all degrees of damage and renovation, that they are not to be construed in their strictest signification, in contradiction to common reason and probability.

In the year 1158, Roger de Clare, a Norman chief, having, through the liberality of Henry the Second, gained permission to plunder in Wales, invaded Cardigan with an army, and among other acquisitions secured Aberteivi, and fortified the castle. The Prince Rhys represented the injustice of these aggressions to the king, but not being able to gain any other redress than smooth words and courtly smiles, and not considering these as a sufficient indemnification for the loss of his lands, he resolved to fix his own measure of retaliation, and entering Cardigan, destroyed the castle, which had lately been taken or erected by his enemy. He could not, however, destroy its principle of reproduction, which indeed was rendered more active by the very means employed to repress it. The eras of its restoration are not so regularly marked as those of its downfall, but they probably followed each other in certain and rapid succession; for whenever or by whomsoever it is destroyed, on the breaking out of any new dispute, we always find it in its place, and ready to be knocked down again.

In the year 1165, King Henry, being bitterly incensed at the presumption of the Lord Rhys in daring to covet what it had pleased his Majesty to take away, prepared to chastise him; and having received an outrage of a similar description from David, the son of Owen Gwyneth, Prince of North Wales, he determined to punish both offenders by one blow, and for this purpose collected all the forces of his kingdom and invaded Wales, "minding utterly to destroy all that had life in the land." The princes of North and South Wales and the Prince of Powys, with a spirit of cordial cooperation that is almost unprecedented in the history of their country, combined to oppose him: the king, fearful of a surprise, encamped in the open plains; but the Welsh, too prudent to encounter him here in a pitched battle, kept their forces among the straits of the mountains, and employed all their attention and resources in cutting off his supplies of provisions, in which they succeeded so effectually, that, not daring to attack them in their defiles, he was at length compelled to retire, with no other glory, after all his threats of extermination, but that of having just saved his army from absolute famine. In the passage of a bridge, during his retreat, the king is said to have been in a situation of imminent danger: a Welshman who was near him, and recognized his person, aimed an arrow at him, which would certainly have pierced his body, had not one of his attendants, seeing its approach, thrown himself before him, and thus preserved the life of his master by the sacrifice of his own.

Henry made another attempt against Wales, but with equal ill success; and on his final retreat, the Lord Rhys advanced against Aberteivi and stormed the castle, "and laid it flat with the ground." An act of such utter demolition would have been very imprudent; for the object of Rhys in attacking the castle was not only to take it from his enemies, but to
secure

secure it for himself; and it is most likely that on this occasion it suffered only the common injuries of a siege, which with the means of offence then in use could not have been equal to this total prostration.

After this event the castle was permitted for a considerable time to stand at ease: the Lord Rhys and King Henry became reconciled, and many acts of kindness and courtesy were exchanged between them. During this interval of quiet, Aberteivi was distinguished by a scene of a more cheering description than was often permitted to interrupt the dismal monotony of those days of battery and blood. In the year 1177 the prince gave a splendid feast in the castle, which had been proclaimed through all Britain, and at which numerous strangers attended, who were all very honourably received and liberally entertained. Among deeds of arms and other shows, gratifications of a higher character were prepared for their amusement: the prince caused all the bards of Wales to be invited, "and provided chairs for them to be set in his hall, where they should dispute together, and try their cunning and gift in their faculties, and where great rewards and rich gifts were appointed for the overcomers; amongst whom they of North Wales won the price, and among the musicians Rhys's own household men were counted the best."

Really when we advert to the habits and manners of society at the time, these feasts of the ancient princes of Wales seem to have been conceived in almost as good a taste, and to have indicated almost as just a notion of rational and manly entertainment, as the carnivals of our modern princes. The economy of the table was not thought of sufficient importance to be recorded, and it was probably covered in a plain and plentiful style, and supported nothing in the form of flesh or fish that was intended for any more recondite purpose than that of being eaten; but the want of this kind of elegance and embroidery was not felt in those coarse times; for it is particularly mentioned, that the guests all retired from the feast perfectly satisfied with their host and his exertions for their amusement. This general disposition to be pleased forms a striking contrast to the temper of the present times, as illustrated on a recent occasion, when, though the most extraordinary pains were taken to please us, and though all the diversions which were prepared for us were calculated to awaken the tenderest associations, by recalling to us our earliest toys and the sweets of our swaddling-clothes, yet we repaid them all with nothing but pouting and sulking.

The Lord Rhys, during the latter period of his life, was on amicable terms with England, and we hear no further mention of his name in connexion with Aberteivi, though the dissensions of his sons, a wild and ungovernable race, and the aggressions of chieftains of his own country, continued to give full employment to his activity and his military taste and talent. After his death, in 1196, his son Gruffydd succeeded to his possessions, and enjoyed them in peace, till his brother Maelgwn, who had been disinherited, raised an army, in league with Gwenwynwyn, son of the Prince of Powys, and coming upon him suddenly at Aberystwith, took him prisoner, and won all his lands in Cardigan. He was delivered up by Gwenwynwyn into the hands of the English, and Maelgwn then quietly took

possession of his castle at Aberteivi. In the year 1198, the English being exasperated against Gwenwynwyn for having attacked one of the Norman settlers, raised a force against him, and preparatory to action, released Gruffyth, who they knew would act as their friend, because he was Gwenwynwyn's enemy, and who accordingly collected all his power and joined it with theirs. The allied force was met by Gwenwynwyn with great bravery; but after a vigorous resistance he was utterly routed, with the loss of 3700 men. Gruffyth followed up his successes, and soon recovered all his estates, except two castles, of which Aberteivi was one. Maelgwn now, dreading the anger and strength of his brother, took a solemn oath, that if he would give him pledges for the security of his person, he would deliver up the castle to him on a certain day: Gruffyth consented to this arrangement; but Maelgwn, as soon as he had got the pledges into his power, sent them to prison, and fortified the castle for his own use. He kept it for some time, when finding that he could by no means maintain it longer to his own advantage, he resolved that it should at least contribute nothing to that of his brother, and therefore gave it up to the English, it being, as the Welsh historian declares, the key and lock of all Wales. It remained in the power of the English till it was recovered in the year 1215, by Lhwelyn ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, a man of great courage, talent, and activity, whose reign was distinguished by a long series of victories. On the capture of Aberteivi, he divided the estates of South Wales among the descendants of the Lord Rhys. This castle fell to the lot of Owen, the son of Gruffyth; but he did not long enjoy it; for the Flemings having surprised and taken possession of it, Lhwelyn again advanced against it in 1220, and destroyed it and put the whole garrison to the sword. It sprung up again, however, and in 1223 was taken by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who retained it till his death, in 1231. In this year the town of Aberteivi was destroyed, and all the inhabitants slaughtered, by Maelgwn, the son of Maelgwn ap Rhys: the castle withstood this terrible shock, but the conqueror soon returned with more ample forces, and levelled it with the ground, and also broke down the bridge over the river. Enough of ruin was combined in these two blows, to satisfy all parties for some time, and we hear nothing more of Aberteivi till in the year 1240, when it is said to have been taken and fortified by Gilbert Marshall. This is the last notice of it that occurs in the Welsh Chronicle, and it is probable, that from this period it remained without further interruption in the hands of the English.

There are no manufactures at Cardigan, nor is it much enlivened by the bustle of any kind of trade. The Teivi is navigable for vessels of small burden up to the bridge; but a bar at its mouth prevents the entrance of large ships, and denies to the town any very important or extensive commerce. The river abounds with salmon, which is said to be of a finer quality than that of any other river in Wales. It has long been thus noted; but its claims to superiority rest on some niceties of distinction which I was not able to discriminate, though I very cheerfully and readily admitted, that it at least rivalled the best salmon

salmon that ever came under the cognizance of my palate; and this was a degree of perfection quite sufficient for me, who had not been led from London to Cardigan on purpose to try the question. The fish are caught as high up as Llanbeder, more than thirty miles up the river, and furnish employment and subsistence for a great number of people. We were present at the catching of some close to the bridge at Cardigan, and our interest in the sport was principally engaged by the coracles, boats of a very primitive kind of construction, which are said to be in common use in most of the rivers in Wales, though we had no opportunity of seeing them at any other place but this. They are made of laths and split twigs, and covered round with hides or pitched canvass, being precisely of the same materials and workmanship as the boats which are said by ancient historians to have been used by the Britons, at the period of their trade with the Phenicians. It is curious to see an invention thus delivered down unaltered through so long a series of ages, and particularly as it is not remarkable for any extraordinary nicety of adaptation to the purposes for which it is used. The chief recommendation of these boats is the facility and cheapness with which they are made: almost every peasant can command ingenuity or money enough to make or buy a coracle, though few have enough of either to become masters of a more elaborate and substantial boat. They are used only by the peasants, or by those who can occasionally steal an hour or two from other avocations to devote to fishing, but who being only desultory adventurers, cannot afford to supply themselves with the regular equipment of the trade. The established fishermen do not make use of these fragile vessels, which indeed would be perfectly incompetent to withstand the violent shocks of wind and weather to which they are sometimes exposed. Those which we saw were not more than five feet long and four feet broad, and were so insecure that the utmost caution was necessary, even in water as smooth as glass, to prevent their turning over, an accident which, in the ardour and agitation of securing a fish, not unfrequently happens. I ventured to trust myself in one of them for a moment, but found it so exceedingly mercurial in its motions, that I could as soon have preserved my centre on the slack wire. They are so light, that a man, when his sport is at an end, regularly puts his coracle over his head, and marches off with as much ease as if it was his hat.

The Teivi is celebrated for its richness in the picturesque, and combines perhaps on its banks a greater extent of bold and beautiful scenery than is to be found in any other parts of the counties which it divides. Rock and wood are the principal materials in the catalogue of its embellishments, but these are so diversified in their forms, and their effects are so multiplied by their modes of combination and contrast, and the ever-changing points of view in which they are exhibited by the windings of the river, that the whole seems to be distinguished by no charm so prominent as its unbounded variety. It is between Cardigan and Kilgerran Castle that this luxuriant display is to be seen, but there are views below the town scarcely inferior in beauty, though of a different character. About half a mile below the bridge, on the Pembroke-shire side of the river, is the village

of St. Dogmaels; and if happiness were altogether an affair of place, I know not where life could be passed with fewer wishes ungratified. I can give but a very inadequate representation of it by description. I may detail its parts, but all those circumstances of grouping and contrasting, by which the parts are made individually of importance, as they harmonize together and contribute to fill up the broad canvass in one extended and accordant view, are beyond the power of language, or certainly of language of mine. The cottages are embowered in wood, and immediately behind them rises a back ground of majestic hills, bold and irregular in their forms, but all tempered by cultivation, and up to their summits waving with corn or spread out in luxuriant pastures. The noiseless river gliding at their base, clear and silvery, and from the rocks and wood on its banks possessing all the superadded enchantment that can be given by every variety of light and shadow, fills up the view. As you approach nearer to the sea, the scenery becomes less striking, but still the river contributes to make it beautiful; as it meets the broad flat sand, it diffuses itself in streaks all over it, and winds its way in many channels and many forms to the wide sea, which roaring and bursting in foam receives it, and at once closes all the softness and sweetness of the scene. This is its effect at low water; when the tide is in, it loses itself in the sea by a less perceptible transition. We amused ourselves on the sands till they were nearly covered, and returned in company with a large fleet of fishing boats, bound to St. Dogmaels, which had had a very successful night's cruise among the herrings. They and their boats and cargoes gave to the village additional circumstances of interest in a picturesque point of view, and altogether composed a very lively scene: the cottages all poured forth their inhabitants, who flocked to the water's side; and when they beheld the rich spoils, every face beamed with joy, and every heart was full, as was no doubt in a very short time every frying-pan in the village.

There is some food for the antiquary at St. Dogmaels in the remains of a priory, but they are not in a state to contribute much either of delight or nourishment to his curiosity. The ruins are extensive, though they are not easily distinguishable as ruins, being attached to some upstart walls of the present century, with which they combine to form barns, cowhouses, and other still viler tenements. Their monastic character has been even more obscured by these prophane additions than their appearances of antiquity; but a few traces of sculptural decoration still survive, which serve at once as signs of their present humiliation and memorials of their former consequence. Martin de Tours is said to have been the founder of this monastery, which was for monks of the order of St. Benedict, and annexed as a cell to the abbey of Tyrone in France. His son Robert conferred on it considerable possessions and many valuable privileges, amongst which were the fishery of St. Dogmaels, pasture for their herds of swine in his woods, and the skins of all the deer caught in his parks, except those which were the customary perquisites of his huntsmen*.

* Dugdale.

It has often been remarked, that these monks, I mean all monks, were very happy in their choice of situations, and that if there was an acre of land more particularly distinguished for its fruitfulness than another, they never overlooked it. St. Dogmaels may certainly be adduced in illustration of this remark. Their judgment, however, may not have been signalized in the first selection, which was not always under their own control; but as they were men of more knowledge than other people, they may have employed more efficient modes of agriculture, and if they did not find their estates better than those around them, they may have contrived to make them so.

A fair wind and fine weather, which, according to the construction of a seaman, are almost synonymous, tempted us to pursue our voyage from Cardigan in a boat. We set sail at the bridge, and soon reached the open sea, which lies at the distance of about three miles below the town. All richness of vegetation ceases as you approach the salt water, and the land exchanges its gay colours and gentle features for forms of rudeness and grandeur. The coasts on each side of the river's mouth are uncommonly majestic, particularly on the Pembrokeshire side, where Cemaes Head forms the boundary, a promontory of immense height, with two fronts of bare and perpendicular rock. At high tide the sea spreads over the whole sand from shore to shore, and makes a noble avenue to the river, at least so it appeared to the eye; but our boatmen, who judged from the profounder authority of the lead and the line, declared that it was nothing but a chequer-work of banks and shoals, and one of the most dangerous havens in Wales.

Opposite to Cemaes Head, on the eastern side of the estuary, is a small island, called Cardigan Island, detached from the mainland by a very narrow strait obstructed by masses of rock, but passable for small boats. It is about half a mile in circumference, and produces excellent food for sheep, but affords very little matter for the commonplace book of a tourist. When we had passed through the narrow strait which separates it from the mainland, we had a long extent of coast stretched out before us, of a character more vast than any we had seen since we left the north coast of Devon. The cliffs are not so rugged as those of Pembrokeshire, being generally covered with earth, and embellished with a little grass, which the sea-wind permits to grow, though not exactly to grow green. This clothing, scanty and rusty as it is, softens in some degree the savageness of the precipices, and we looked up to their summits without experiencing that crawling of the blood which we had been so much subject to among the naked crags of Pembrokeshire. But if there is less of the terrible in these cliffs, and if their forms are less minutely divided, and they present a less multifarious and perplexing detail of caverns and projections, there is a simple majesty in their huge masses which at once fills and satisfies the eye; and the general line of the coast is sufficiently broken along its front and its summit, by hollows, and ridges, and peaks, to relieve the appearance of heaviness and uniformity. At intervals, too, their thin vestment of earth and vegetation is cast aside, and the cliffs stand exposed in all their nakedness and deformity, and present their precipices to the
eye

eye and the imagination, not more terrible in their depth, than in the black and jagged rocks which roughen their sides. The extended line which we commanded in one view formed a striking distinction between the coast of Cardiganshire and the adjoining coast of Pembrokeshire: the latter is so deeply indented, and its promontories are so frequent and of such vast projection, that our views along its front were always bounded by a bold and distinct horizon; but the coast of Cardiganshire is drawn out in one long range of stupendous cliffs, broken by gentle bays and promontories, so as to vary without interrupting the perspective, which the eye follows in all its turnings and inflections, till it gradually fades into obscurity.

The great compass of our prospect was its leading distinction, and it afforded few objects of sufficient prominence and singularity for specific observation. Our boatmen had but little exercise in their office as expositors, the general regularity of the coast confining its list of seamarks within a very limited vocabulary, and precluding the necessity of any brisk reciprocation of questions and answers between us. This indolence of tongues, however, extended only to the scenery around us, and there was no want of conversation in the boat: but its topics would form too violent a digression from the legitimate purposes of our travels to be publicly exposed, and it must therefore perish with ourselves. I may perhaps just intimate, that our principal theme was politics, that they were very warmly discussed, and that our helmsman, in particular, a fine sturdy fellow, with his cheek wadded with tobacco, ejected the overflowings of his mouth, and his bitterness against the comptrollers of taxes, and the price of cheese and bacon, with a degree of force which required all our ingenuity to parry and evade.

After a run of about fifteen miles we arrived off New Key Head, a promontory of slate rock, with its front singularly hacked and furrowed by rents or seams intersecting each other in all directions, and exhibiting an indescribable variety of rude forms. The scene was varied, but not much enlivened, by a group of cormorants which were sitting on the ledges of the rocks, and as we supposed in the agony and helplessness of overcharged stomachs, for not all the efforts of our combined lungs could intimidate them into motion. If it had been a matter of duty to rouse them, I know not what perseverance might have accomplished for us; but their obstinacy outlived our amusement, so we left them to their digestion. Under shelter of New Key Head is the harbour of New Key, which is very small, but much easier of approach than that of Cardigan: it is frequented chiefly by colliers from the southern counties of Wales: coals constitute the most material articles of importation in all the harbours on this coast, none having ever been discovered in any part of the county.

As there was nothing at this place that required very serious consideration, we made but a short pause, and acceding to the assertion of our boatmen, that the tide waits for nobody, again set sail, and hastened in perfect earnest towards a port for the night. In about an hour we entered the river Aeron, and landed at Aberearon, a small village on

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its northern bank, and at a short distance from its mouth. We found here a very comfortable inn, which, among the honours of the place, should undoubtedly be mentioned first, as it is the only one of its kind on the coast, in the interval between Cardigan and Aberystwith. The whole village has an appearance of great neatness and comfort about it, and is set off by a combination of very pleasing scenery. The river winds through a cheerful and well-cultivated valley, interspersed with wood of no very stately growth, but sufficient, in the eyes of coast-travellers, to give it an effect of unusual richness and warmth. There is a bridge across the river near the village, which, seen in various points of view with the cottages and the objects around them, adds very much to the account of the picturesque. The river affords a harbour to a few small vessels belonging to the port, which are employed principally as colliers: limestone also is imported and burned in a kiln at the river's mouth, which has given rise to a settlement of two or three cottages subordinate to the larger village above. These truly are very small matters, and might perhaps have been omitted without discredit to my judgment in selection; but I have at least the satisfaction of feeling, that, in my account of Aberaeron, I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth.

We continued our voyage in our boat, and arrived, without having observed any object for commemoration by the way, at Llan Dewi Aberarth, a village about two miles to the eastward of Aberaeron, from which it is distinguished more by this difference of place, than by any other circumstances of scenery and situation. If the villages were to change places in the night, the respective inhabitants of each, being from long familiarity well acquainted with all the signs of their neighbourhood, might wake in the morning and instantly make the discovery; but the novelty of the arrangement would not be glaring enough to throw the mere general remarks of a tourist into any material disorder. Llan Dewi Aberarth stands at the mouth of a small river, the Arth, and consists of a cluster of neat, clean cottages: the river is crossed by a pretty bridge, which enters into every view of the village, and is a leading mark in its resemblance to Aberaeron. The village is nearer to the sea than the latter, and the river and valley of Arth are more circumscribed than those of Aeron; but these and a few other points of disagreement occur to me only in drawing a parallel, and would not otherwise have made parts of my description, which would naturally have rested upon the broad and common features of both places—a village, a valley, a river, and a bridge. The valleys both of Aeron and Arth are inclosed by lofty hills, but they are naked and stony, and not distinguished by any variety or grandeur in their forms to impress the mind with any thing but their barrenness. The term barrenness requires perhaps some little qualification; a few sheep on the sides of the hills betrayed that something grew there, but it had so little of the cast and colour of ordinary vegetation, that it was not more agreeable to our eyes, whatever it may have been to the sheep's mouths, than bare rock. A man who is covered with nothing but rags and
patches

patches may be called naked, without much injustice to his clothing, when it is compared with the comfortable coats and breeches of other people.

The name of Llan Dewi Aberarth contains syllables enough to describe almost every thing that relates to the place, and indeed it does set forth a very material part. Llan Dewi signifies St. David, to whom the church of the village is dedicated, and Aberarth denotes its situation, at the mouth of the river. The names of places in Wales are very significant, and generally either describe some feature of their natural scenery, or are memorials of some remarkable person or event connected with them. I made a point in my travels through the country of getting these names explained to me whenever I could; and if they did not always gratify, they excited, my curiosity, and gave hints for the direction of my inquiries.

On quitting Llan Dewi Aberarth we found the scene of the day before exactly copied in that around us: to our left was the same beautiful and boundless expanse of sea, and to our right the same vast barrier, continued to the remotest visible distance in an undulating line of cliffs, with the same alternations of nakedness and vegetation along their front. There was some variation in the weather, which it may be permitted me to define; for to talk of the weather when one has nothing else to talk about, is a matter of immemorial and universal right. The wind on the preceding day had been perfectly fair and moderate, but it now blew hard and off the land, reducing us to some perplexity in the management of our boat: if we preserved a bold offing, in order to have the advantage of its full and uninterrupted action, there was a probability of our being driven quite out to sea; if we steered nearer to the land, it came in such sudden and violent flaws, that there was danger of upsetting; and if we sneaked close under the cliffs, it deserted us altogether. Between this choice of difficulties we did not hesitate long, but decided upon the last mode of proceeding, which, though the slowest, was the safest of the three: the decision was not much to the satisfaction of the boatmen, who sat down to row with a very ill grace, thinking it quite monstrous that they should be within view of a fresh breeze with oars in their hands, implements which a seaman would never willingly have recourse to but in the last extremity.

It was nearly dark when we arrived off Aberystwith, but we could distinguish that a heavy sea was breaking upon the bar, and that there was no access to the harbour. This blockade threw us into some anxiety on the subject of finding a landing-place, and the more so, as the whole shore appeared to be equally defended by a raging surf. To the north of the harbour there is a vast projection of slate rock, black and craggy, and girded all round by detached fragments, some of them above water, and many concealed. Our boatmen thought proper to steer us between these fragments and the main rock; and though the passage was intricate, it was distinctly pointed out by the breakers, which were roaring on all sides of us. The whole scene was exceedingly wild and strange, and
Aberystwith

Aberystwith certainly never afterwards appeared to us in so amusing a point of view as during this period of our approach to it. The dim and uncertain light in which every object was seen, threw around it a kind of mystery which gave play to the imagination: all the forms of the coast appeared new and inexplicable, and the town, discovered by a few irregular lights, seemed so oddly disposed, that we were as much puzzled to decide upon the nature of its situation as the mode of gaining access to it. To detail all the particulars of a scene which belonged to it only under a concurrence of incidental circumstances would be idle, nor indeed would it be easy to set forth in any intelligible order a twentieth part of what we saw, or imagined we saw, when in this state of darkness and illusion.

That I may not incur the suspicion of making dangers in order to describe them, I will not dilate further on the difficulties of our passage, particularly as they were not enlivened by any kind of accident, but acknowledge at once that we landed in safety on a sandy beach at the north side of the projecting rock. Morning dissipated all our doubts, and shewed us Aberystwith as it is. The town stands on a gentle eminence in the centre of a valley, and close to its termination in the sea. The valley discloses a very small opening, and on each side of it the hills are of vast height, but round and heavy in their outline, except along the coast, where they terminate in broken precipices of rock. The town is bounded on the south side by two rivers, the Rhydol and Ystwyth, which both join the sea nearly at the same place, but in distinct streams, a few hundred yards below it. The Rhydol flows between the town and the Ystwyth, and should, by right of this intervention, have given it its name; but probably when Aberystwith first gained its title, the rivers were united here in a common mouth, which may have been called Ystwyth or Rhydol indifferently. They both bring down great quantities of sand and mud in their course, and this deposition may have effected their present disunion.

The town of Aberystwith is decidedly one of the neatest and most respectable in its appearance of any in Wales; its streets (two streets are included in this description) are of good breadth and well paved, and its houses are, some of them, very good, and all of them perfectly tenantable. Like many other coast towns, it has assumed altogether a new face within the last twenty years, and owes all its improvements to its recommendations as a bathing place. This modern fashion of sea-bathing raises towns with unexampled rapidity, and lays out streets of stone, and builds houses of brick, in places which seemed by a natural and invincible obscurity to be doomed to an eternity of unpaved lanes and mud walls. I was conversing about the former state of this place with one of the native inhabitants, who seemed yet not quite familiar with the sudden magnificence which had started up about him, and he told me, that if twenty years ago it had been proposed to him to mention the thing, which of all others he conceived most unlikely ever to be, he should have said, if so strange a thought could possibly have entered his head, a play-

house at Aberystwith. More unthought-of things have happened since the days of Cadwalader, but not at Aberystwith.

To the northward of the castle-rock there is a small bay, which affords a convenient *arena* for bathers : it is not more than two or three hundred yards in length ; but is of inestimable value to the town, being the only spot on the shore which is not protected by a bottom of rough, sharp rocks from the intrusion of naked feet. This hospitable little recess is a refuge also to the fishermen, who may land here without danger to themselves or their boats, when they are excluded by the bar, or the surf upon it, from the harbour. It was here that we first felt, and with more than common satisfaction, the firm and dry ground under us, after our perplexed and perilous passage of the preceding evening.

The trade of Aberystwith, as far as the town is concerned, is trifling ; but its port is the outlet for the produce of the surrounding country, which is very considerable. Its exports are lead and calamine, procured from the mines near Plinlimmon, oak bark, and various manufactured goods, such as webs, flannels, stockings, &c. Its imports have been much increased of late by the influx of strangers : they consist chiefly of grain and groceries, brought from Liverpool and Bristol, and coals from the southern counties of Wales. No vessels of large burden can have access to Aberystwith, there being only fourteen feet of water on the bar at high spring tides. The interior of the harbour is well sheltered, but the entrance is exceedingly dangerous. This fact was brought home to our conviction by the sight of a stranded vessel which had been wrecked in the gale that blew while we were at Tenby, and was lying on a bank of pebbles close to the harbour's mouth, with one of her sides battered in from stem to stern, and with her masts, and sails, and rigging scattered in dismal ruin about her. She was a Portuguese ship from the Brazils, bound to Liverpool, and had been surprised by the gale, when she was so near to the land that no exertions could keep her off the shore. We understood, that had the captain been acquainted with the nature of the harbour, she might, as there was at the time an unusual depth of water, possibly have been saved ; but there is nothing that can indicate to a stranger its proper channel, which is so narrow, that in bad weather it requires the utmost skill of the most experienced pilots to guide a vessel into it with safety. A small brig from Ireland was wrecked at the same time, and nearly on the same spot ; but she was so completely dashed to pieces, that we saw but a few fragments of her remaining. The crews of both vessels were saved ; but the cargoes of both were entirely lost.

The crew of the Portuguese ship were still at Aberystwith when we were there, and I was attracted by a little crowd to the door of a miserable kind of outhouse, into which they were all crammed, to the number of eight or ten, and in a state of ineffable filth and wretchedness. There was a large fire on the ground, the smoke from which diffused itself in a thick fog all over the place, and through this medium I could just distinguish a strange confusion of trunks and lumber from the wreck, and the men, some smoking, some sleeping,

ing, and some cooking, with a host of monkies screaming and chattering about them, and all jumbled together in a hole not more than twelve feet square. Their lodging here was probably in no degree worse than in the fore-castle of their vessels; but certainly common humanity required that the inhabitants of the town should have given people, and especially foreigners, who had just escaped from the horrors of shipwreck, a more hospitable reception.

Aberystwith, during the wars between England and Wales, was a military station, and was defended by a castle, of which there are still some remains. They stand on the bold projection of rock, which I have before described; and though they are so much dilapidated that the imagination has more exercise than the eye in the combination of their forms, yet they have still some positive majesty left, and, uniting with a fine view of rocks and sea, are very picturesque. The most perfect part is a lofty square tower; the remainder lies tumbled about in confused fragments, as if scattered by the force of gunpowder. The castle is completely commanded by neighbouring heights, and therefore can never have been of any consideration as a military post since the use of artillery; but before that period, its situation on a peninsula, guarded on three sides by abrupt rocks, must have rendered it a place of uncommon strength. This fortress was first founded in the year 1109, by Gilbert Strongbow, who at that time had received a grant from King Henry the First of all the lands and inheritance of Cadogan ap Bleddyn, with the usual proviso, if he could win them, which he managed to do without much difficulty. The plea for this act of usurpation was, that Cadogan was unable to repress the turbulence of his son Owen, a hero of whom I transcribed some particulars in my account of Pembroke castle, and who, it may be remembered, was very active in his hostilities against the king's subjects in Wales, and usually retired, after his marauding expeditions, to the land of his father, and there remained till the ferment which he had raised had subsided, and he could again sally forth with security on some new scheme of mischief and plunder. "If you cannot keep your son away from your estates," observed the king to Cadogan, "I must give them to somebody who can*;" and this was at least as good an apology as he could advance for any of his seizures in Wales.

Gilbert and his followers maintained their new possessions for some time; but not without frequent and violent opposition from the Welsh. In the year 1135, Cadwalader and Owen Gwyneth, sons of Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, collected a large force, and took and burned the castle; and after the destruction of this strong hold, succeeded, with the co-operation of Gruffydd ap Rhys, and some other chieftains, in entirely expelling the usurpers, and reinstating the native inhabitants. The castle was restored by Cadwalader, but was not permitted to stand idle, even when the country was undisturbed by invaders; for the Welsh had so sharpened their taste for fighting, by their encounters with the Normans, that when they were expelled they could not resist the

* History of Cambria, by D. Powel.

temptation of skirmishing a little with one another. In this spirit Cadwalader attacked and slew Anarawd, the son of Gruffydd ap Rhys, who appears not to have been ill inclined for the fray, and who thus fell a victim to some petty personal quarrel, with valour and ability enough, according to the historian, to have maintained the independence of his country. This event led to other scenes of tumult and blood; Owen Gwyneth, then Prince of North Wales, enraged at the loss of Anarawd, directed all his power against his brother, and spread devastation over his lands, and destroyed his castle at Aberystwith. During more than a century after this period the castle continued to experience the same sudden revolutions, and rose and fell, sometimes in the cause of freedom, and often as it pleased the caprice, the cruelty, the pride, or the revenge of any petty tyrant of the moment. It was last rebuilt or repaired by Edward the First, in the year 1278, immediately after he had concluded a peace with the brave and unfortunate Llewelyn, by the terms of which he had compelled him to give up the liberty of his country. The intolerable oppressions of the king's officers in Wales did not allow the peace to be of long duration, and the people determined to make another effort for their independence. Among the short and unavailing successes which preceded their final subjection was the capture of this newly-erected castle at Aberystwith. During the civil wars it was garrisoned for King Charles; but speedily yielded to the forces of the parliament, and was by them destroyed.

In the vicinity of the ruins is a building of modern creation, a strange kind of thing, intended to look like a castle. The ancient castle, no doubt, suggested the first idea to the contriver of this its unworthy successor; but not having occasion for a house of more than moderate dimensions, his idea has had no room for expansion, and has become embodied in a cramped combination of towers and bastions, that might have been almost as well expressed in wax. Great deviations have been made from the common style of architecture in domestic buildings, in order to produce an appearance of grandeur; but the object has altogether failed, and many conveniences of a dwelling-house have been sacrificed to forms, which, after all, are perfectly insignificant. We admit, in this land of freedom, that a man's house is his castle; but I must say, that in this instance a most licentious advantage has been taken of this concession.

In enumerating the attractions of Aberystwith I should make a sad omission were I to forget the Castle-walk, where all the visitors spend at least one-third of their time, and where, of course, may be seen, in whatever proportion they may happen to be, 'all the beauty and fashion of the place.' The walk is a very agreeable one, commanding a beautiful coast prospect, and of immense extent. Aberystwith is situated nearly in the centre of Cardigan bay, which includes the whole coast of Cardigan and Merioneth, and the southern coast of Carnarvonshire. Its points are formed by Cardigan island to the south, and Bardsey island to the north, and the semicircle drawn from them comprehends a line of coast of more than a hundred miles in extent. The view of this vast curve
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from the castle rock is exceedingly magnificent; in clear weather it is visible to its extremities; but on the north side, where the coast is low, the tremendous mountains of Carnarvonshire appear to be advanced into the sea, and to rise from it like islands.

From the heights near Aberystwith we caught our first glimpse of the mountain scenery, and having the benefit of a clear day, we had in view, from one point, the three celebrated mountains, which, with their dependencies, fill up one vast chain from the southern to the northern extremity of North Wales. To the north-east appeared Plinlimmon, whose base is in Cardiganshire, but his bald summit in Montgomeryshire; to the north, distant about thirty miles, was the summit of Cader Idris, in Merioneth; and nearly in the same direction, at the distance of fifty miles, appeared the peak of Snowdon, in Carnarvonshire, but just distinguishable, and rising like a cloud above the horizon. They were all too much obscured by distance for us to appreciate their real sublimity, but they constitute such sovereign features in the scenery of the country, and are so familiarized by report, that the curiosity of a traveller is on the stretch in every stage of his approach to them, and he notes that as a memorable spot from whence they first appeared in sight.

We hired a boat at Aberystwith to take us to Barmouth, a voyage of two days. In all our dealings with boatmen, from the period of our initiatory cruize at the Land's-End, we had discovered on their part an uniform disposition to cheat, which at Aberystwith was advanced to its highest pitch of extravagance. We resisted it for some time, but without success; for our adversaries here, in addition to other arguments, pleaded the privileges of a watering-place, and triumphed over all opposition by proving that they demanded no more from us than they had been paid by other people. The influx of idlers, with money in their pockets, soon corrupts the simple honesty of the native inhabitants, and opens to them new sources of gain, which quite alter the temper of their minds, and render them dissatisfied with rewards which are merely proportioned to their industry. The visitors at watering-places, even those who are not included in the class of mere squanderers, resort to them for the sake of a temporary remission of all care, and, of course, prepare themselves for some relaxation in the rigour of their ordinary economy. This disposition holds out opportunities and facilities of extortion to those who contribute to their wants and amusements, and they are regarded by them as willing dupes, who devote an annual season of three months to the sea-side, that they may dissipate those superfluities which nine months of extravagance in other places have left them. A cottage in Wales formerly raised an image of retirement, at least as cheap as it was romantic. I know not in what part of the principality it would now be found to include these combined recommendations, but certainly not on the coast.

We were launched into the sea from the same friendly beach to which we had been so much obliged on the night of our landing at Aberystwith: it is bounded by a projecting crag, from whence the coast is continued to the northward in a long range of perpendicular

dicular cliffs of slate rock, not so lofty as those to the southward of the town, and along their whole front perfectly bare of earth or vegetation. Some clefts and caverns at their base, worn by the dashing of the sea, an overhanging rock, apparently in the very article of falling, and some other curiosities, were recommended to our wonder; but these we had seen so much surpassed in their qualities of the wonderful, among other scenes of rock, that they made but little impression upon us. At the distance of about three miles to the northward of Aberystwith we found ourselves on the edge of a dangerous shoal, called Sarn Cynfelyn, which extends three miles from the shore, in a westerly direction: it is separated by a sound half a mile wide from another shoal, called the Patches, which is at least six miles in length, and lies also east and west. Sarn Cynfelyn is left dry at low water for the space of a mile from the shore, and in very low ebbs the extremity of the Patches, which adjoins the sound, is also partially dry. The bottom of both of them is composed of large and small pebbles, very unequally spread, sometimes rising within a foot of the surface of the water, and at the distance of a few yards sinking to the depth of seven or eight feet. Some of the masses which rise so near to the surface are sharp and angular, and are probably portions of the solid rock protruded through the bed of pebbles. Nine miles to the northward of these shoals, and close to the mouth of the little river Disynwy, there is another, called Sam y Bwch, which adjoins the shore, and runs out from it nearly four miles into the sea; and eleven miles still further north there is another, the largest and most dreaded of them all, called Sarn Badrig, or the Ship-breaking Causeway, from the numerous vessels which have been wrecked upon it. This latter is about six leagues in length, but no where more than half a mile broad, except at the west end: its eastern extremity lies nearly a mile from the shore, and at low spring tides is dry to an extent of two or three miles. When vessels are within two hundred yards of the edge of Sarn Badrig the compass is found to be strongly affected by magnetism. All these shoals lie nearly in parallel lines, and are all composed of pebbles, interspersed with larger masses of rock. According to tradition the whole of this part of Cardigan bay was once habitable ground, known by the name of Cantre'r Gwaelod, or the Lowland Hundred, which was overwhelmed by an irruption of the sea in the year 500*.

As we were passing over Sarn Cynfelyn, our boatmen did not appear to have the least knowledge of which were the safest parts of the channel; but when we arrived at the edge of the shoal, one of them sprung to the head of the boat, with a long pole in his hand, and sounded the depth of water as fast as possible; at the same time communicating its variations with a countenance of great anxiety, and in a hurried voice, to the helmsman. We were extremely uncomfortable during the whole of this uncertain passage, and, as the word was given, felt our hearts rise or fall by the fathom; for, as we were going through the water with considerable rapidity, a hole would in all probability

* Pennant.

have been forced through the boat, had she struck the bottom, and then—but I forbear to dwell on the consequences of an accident which did not happen. It may appear strange that these men should have been so little improved by experience in a latitude within three miles of their own harbour; but we had on other occasions met with instances of ignorance equally inexcusable among Welsh boatmen, who are generally by no means so remarkable for skill, and intrepidity, which is the result of skill, as the boatmen on most parts of the English coast. I refer their inferiority, not to any natural incapacity, but to a want of proper practice in their art. The fisheries, the best schools for seamen, are all on a very limited scale in Wales; and the boats used in the service are so small, that the men dare not venture to sea in them, except in fine weather, and are therefore shut out from all opportunity of becoming familiar with those difficulties and dangers that make a bold and able seaman. I never saw a fishing-boat on the Welsh coast that was longer than a Thames wherry, or much better calculated to resist the force of a gale of wind at sea. The bays of Caermarthen, Fishguard, and Cardigan, and many others, are amply stored with the best kinds of fish; but these are neglected by the inhabitants along shore, who attend exclusively to the herring fishery, and they prosecute even this so feebly, that they barely secure enough for their own consumption. I imagine that poverty is the cause of this indolence and want of adventure, and that the people would willingly engage in more extended concerns, had they the necessary means. To fit out a large boat, with its full appointment of nets and other apparatus, requires a considerable sum of money. I have seen, in the mackarel season, a fleet of nearly two hundred boats put to sea in an evening from Broadstairs, on the coast of Kent, the value of each of which, with all her gear, might be estimated, on an average, at 150*l*. The fishermen here, and on most parts of the English coast, have resources independent of the fisheries, which enable them to provide these expensive equipments. To almost every harbour of any importance there are attached three or four boats of very great burden, which are employed in the winter time to assist vessels in distress, and which, though merely open boats, are capable, when well manned, and skilfully worked, of bearing all weathers: I have myself seen them off Deal and Dover turning to windward when not a ship in the channel could carry sail. This business, by the number of our vessels, and the dangers of our shores, is made exceedingly lucrative; a good job, as it is called by those engaged, such as getting a vessel off the shore, or steering her safely into port after the loss of her anchors or her rudder, sometimes realizing for each man a reward of fifty, sixty, or a hundred pounds. These large boats are usually the property of a few rich individuals; but by the harbour laws every seafaring person of the place to which they belong is entitled to work in them, and the benefits of them are thus widely and equally distributed, and procure for every fisherman a little capital for his business in the summer season. There are no boats of this description on the Welsh coast, consequently the fishermen here have little or no employment in the winter time; and if they can save from
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the profits of the summer a meagre subsistence for this hard season, they have no chance of laying any thing by for the extension and improvement of their business.

But it is time to be moving. When we had passed over Sarn Cynfelyn, no further obstruction occurred to disturb the placidity of our navigation, and we glided smoothly on close to the rocks, among which we observed nothing of sufficient novelty for remark. After a passage of about three leagues, we entered the estuary of the Dovey, which makes a wide opening in the land, and discloses a noble view of the mountains on each side, gradually converging till they seem to meet at their bases, and block up the valley. The Dovey is the boundary between North and South Wales, and at high water spreads for more than a mile above its mouth into a fine river, nearly a mile in breadth. Cardiganshire terminates at its mouth in a naked flat, but bounded at a short distance by hills, which are continued in a bold range along the south side of the river, though far overtopped by the heights of Merionethshire, which rise on the opposite side. We were now near enough to these grand mountains to see them in their full majesty, and their vastness, and the strange confusion in which they are tumbled together, and the multiplied forms of their sides and summits, were all distinctly exhibited. My friend was familiar with mountain scenery; but to me it was perfectly new: the first impression which it fixed in my mind I could not very readily explain, and though a precedent might not be wanting for such an act, I shall not attempt to relieve myself by a quotation.

We landed at Aberdovey, a village of twenty or thirty cottages, ranged in a row near the water's edge. There was little about it that courted our notice or enquiries. A few vessels belong to it which import coals and limestone, and export bark and other produce of the valley, together with some manufactured articles of woollen. Almost every farmer in the valley makes webs, and there are few cottages without a loom; but the most considerable establishment for all kinds of woollen goods is at Machynlleth: the river is navigable as high up as this place for small craft, which bring down goods to be shipped at Aberdovey. The harbour is safe and convenient for vessels drawing not more than eight or nine feet water, and they may either ride afloat at all times of tide within fifty yards of the shore, or ground without danger on a smooth sand close to the village. The entrance, like that of every harbour in Cardigan bay, is rendered dangerous by shifting sands, and a bar which at neap tides is passable only for boats.

It was necessary that our boat should bring up at Aberdovey for the night; but on an intimation that we should procure more comfortable accommodations at Towyn, a few miles further north, we determined, as we had an hour or two of daylight remaining, to walk on. To the northward of the Dovey the coast is extended in a long flat sand, which is bounded by a narrow stripe of swampy ground, very fertile in rushes, and beyond this rise the mountains. We had now a comprehensive view of the Merionethshire chain, extending in a NNE. direction, and bounded to our sight by the enormous Cader

Idris

Idris, whose summit appeared quite unclouded, and rising in a sharp ridge above every other peak of the range. In front of us were the more distant mountains of Carnarvonshire, occupying, in a chain at right angles to that of Merionethshire, the long promontory which forms the northern horn of Cardigan Bay. This vast range gradually ascends from its south-western extremity, till it reaches its highest elevation in the pointed summit of Snowdon; the chain is continued to the north-eastern extremity of Carnarvonshire, and Snowdon stands in the centre; but, from our point of observation, his towering peak closed the view. I had never before seen any thing at all comparable with the magnificence of the scene which was now before me. Every thing around us accorded with its solemnity: the sun was sinking in the west, the evening was calm and clear, and there was a deep stillness in the air, which forcibly impressed upon the mind the majesty of nature, exhibited as it was in the sublimest images, the boundless sea, and the vast and various forms of these awful mountains. The dark line of their summits was marked along the sky at so tremendous an elevation, that they appeared to me as a new creation, and I could scarcely regard them as parts of a world formed for the use of man. Those who have frequently seen these or still vaster mountains, and those who have never seen them at all, may not acknowledge the propriety of these feelings; but they may perhaps be understood by those who, like me, are fresh from a first impression.

A walk of about four miles along the sands brought us to the edge of a peat moss, reaching, it is said, into the sea to an unknown extent; unknown, I imagine, because no attempts have been made to define it. It is known at least not to be bounded by low-water mark, and is a direct proof that the sea has made encroachments on this shore, and countenances the traditional account of the destruction of the Cantre'r Gwaelod. Part of the moss remains as a turbary, and part has been reclaimed and laid out in meadows and corn fields, which yield tolerable crops. Another mile, leading from the sea, brought us to the place of our destination at Towyn, where our anticipated comforts were partially completed, at an inn established here for the accommodation of bathers. The town is very small, and the houses, built of a coarse schistose stone from the mountains, unhewn and angular, have a most uncouth appearance. The flat country around it, from a total want of wood, looks cold and cheerless; but it is of small extent, terminating to the west in the sea, and to the east in the majestic mountains. The neighbourhood of the marsh must, I conceive, make the town unhealthy; but I was not permitted to whisper such an apprehension before our landlord, who declared, that there was no where a more wholesome air, no, nor a better inn, though I might find many that were more arrogant in pretension. We learned, however, from other and more disinterested authority, that the marsh, together with the inconvenience of its distance from the sea, had of late brought Towyn into disrepute, and that its former visitors were divided between Aberystwith and Barmouth.

Mr. Pennant, in his Welsh Tour, regrets that he did not visit this place, on account

of some antiquities in the church, which he conceived to be worthy of inspection. We searched for them, but without success, and I am willing to believe that they have been removed, rather than that we were too dull to recognise them. As we were wandering about the church-yard, we unexpectedly surprised a very decent looking woman, who was bathing her feet and legs in a well. Our curiosity over-ruled our politeness, and we advanced towards her, that we might ascertain what were the properties of the water; but she seemed unwilling to expose her credulity, or perhaps her legs, and would hold no conversation with us. We were informed at the inn, that this water possesses some medicinal qualities, of great efficacy in many and very opposite diseases; its virtue is supposed to be governed by some unknown and miraculous power; but it is rendered particularly beneficial in some cases by a strong mixture of sulphur.

We returned in the morning to Aberdovy, and set sail for Barmouth. The mountains were the attraction that engrossed all our attention during our passage, particularly Cader Idris, and indeed the wide-spreading members of this single mountain in themselves filled up a vast landscape, and appeared, from the frequent chasms by which they are divided, more like a series of individual mountains, rising irregularly one above another, than the basement of the far-distant ridge which towers above them. A cloudy sky exhibited the scenery under numerous and rapid changes of form and expression; the clouds were kept in motion by a brisk breeze, and played about the mountains, producing a fanciful and inexhaustible variety of effects, either as they rested in patches on their summits, and left the slopes and precipices below chequered with light and shade, or settled in heavier vapours midway down their sides, and shewed the summits alone suspended in the air and in the full blaze of the sun.

We soon arrived at the mouth of the little river Disynwy, which joins the sea about a mile to the northwest of Towyn: here we were almost in contact with Cader Idris, a circumstance which I may notice to my Welsh readers with as much pomp as if we had been in view of the head of the Nile or the Niger. It rises close to the sea shore, on the northern side of the estuary, and from thence extends, with an irregular ascent, first northwards for about three miles, and then ENE for ten miles further, giving out from its summit a branch nearly three miles long in a south-westerly direction, parallel to the main ridge. It is very steep and craggy on every side, but particularly on the south, which is nearly perpendicular*. The summit of this mountain, in height the second in all Wales, is said to be nine hundred and fifty yards above the green, near Dolgelle, which is situated at its base on the north side†.

A little to the northward of the Disynwy is Sarn y Bwch, a dangerous shoal, which I have before mentioned, and over which we felt our way by means of the long pole which had been our pilot over Sarn Cynfelyn. The keel of the boat grazed the bottom

* Aikin's Tour through North Wales.

† Pennant.

once or twice, but without injury, and the helmsman declared, that any pilot might run his vessel aground, but that, 'to touch and go,' was the highest perfection of his art. Between this shoal and Barmouth the sea has left no vestiges of the Lowland Hundred, and is again bounded by rocks. After advancing for a few miles we entered Barmouth Bay, and in half an hour were opposite to the estuary of the river Maw, or Mawddach, and were calculating upon speedily arriving at our port, when a sudden squall of wind quite changed the face of affairs, and in a short time drove us more than a mile to sea. We made several attempts under two, three, and four reefs, to face the storm; but with all our efforts and precautions, our motion continued to be retrograde, and we had just determined, in despair, to cast anchor, when the wind suddenly died away, and so completely, that we were obliged to have recourse to the oars, in order to reach the point from whence we had just been so rapidly hurried away. These violent changes are very common in the vicinity of mountains, and are exceedingly dangerous to vessels whose sails are not so readily managed as those of our small boat. After a few other minor difficulties in tracing our passage through the mazes of the sand banks which obstruct the entrance to the harbour, we landed at Barmouth.

The original Welsh name of this place is Aber Maw, of which Mr. Bingley supposes its present title is a corruption, of gradual growth; first Bermaw, for the sake of abbreviation, and then Barmouth, for the sake of I don't know what. Mr. Pennant says, that the town is seated very near to the sea, at the mouth of the Maw, and takes its name of Barmouth, i. e. Aber Maw, from that circumstance. I rather suspect, however, that Barmouth can claim no relationship to the Welsh Aber Maw, and that it is a downright Anglicism, referring to the bar at the mouth of the haven; though it may be urged that this distinction was not likely to be applied to any particular harbour in Cardigan Bay, in which there is not one without a bar. It may possibly be a corruption of Aber Maw; but it cannot, according to Pennant, be made synonymous with it by any ingenuity of translation. The English '*Mouth*' has the same meaning as the Welsh '*Aber*;' but the *Bar* and the *Maw* are quite irreconcilable. But I beg the reader's pardon for blundering upon this unimportant question: the place is encompassed by many shoals not easily escaped; but this is certainly running foul of ground which was not in my way.

The Maw, for a considerable distance from its mouth, is a fine broad river at high water; but when the tide retires, more than two-thirds of its bed are left dry. It is navigable for boats and barges as high up as Dolgelle. From its north bank we had a finer view of Cader Idris than we had had from any other station. A high steep cliff, which bounds the opposite side of the river, conceals its lower parts, and the huge summit appears immediately behind it, as if the mountain rose from the plain in one vast precipice. It seemed so near, that, calculating its distance from the spot where I stood by the eye, I should not have conceived it to be more than two miles, though it was really seven. A vast mass of the mountain was disclosed, and I could plainly distinguish that it was all

of naked rock, and almost perpendicular. The scenery higher up the Maw is very beautiful: the river is deep, clear, and smooth, and the banks on each side are bold and rocky, and diversified by small bays and promontories, but wanting a more frequent and a richer covering of wood.

The town of Barmouth is the most singular in point of situation of any that I have ever seen, and if it has any interest in the eyes of a traveller, must certainly derive it all from its whimsical inversion of every rule of comfort and convenience. It consists of four or five tiers of houses, ranged like the benches of a theatre on the side of a rocky hill, the chimneys of each tier being precisely on the same level with the doors of the tier above it. I need scarcely mention the annoyances resulting from this mode of building in the affair of smoke, and a few words will suffice for the commodiousness of the craggy steps leading up the precipices, and also for the state of that narrow path before each tier of houses, from which the accumulated filth has no means of escaping, unless it were carried away by the inhabitants, a thing scarcely to be expected.

The houses of the lowest range, which stand quite at the bottom of the hill, are the most respectable in appearance, and are generally let as lodgings to strangers who visit Barmouth as a bathing place. They are, of course, exempt from many of the evils which attach to their more airy neighbours; but their advantages are more than overbalanced by a high bank of sand before them, which not only intercepts their view of the sea, but sprightly introduces itself with the west wind into every pervious cranny from the garrets to the ground. One cannot account for the strange indolence or ignorance of the inhabitants, in not attempting to consolidate these sands by vegetation, though, when the wind blows strongly from the west, they actually render the lower houses scarcely habitable. A subscription paper was put into our hands soon after our arrival, requesting our mite for the construction of a road, there being none in the neighbourhood of the place which was not knee-deep in sand, except the pathways on the hill, which were almost knee-deep in matter still more offensive. There is not a spot of verdure, and scarcely of vegetable earth, within sight of the town: all in front of it that is land is a desert, and the hill on which it is built, and which rises to a great height above it, is a barren rock; in short, it is in all its combinations the *ne plus ultra* of every thing that is cheerless and uncomfortable.

It is singular that such a place should be frequented by visitors who are not driven to it by positive necessity, but who have the world before them, where to choose. The sick, indeed, may overlook all considerations in the pursuit and the anticipation of health; but the sick do not compose a twentieth part of the society at watering places. They are the common refuge of the idle, when the season for doing nothing is over elsewhere, and of the busy when they have nothing to do. Every principle of their constitution denies that they should afford any lively matter for description; and though it may appear, on a superficial view, that a spot might have been selected less deplorably blank than Barmouth;



Barmouth, Merionethshire



View of Caernarvon Castle, from Anglesea

mouth ; yet I know not, on recollection, that the leaden sceptre of Ennui is more despotic there than in much fairer parts of the creation, where people assemble only to vegetate and get fat. I have been at many watering places in various parts of the kingdom, and must confess that I have observed in them all a most harmonious consent of dulness and insipidity. My impressions on this subject have been particularly fixed by the circulating library in that dreary interval between breakfast and dinner, and by the *dress-walk* in the evening. The habitually idle may loiter through their time at these places without repining ; but those who retire to them from active employment, often find, that with their business they have thrown by all interest in life, which neither the raffle, nor the donkey-race, nor all the desperate resources of the scene and the season can supply. I have often beheld with extreme pity a melancholy outcast picking up pebbles, and throwing them down again, with an eagerness as though the business were really profitable, till, having exhausted to the very dregs all interest in this heavy amusement, he has sat down in utter helplessness, and surely to lament that he ever was born. But let me hasten from this petrifying topic.

Some coasting vessels belong to the port of Barmouth ; but, from the state of the harbour, they are necessarily very small. The imports are coals, groceries, and other articles of common use for the town and neighbourhood ; the only exports of any consequence are woollen goods, and these are shipped in small quantities. An attempt was made some years ago to establish a warehouse at this place, and raise the port into consequence by making it a grand *dépôt* of woollen goods intended for exportation ; but the plan failed in consequence of the pernicious activity of numerous petty factors, through whose hands the greater part of woollen goods manufactured in Wales find a vent.

These jobbers, or forestallers, for such they are reputed, travel about the country to the different villages and cottages, and buy all the flannels and other articles of woollen that they can lay their hands on, much to the disparagement, it is said, of the general interests of the trade. The woollen manufactures are of such weighty consideration, in a view of Wales, that it may appear inexcusable to travel through the country without giving some account of their present state and extent ; but the confused manner in which the concerns are conducted between the merchants and the manufacturers, the want of accurate public accounts, and the scarcity of factories and regular markets, render it impossible to ascertain those general facts, which are necessary to the forming of any conclusions as to the real magnitude and importance of the business. It is true, that there are many interesting particulars relating to the manufactures which might have been granted to my enquiries ; but in these I have been anticipated by Mr. Aikin, who has published a short, but clear and satisfactory, account of them, from the communications of a friend personally acquainted with the subject*.

* Journal of a Tour through North Wales, &c. p. 69.

As it is the only thing in the place which I can in honesty speak favourably of, I ought not to have forgotten to state, that there is a very decent inn at Barmouth, comfortable in all its departments, except that when the wind is westerly, every thing which one touches and tastes in it is gritty, and this is more the misfortune than the fault of the proprietor. We were entertained here, during our meals, by a harper, the first whom we had met with in Wales; he was but a very indifferent performer; but as good, I think, as several others, whom we afterwards heard in other places. They were all blind, and their misfortunes moved our charity far more forcibly than their music, which indeed disappointed us very much; for our expectations had been raised by report, and by that feeling of interest which naturally springs from the thought of the harp in Wales. The influence of association gives a dignity to the name of a blind harper which is denied to that of a blind fiddler, and presents him to the imagination under a form altogether distinct from that which commonly belongs to the latter professor; but I must acknowledge, that one tune from the minstrel of Barmouth, and one peep at his person, convinced me most thoroughly of the injustice of these distinctions. None of the harpers sing, at least none of them did whom I heard, nor were any of them acquainted with a single tradition of their art that was more ancient than themselves: they sat in the hall like their progenitors of old, and while I was thinking of Llewelyn, accompanied my dreams with country dances. To be sure, it is not at all wonderful, that a poor man, unhappily blind, should learn to play a tune or two upon the harp, as a recommendation to charity, without knowing any thing of the ancient bards, and I should not have said so much on the subject, had I not been deceived into extravagant expectations by the sentimentality of several tourists, who have bestowed far more praise on the present race of Welsh harpers than they deserve.

We hired a boat at Barmouth, to take us to Pwllheli, a long stretch of thirty miles, which a friendly intimation that we had received, as to the wretched state of all accommodations by the way, made us anxious to accomplish in one day. There was nothing in the immediate scenery of the coast that rendered a more protracted passage desirable: the Merionethshire coast, from Barmouth to its northern extremity, is extended, with little variation, in a sandy flat, which is continued also for several miles beyond Pwllheli along the coast of Carnarvonshire. When we had advanced about two miles, Sarn Badrig was discovered to us by a long line of breakers, and we soon heard their terrible roar. The shoal lies nearly five miles to the northward of Barmouth: a considerable part of it was dry; but there was water sufficient for our boat between its east end and the shore. Mr. Bingley observes, in an excursion to this part of the coast, that his guide pointed out to him part of a long stone wall, which runs out into the sea, in a west-south-west direction for nearly twenty miles, and is called Sarn Badrig. He further remarks, that it is a wonderful work, being throughout about twenty-four feet in thickness; that Sarn y Bwch is supposed to meet the end of it; and, finally, that both these walls were formerly

formerly built to keep out the sea*. I know not how this gentleman could have seen any part of Sarn Badrig, and have mistaken it for a wall, nor by what mode of admeasurement he discovered it to be about twenty-four feet in thickness. I saw it nearly at low water, and it appeared very evidently to be a bank of pebbles, several hundred yards in width. As it is laid down in the charts it is six leagues in length, and varies from a mile to half a mile in breadth for an extent of about five leagues, where it suddenly spreads out more than half a mile on each side, and continues nearly of an equal breadth to its western extremity. Sarn y Bwch is full nine miles distant from any part of it: if these shoals joined at their extremities, they would effectually exclude all vessels from the space which they enclosed, except at high water; the largest class of vessels, however, that navigate Cardigan Bay, pass between them at all hours of the tide.

I have premised that there was little to divert our attention in the scenery of the coast during our voyage of this day; but nothing could be more various and magnificent than our views of the inland country. The mountains of Carnarvonshire were drawn out in a long range before us, and as we advanced, they opened upon us with still increasing majesty. The most southern mountains of the range rise so near to the shore, that we could distinguish all the forms and colours of their rocky sides, and behind them was a sublime confusion of mountains beyond mountains, with the great peak of Snowdon above them all, and still the most distant object. We were much struck with the first sight of Harlech castle, which was suddenly discovered to us on rounding a point of land. It is rendered a very conspicuous object by the boldness of its situation, being built on the summit of a high projecting rock, which stands quite a solitary eminence on the coast, with a vast expanse of sea in front, and backed at a short distance by the mountains. The castle forms a grand mass of building, and is so far preserved, that we approached very near to it before we could perceive that it was in any degree a ruin. We landed that we might examine it more minutely, though it is seen from no where to so much advantage as from the sea. It is a square building, with a round tower at each corner and one on each side of the entrance. A circular turret formerly issued from the top of each of the large rounders; but they are now all in ruins. The windows and all the arches are pointed, and the architecture of the whole building is far more costly and elegant than that of any of the numerous castles which we had hitherto seen in Wales. It is protected on the east or land side by an immense foss cut in the solid rock; on every other side the natural height and abruptness of the rock were considered a sufficient defence.

The present castle was founded by Edward the First; but the rock on which it stands was fortified at a much earlier period. The first name by which it was known, or the first on record, was *Twr Bronwen*, from *Bronwen*, or the White-necked, sister to *Bran ap Llŷr*, King of Britain. It afterwards assumed the title of *Caer Collwyn*, from *Collwyn*

* Bingley's North Wales, p. 326.

ap Tangno, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who resided for some time in a square tower of the ancient fortress, the remains of which, Mr. Pennant states*, are very apparent, as are also those of the old walls, on which the more modern are, in certain places, seen to rest; and if this be the case, we may venture to say, that they are the only morsels of Welsh masonry of such a date and of such construction that are now in being. Twr, or Tower, has a consequence in its very sound, that seems to discountenance some opinions which I have formerly expressed, as to the state of architecture among the Welsh, even in a much later age than the reign of Bran ap Llŷr; but the rudest possible forms of British fortification on the tops of hills and promontories are very frequently distinguished by the same imposing title. Mr. Pennant himself thus describes the remains of Llŷs Bradwen, the court or *palace* of Ednowen, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, about the reign of Gruffyth ap Conan, who was contemporary with William the Conqueror, William Rufus, and Henry the First. "The reliques are about thirty yards square: the entrance about seven feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door-case: the walls formed with large stones, uncemented by any mortar: in short, the structure of this palace shews the very low state of architecture in those times: it may be paralleled only by the artless fabrick of a cattle house†." Yet after this concession, and a caution too, to the reader, that he should not imagine every palace in Wales to have been of equal magnificence with that of Ednowen, this author, and many others after him, who have travelled over the same ground, frequently refer the foundation of buildings, finished with the nicest art, to the days of Bran ap Llŷr, or other unheard-of names in the darkest periods of British history. Giraldus Cambrensis, in his tour through Wales, passed close by Harlech, but he makes no mention of the castle; and we may fairly infer from his silence, that there was at that time no castle to describe, at least none of consequence enough to court description.

In whatever manner the place was fortified, history, though she had little else to attend to in this country but the rise and fall of castles, does not point to it as the scene of any military transactions before the erection of the present fortress by Edward the First. Margaret of Anjou, when she received the news of the unfortunate battle of Northampton, is said to have fled from Coventry to Harlech, where she found shelter for a short time previous to her retreat into Scotland. In her flight she narrowly escaped being taken by the Lord Stanley, who was so near her that he captured all her jewels, treasure, and baggage. On the accession of Edward the Fourth, the castle was held by Dafydd ap Jevan ap Eneon, a staunch friend to the house of Lancaster, and who refused to deliver up his trust even in the last extremity of their declining fortune. He was besieged here in the year 1468, by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who invested the place, after a laborious and dangerous march over the most rugged tract of the moun-

* Tour in Wales, Vol. II. p. 283.

† Ibid. Vol. II. p. 241.

tains, which had never before been passed by a foreign force, and had always been regarded as the last secure retreat of the natives from the power of invasion. The earl entrusted the immediate conduct of the siege to his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, who, before he proceeded to offensive operations, sent a summons of surrender, to which the gallant Dafydd, bold in the conviction that the fortress was impregnable, is said to have replied, That he had defended a castle in France so long, that he had made all the old women in Wales talk of him ; and that he would keep this so long, that all the old women in France should talk of him. I do not find that the particulars of the siege are recorded ; but Dafydd finally surrendered, and it is conjectured that he was forced into submission by famine. Sir Richard engaged to save his life ; but Edward refused to listen to his intercession, till Sir Richard enforced his consent by declaring, that his Majesty might, if he pleased, take his life instead of that of the Welsh captain ; but that if this could not be agreed to, he would most assuredly replace Dafydd in his castle, and his Majesty might send whom he pleased to take him out again*.

During the last civil wars, Harlech was alternately in the hands of both parties, and was finally taken by the forces of the parliament, under General Mytton, in March, 1647, when William Owen was governor, and the whole garrison consisted of only twenty-eight men. With this small force the castle had still the honour of surrendering on articles, and was the last in North Wales that held out in the cause of the king.

The town of Harlech, though a borough town, is a miserable hole, consisting of a few ragged and dirty huts, which did not detain us for a moment.

We were now nearly in the northern corner of Cardigan Bay, so enclosed by land, that the sea had the appearance of a lake ; and though its borders were tame and bald, it was girt at a short distance by a semicircle of magnificent mountains, which rendered it pre-eminent in all the grander features of lake-scenery. We proceeded in a direct line from Harlech to Crickaeth castle, wind and tide obliging us to cut off the angle of the bay. We regretted this necessity, as it had been our particular wish to have landed at the Traeth Bach, and the Traeth Mawr, the Little Sand, and the Large Sand, in the latter of which an immense tract of land has within these few years been recovered from the sea. We observed the opening in the land which forms the common mouth of these inlets, and at high water receives the tide, but which, when we saw it, was a waste of sand. This sand is nearly three miles in breadth, and extends for more than a mile in a northerly direction, when it is divided into two branches by a tongue of land, which, being rocky and mountainous, has resisted the depredations committed by the sea upon the defenceless flat on each side of it. Traeth Bach, the western branch, is about four miles long, and, at its southern extremity, a mile broad, becoming gradually narrower northwards, till it opens into the vale of Festiniog, a tract of small extent, but remarkable fertility, and celebrated for the exquisite beauties of its scenery. A multitude of streams rush down

* Life of Lord Herbert.

the sides of the mountains that enclose it, and unite in the river Dwyryd, which winds through the valley, and discharges itself into the Traeth. Lord Lyttleton has observed of the vale of Festiniog, that, ‘with the woman one loves, with the friend of one’s heart, and a good library of books,’ (additions indeed which make place a matter of very little importance,) ‘one might pass an age there and think it but a day.’

Traeth Mawr has assumed so completely a new face, that it requires a new name, though the old one serves as a memorial of what it was, and of the skill, spirit, and perseverance of the individual, who has made it what it is. The space formerly covered by the sea every tide was about five miles in length, and varied from one mile to two miles in breadth: it terminated to the north in a well-cultivated valley, with which, in the course of a few years, it will be blended in one tract of equal fertility. Sir John Wynn, of Gwedir, in the year 1625, first conceived the design of gaining both the Traeth Mawr and the Traeth Bach from the sea by embankments, and proposed its execution to his countryman, Sir Hugh Middleton, who had acquired a high reputation for skill in works of this kind, by the recovery of two thousand acres of land in the Isle of Wight. In a letter to his friend, he declares, after describing the situation and extent of the sands, the facility of procuring wood and other materials in the neighbourhood for the construction of mounds, and his earnest desire “to further his country in such actions as might be for their profit, and leave a remembrance of his endeavours,” that “*he is content to adventure a brace of hundred pounds to join with him in the work*.” Making proper allowances for the superior value of money at the time, this venturesome offer still appears out of all bounds disproportioned to the undertaking, and so it appeared to Sir Hugh, whose reply, while it rejects the proposal of his friend, gives so characteristic a sketch of his own indefatigable activity, that I venture to set it down in his own words. It is as follows:

HONOURABLE SIR,

I have received your kind letter. Few are the things done by me, for which I give God the glory. It may please you to understand my first undertaking of publick works was amongst my owne, within less than a myle of the place where I hadd my first beinge, 24 or 25 years since, in seekinge of coales for the town of Denbigh. Touching the drowned lands near your lyvinge, there are manye things considerable therein. Iff to be gayned, which will hardlie be performed without great stones, which was plentifull at the Wight, as well as wood; and great sums of money to be spent, not hundreds but thousands—and first of all his Majesty’s interest must be got. As for myself I am grown into years and full of busines here at the mynes, the river at London, and other places—my weeklie charge being above 200*l*.; which maketh me verie unwilling to undertake anie other worke; and the least of theis, whether the drowned lands or mynes, requireth a whole

* Barrington’s Miscellanies: History of the Gwedir Family.

man, with a large purse. Noble sir, my desire is great to see you, which should draw me a farr longer waie; yet such are my occasions at this tyme here, for the settlinge of this great worke, that I can hardlie be spared one houre in a daie. My wieff being also here, I cannot leave her in a strange place. Yet my love to publique works, and desire to see you (if God permit) maie another tyme drawe me into those parts. Soe with my heartie comendations I comit you and all your good desires to God,

Lodge,
Sept. 2d, 1625.

Your assured loving Couzin to command,
HUGH MYDDLETON*.

This explanation probably quite confounded Sir John; for he did not renew his proposal under any new form; nor did the Traeth Mawr excite the interest and ambition of any other adventurer till about eighteen years ago, when William Madocks, Esq. became engaged in the great work of reclaiming it, and, by a course of active and well-directed exertion, speedily secured his reward. This gentleman by his first labours recovered nineteen hundred acres of land near the northern extremity of the estuary, which are now in excellent cultivation, and indeed have for some years produced regular and abundant crops of wheat, barley, clover, &c. A new town was built on part of the redeemed ground, and called, in honour of its founder, Tremadoc. This successful conquest gave encouragement to more extended designs, and in the year 1807, Mr. Madocks obtained a grant from the crown, confirmed by act of parliament, of all the sands of the Traeth Mawr, between Pont Aberglaslyn and the point of Gêst. To secure this tract, consisting of about three thousand five hundred acres, a vast embankment was thrown up, thirty feet wide at the top and a hundred feet at its base, and extending from the shore of Carnarvonshire to the south-western point of the neck of land which divides the Traeth Mawr and the Traeth Bach, a distance of about sixteen hundred yards. The embankment was composed of earth and stones, brought from the land at each extremity in small waggons running on iron rail-roads, the work being carried out in a line from each shore till the points met. It was soon discovered that the stones either sunk into the sand or were dispersed by the action of the tides, and it was therefore necessary to prepare a foundation. For this purpose a strong and thick kind of matting was employed, made of rushes, which were procured in abundance from the adjacent marshes: the matting was secured by stakes driven into the sands, and was found completely to answer the end for which it was used. The river Glaslyn, which flows through the Traeth Mawr, and brings down a large body of water from the mountains, is now discharged into the sea through five floodgates, each fifteen feet in height. The whole of this vast work was completed in about four years, and there is every reason to believe that it will be effectual and permanent. The longer it stands the less likely it becomes to give

* History of the Gwedir Family.

way ; for the sea keeps gradually forcing up a bank of sand before it, and if not overwhelmed by some extraordinarily high tide, before this advanced work is of sufficient magnitude to repel the invasion, it may endure for ages.

Traeth Mawr bounds the coast of Merionethshire, from which the coast of Carnarvonshire projects at right angles. The western division of this county, called the Promontory of Llyn, stretches out in a long, narrow peninsula, regularly tapering to a point like the county of Cornwall. It is scarcely necessary to explain that, standing thus exposed on three sides to the ocean, it is utterly destitute of all the graces of sylvan scenery. The Snowdonian mountains occupy the eastern part in an unbroken range, nearly from sea to sea ; but as they extend to the westward the chain becomes discontinued, and they rise at considerable intervals from each other, gradually declining in height till they terminate at the western extremity of the peninsula, in a tremendous precipice, called Braich y Pwll Head.

Crickaeth castle is about three miles to the westward of the mouth of Traeth Mawr, and stands on a high cliff jutting out far into the sea, and, like the rock of Harlech, with a long flat on each side of it. Both these fortresses were of great importance for the protection of the passes through the Traeths, and it is a curious circumstance, that two eminences should have been found so nicely fitted for military posts, one at each side of the estuary, and on a coast which, with these exceptions, is uniformly flat. Both the castles may be seen in one view from many different points, and their high embattled towers give great character to the wild magnificence of the surrounding scenery. The castle of Crickaeth is not a building of such magnitude as that of Harlech, and is in a much more ruinous condition. There is nothing in its remains that is worthy of minute notice ; but the whole constitutes a very picturesque ruin. I observed that the towers are all square, except two round towers which guard the entrance, and these are square in the inside, and are supposed to have been cased since their first foundation. The castle is said to have been repaired by Edward the First ; but it is not known by whom it was first built, though Mr. Pennant and some others attribute its erection to a Welsh prince, at a time when it is admitted that Welsh princes made but little distinction between palaces for themselves and for their pigs. About fifteen miles to the westward of Crickaeth there is a lofty hill, called Carn Madryn, which is noted for having been a strong hold of Roderick and Maelgwyn, the sons of Owen Gwyneth. There are many remains of fortifications upon it, from which may be ascertained what was the state of architecture at an early period among the Welsh. "The bottom, sides, and top are filled with cells, oblong, oval, or circular, once thatched, or covered from the inclemency of the weather : many of them are pretty entire. The chieftains resided on the top ; the people of the country, with their cattle, in times of invasion, occupied the sides and bottom*." The stones of

* Pennant.

the walls are not connected by cement, but are thrown roughly together, and with infinitely less attention to neatness and arrangement than would be observed by a Briton of the present day in the construction of a pig-sty.

The Welsh Chronicle makes no mention of Crickaeth, and there are no records, I believe, of its ever having sustained a siege, an evidence almost as convincing as its mode of architecture, that it was not in being at the same time when other castles, not far removed from it, were alternately rising and falling, as fast as these changes could possibly be effected by human means. A Welsh hero, Sir Howel y Fwyall, was appointed constable of this fortress by the Black Prince, in reward of his valour and important services at the battle of Poitiers. He is said to have fought on foot, and armed only with a battle-axe, with which he committed desperate havoc among the enemy. His countrymen declare, that, among other exploits, he cut off the head of the French king's horse, and took his majesty prisoner; but history ascribes this last honour to Denis de Morebeque, a knight of Artois. In addition to the constabship of Crickaeth, the Black Prince conferred upon him the distinction of knighthood, and ordered, in further commemoration of his services, that a mess of meat should be served up every day before the battle-axe, with which he had performed such prodigies of valour. He was permitted also to add a battle-axe to his coat of arms, and, in allusion to the same formidable weapon, or his formidable use of it, was styled Sir Howel y Fwyall, or of the Axe. Eight yeomen attendants, maintained at the expense of the crown, were appointed to guard the mess, which, after it had appeared before the knight, was carried down and distributed among the poor. This ceremony was continued till the reign of Elizabeth, the mess, after the death of Sir Howel, being paraded about in the same manner as during his lifetime, and given to the poor for the benefit of his soul.

There is a small town at Crickaeth, a faithful copy of Harlech in all its signs of poverty and meanness. It is a borough-town, contributory to Carnarvon, and contains about four hundred inhabitants. On departing from hence we met with no further cause of interruption till we entered the harbour of Pwllheli, a natural inlet of considerable extent, but left dry at low water, except in a narrow channel formed by several small streams which discharge themselves into it. There is a large rock near the entrance, called the Gimlet, which is of service as a guide to the harbour, and protects it from the southwestern sea. As the tide was out, our boat could not advance far up the haven; we therefore landed and walked for about a quarter of a mile over sand and mud to the town, where we found that we could not have arrived more opportunely. Some parish business, the nature of which I could not exactly ascertain, had drawn together a number of farmers and country people of all descriptions, and a feast was prepared for them at the inn, to which half a dozen aldermen might not have disdained to sit down. Just as we entered, it was fuming up stairs, in a long file of roasted and boiled meats, flanked by vegetables, and pies, and puddings, and followed closely by a crowd of people, in
whose

whose countenances there was an expression of satisfaction, which it was impossible not to go along with. On enquiring what was the particular motive for so much luxury, the landlady declared to us, that there was nothing particular in the case; that as good a dinner was served up at her house every market-day; and that people in her part of the world knew what good eating was as well as other folks, and could eat as much. Whether she told the precise truth, or was warped a little by her anxiety to give us a high idea of the civilization of her country, I know not; but certain it is, that we had not met with any thing half so savory for many a day.

In about two hours after our arrival, the whole house was a scene of uproar and confusion, almost every individual of the company being perfectly drunk, and each amusing himself, as his temper urged, with singing or fighting. To get them all fairly out of the house was a most laborious task, and for hours after I was in bed, the struggle was maintained between the boisterousness and untractableness of the men, and the loud but unavailing remonstrances of their wives. Throughout the night, I was periodically roused by a sudden clattering of feet and clamour of tongues upon the stairs, as each unwilling guest was forcibly dragged from his drink; and the morning had just dawned when the last party of the 'jovial crew' were turned away, amidst anxious vociferations for more.

A feast among people of this rank in life would have ended in the same manner, I believe, in any part of the kingdom; but the lower orders of the Welsh have the character of being a more than commonly thirsty race. Drink is the main spring of their conviviality; and indeed all their meetings, whether on occasions of mirth or melancholy, have one common termination in deep potations of ale. The ale which they drink is exceedingly viscid, and is said to have a most deleterious effect on their constitutions, independent of the injuries resulting from its intoxicating qualities. The women do not indulge in this seductive poison, and no one can travel through Wales without observing, that they have a much more marked appearance of health and strength than the men. I speak of this love of liquor in the Welsh from the authority of others, who have had opportunities of more intimate acquaintance with their manners than I have; for though I have on more than one occasion been witness to scenes among them of the same character as the riot at Pwllheli, I cannot decide from the sum total of my own observations, that they drink more than the English. I have never been in any part of the kingdom when a wake or a fair happened to be going on, that general drunkenness did not form the consummation of all the amusements of the day. It seems indeed to be the common vice of the country, and no doubt in part suggested, as it must be admitted in some degree to justify, that coarse and bloated figure, which has been sketched out as the representation of John Bull.

Pwllheli is a small town, consisting of only one street, and that of mean appearance; but it is the largest and most respectable town in the peninsula of Llyn. It carries on a considerable

considerable coasting trade, being the general magazine of goods from which all the surrounding villages derive their supplies. The harbour will not receive vessels of more than eighty tons; but it is easy of approach, and well sheltered.

Previous to our arrival here, we had been warned that this town, which stands in the centre of the south coast of Llyn, was the boundary of all civilization to the south-west, and that in travelling to the extremity of the peninsula, we should discover through every action of the day, on the road, or under shelter, that we were in a barbarous country. The south-western half of Llyn lies like an outcast district, not communicating with any of the frequented roads of the country, and containing very little within itself to tempt the intrusion of strangers. Its inhabitants therefore are left without disturbance in a little world of their own, where they quietly rust under the despotism of ignorance and prejudice, entirely shut out from all the common stimulants to exertion and improvement. They have no fear of being surprised in an undress by company, and sink into sloth and slovenliness, with the same comfortable apology transmitted from generation to generation—there is nobody here but ourselves. We had become too familiar with the asperities of by-roads, and the penalties that are incident to chance-guests, to be easily intimidated, and therefore, having hired horses and a guide at Pwllheli, set forward to explore this *ultima Thule*, and with no unpleasing anticipations of the adventures which awaited us. The coast continued for some miles flat and uninteresting; but there was ample matter of attraction in the forms of the more distant scenery, the mountains, and the whole of the long and varied front of Cardigan bay. The most western mountains of Merionethshire seemed from this distance to rise from the sea, and immediately behind them appeared Cader-Idris, with his summit seen only in parts above the clouds. We had had this noble mountain constantly in sight since we left Aberystwith; but after this day's journey we saw it no more. The inland country of Llyn, to the southwest of Pwllheli, is interspersed with a few insulated and rugged hills; but it is generally flat and mournfully naked. I was informed that the land is very good, and capable of being made very productive; but it is wretchedly cultivated, and in many parts perfectly waste. Agriculture is said to be neglected here for the sake of the fisheries; but if the people really devote all the labour of their lives to this employment, they must be either very unskillful, or very unfortunate; for they are obviously most deplorably poor.

In about an hour we entered Llan Badrog, a village of a few hovels, more mean and uncouth than any that I have yet had to mention. I should have pronounced their filthiness to be the least tolerable part of their condition; but as this might have been easily remedied, it was certainly of but little account in the consideration of the inhabitants. They may indeed have submitted to it as the lesser of two evils: dirt, they may think, is disagreeable enough, but not quite so much so as that little addition of daily toil, without which cleanliness cannot be maintained. We travelled on from hence for six or seven miles, without meeting with any thing worthy of particular remark, when we came
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to Abersoch, a village not of greater extent, but rather more decent character than the last. Here was a public-house yielding barley bread and cheese, and some weak and very turbid ale. The landlady confessed to us, that the ale was rather new, and we found that it was not quite cold, having been made in the course of the morning. We observed her dip a small jug into an earthen pan, which stood under the table, and contained all that had been brewed. She had no utensils, she said, for making it in larger quantities, and therefore always brewed as soon as the pan was empty, and used the beer as soon as it was full. The same kind of plan or pan prevailed at several other houses, which we were obliged to visit, before we escaped from this poverty-stricken district; yet ale is regarded by the people as their greatest luxury.

Abersoch stands near the mouth of a narrow and shallow river, the Soch, which, where it meets the sea, spreads out into a broader channel, and forms a harbour for small craft. We saw a sloop there discharging a cargo of limestone, which constitutes the sole article of importation. A few fishing boats complete the wealth of the port. The Soch opens into a bay, called St. Tudwal's Road, which is the only secure place of shelter for large vessels between this point and Fishguard bay. The whole front of Cardigan bay is exposed to the west wind, from which this roadstead is protected by the inflection of the coast of Llyn to the southward. Two small islands, called St. Tudwal's and Merecross Isles, which lie at a short distance from each other, and about half a mile from the mainland, off the south point of the bay, shelter it from the south, and indeed a few vessels may ride with safety under the lee of these islands, from whichever point the wind blows. Neither of the islands is inhabited by man; but they both afford pasture for a few sheep, and are amply stocked with rabbits, and in the summer season frequented by hosts of sea-fowl. On the larger of the two, St. Tudwal's, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to the saint whose name it bears; but there are no remains of it.

As we approached the extremity of Llyn, the coast became more bold and rocky: it terminates to the south in a long promontory, called Pen Kilan, and from thence to its most western boundary, Braich-y-Pwll Head, its front is exposed to a vast expanse of sea, and has been broken into numerous bays and creeks. Pen Kilan forms the eastern point of a bay very terrible to seamen, and known by the appalling name of Hell's Mouth. There was nothing in its external form which to the eyes of us landmen pointed out the terrors of its true nature; but we saw it in calm weather, and with the firm ground under our feet. It is deeply indented into the land, and the tide sets into it with such exceeding violence, that if a vessel is driven by a southerly wind within reach of its attraction, she becomes engulfed beyond the possibility of escape. A tremendous sea rolls on to this coast in gales of wind from the south and southwest; and as the wind blows most frequently and more violently from these points than from any other, Hell's Mouth is a subject of constant alarm, and is looked upon as a snare that is always ready to swallow up every vessel that comes within the radius of its vortex. It may be mentioned as

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some mitigation of the horrors of this bay, that when a vessel is cast on shore in it, the crew are not shut out by an insurmountable barrier from the land. It is bounded by steep cliffs; but they are not very lofty, nor so steep as to prevent any one from clambering up them with ease and safety. As the tide was out, we rode for two or three miles at the base of the cliffs upon a hard, smooth sand, till, taking advantage of an easy ascent to the land, we left the shore, and soon gained a road which was nearly up to our horses' knees in stones. Our course, too, lay for a long way up hill, and we were journeying, as we had been for some time, in a steady rain, so that altogether we may be said not to have escaped from Hell's Mouth into Paradise.

We paused at the top of the hill for the sake of our horses, and took shelter in an unfinished house, which promised to become a more decent habitation than any we saw till we again got into the land of civilization. Near it were a few of the common wigwams of the country, and from them there presently issued a flock of women and children, who, in their manners and appearance, really bore a nearer resemblance to savages, than any creatures whom, in spite of the warning that we had received, I had expected to encounter. They all entered the place where we were standing, and scrutinized us with great boldness and familiarity. One of the women seized hold of my umbrella, and began to examine it with eager attention; but after pulling and twisting it about with truly Hottentot awkwardness, she returned it to me without having made any discoveries as to the nature of the machine. When I unfurled it, and held it over her head, conviction burst upon her at once, and she again took possession of it, and continued to open and close it for some time with tolerable facility, and very much to the amusement of herself and her companions. None of them could speak English; but we learned from our guide, that they were much astonished at the sight of us, and very pressing in their enquiries as to the motive that could have brought us among them. This, however, we could not unfold to their satisfaction. We continued our journey with our umbrellas over our heads, and they followed us for some distance with as much interest and curiosity as if we had been going off in a balloon.

As the evening was now advancing, and the rain increasing, we became anxious to move on with all possible speed, and therefore dismounted from our horses, and leaving them with our guide, went forward on foot. In a short time we struck into a road, intersected at every twenty yards by a knee-deep river, and thus, with a torrent above and below, we splashed, and plunged, and floundered into Aberdaron. Here there was no sign of entertainment for man or horse, so we knocked at the door of a vile hovel, to enquire which was the inn, when a man came forward and told us, that we had no further to go, and begged us to walk in. The rain and darkness without left us no alternative, and wet, and hunger, and fatigue had disposed us not to be fastidious; but in spite of this seasoning, we could not submit, with any degree of complacency, to the circumstances which here conspired to disgust us. We were obliged to sit in the common room of

the family ; but this we should not have complained of, had it been only decently clean, only so clean as not to be equally offensive to the nose as to the sight. The black bread, and the homeliness of every thing that was offered to us to eat and drink, we could have borne ; but the filthiness of every thing was insufferable. Yet the family themselves, under every provocation that ought to make people miserable, were most perversely happy and content. I hope that I may not be misunderstood : contentment, under a condition that does not admit of change, deserves nothing but praise ; I object only to that invincible sluggishness, which creates evils, and bears them, with equal indifference. Men who are engaged from morning to night in hard labour, that they may gain the necessaries of life, are apt to overlook those lesser cares, which tend only to polish and purify it. These are consigned to the hands of the women ; they are the natural refiners of every thing that is offensive to sweetness and cleanliness, and on them therefore devolve the important duties of the scrubbing-brush. How actively they in general exert themselves in their calling, it requires not my voice to prove ; but I am sorry to say, that the females of this little corner at Aberdaron were exceedingly remiss in their office, and though there were three or four of them in the family, they all, with a most unpardonable neglect of discipline, connived at the filth by which they were surrounded.

Adjoining the place in which we sat, there was another room occupied by a woman and her children, who lived as lodgers in the house : in the course of the evening they joined us, and with this addition our apartment was filled to its corners. The landlord and ourselves were the only persons in the company who wore shoes and stockings, some of the women, as they sat, exposing their bare legs nearly up to their knees. It is singular that this barbarous custom should be confined to the sex, which is undoubtedly most inclined by nature to dress and decoration : in Wales, as in Scotland, while the men are clothed like a civilized people, the women paddle about with naked feet.

At an early hour we begged to be shewn to our beds, and were conducted up stairs into a room of large dimensions, which occupied the whole of the upper part of the house. As we entered by a dim light, we could just perceive that it was crowded with lumber, and had to grope our way to our beds through rows of wooden stools and spinning-wheels. After what I have said regarding the general state of the household, it is unnecessary to mention the style of the beds : sleep was necessary, and we were very fortunately quite prepared by fatigue, to sink into immediate unconsciousness of all external circumstances. I awoke in the night, and, with some surprise, found that the room was alive in every corner ; on the return of light I discovered that the whole family had shared it with us. It may be expected perhaps that there was some little hesitation as to who should get up first, but there was no such thing : the landlord woke first, and with a prodigious yawn, which roused the whole room, jumped out of bed, followed in a moment by the women and children, who all bustled into their clothes in a few seconds, and then left us to ourselves. It was not yet five o'clock ; but we were well pleased with this opportunity

opportunity of rising, and soon found ourselves out of doors, where we breathed the pure air of the morning, fresh from the sea, with peculiar satisfaction.

The village had few claims on our attention : it is very small, and, though with so many vivid recollections in my mind, I could not but admit, that the inn was by no means the most sordid habitation in the place. A clear stream of water, the Daron, flows close by the doors of the cottages ; but the people are quite insensible to half the value of this precious element. About fifty yards below the village, the river joins the sea, in a small sandy bay, where the fishermen have a safe landing-place and shelter for their boats. The bay is protected from the west by a headland, and the force of the southern sea is broken by two insulated rocks, called Ynys Gwylan. This part of the coast abounds with fish, and among the rarer kinds, with the John Dory, which, till of late years, the people are said to have considered by far too ugly a thing to be eaten. Herrings visit all the bays and creeks in vast shoals, and the fishermen rely upon them for their principal support. The vicinity of good markets at Liverpool and on the Irish coast, gives them opportunities of turning this fishery to great account ; but they are not supplied with suitable boats and nets, and without some assistance they cannot procure them.

We had intended to proceed from hence to the island of Bardsey ; but there was too much wind for us to attempt the passage with safety, and we had not fortitude enough to remain at this wretched place till the weather became more favourable. There is a furious race in the sound between the island and the mainland, which, together with a strong wind, was more than a man could prudently encounter in an Aberdaron boat. Our disappointment was not a matter of much regret to us ; for we had reason to believe, from the accounts of others, that there was nothing about the island that was very interesting, or that required a very close inspection. The landlord, who was not only master of the inn but the chief fisherman of the place, proposed to us, as the best resource under our present circumstances, that while the kettle was boiling, we should walk to a high place, from whence we might see the island very clearly. We immediately set forward, and, after a walk of nearly three miles, began to ascend a very lofty hill, which on its western side juts out into the sea, and forms the vast promontory of Braich y Pwll. From the summit we had a very distinct view of Bardsey, which lay at the distance of not more than two miles to the southward of us. Its east end is occupied by a mountain, which presents a rocky precipice to the sea, but gradually slopes away towards the west, till it terminates in a plain. A dark, heavy cloud had settled on its summit, which, with the raging sea that encircled its base, gave it a grand, wild, and gloomy effect. We could not see a tree on any part of the island, and its whole appearance was that of a cheerless solitude, fit only for the habitation of gulls and cormorants. But I was considering it with the feelings of an idle man, with nothing to do but to contrast its nakedness with the beauty of groves and fertile meadows : the few poor people who inhabit it have half

their time and all their thoughts employed by the toil and the cares of gaining their bread: where they labour is a matter of very little moment to them, and when their labour is over, they require no enjoyment but rest.

The island is about two miles in length, and one in breadth; the mountainous part is perfectly barren; but there is some good land on the plain, which produces wheat and barley, and pasture for a few cows and sheep. Much of the low land, however, is said to be of very little value. There are about a dozen houses on the island, and between sixty and seventy inhabitants, who divide their time between agriculture and fishing, and by these pursuits just gain a subsistence, to which, in the summer season, they sometimes add, by way of luxury, the eggs of sea-fowl.

In the early ages of Christianity Bardsey was an asylum for religious recluses, who fled to it from the temptations of public life, and the persecution of Saxon invaders. It became in time, from some other circumstances of powerful attraction not exactly known, probably from the fame of some eminent individual, distinguished above every other holy haunt in Wales for the numbers and sanctity of its pious inhabitants. Exclusive of a meaner multitude, twenty thousand saints are said to have lived and been buried here; though Fuller rather sceptically adds to this report, that it would be more easy to find graves in Bardsey for so many saints, than saints for so many graves. Who were the earliest devotees who frequented this island is uncertain; but it must no doubt have required a series of ages to complete this prodigious accumulation of saints; for I suppose that not more than a hundred at a time could have been crowded with any degree of comfort into so small a space. Saint Dubritius, after the resignation of his primacy, and when broken down by age and infirmity, retired hither to die in 612; and Mr. Pennant reasonably imagines, that there must have been some motive for his preference of this spot, and that it was probably the sanctity which it had derived from some religious establishment previous to this period. Giraldus observes of the state of Bardsey in his time—"This island, either from the wholesomeness of its climate, owing to its vicinity to Ireland, or rather to some miracle obtained by the merits of the saints, has this wonderful peculiarity, that the oldest people die first; because diseases are uncommon, and scarcely any die, except from extreme old age*." I did not hear that this singular favour is extended to its present inhabitants; but then they have no saints among them, and commit all their spiritual concerns to the care of an uncanonical rustic. At the time of the dissolution there was an abbey at Bardsey, dedicated to St. Mary, whose revenues, according to Dugdale, were 46*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* The Abbot's house and a small chapel still remain; but there are no traces of those extensive buildings, which must have been necessary for the accommodation of the numerous population, in the days of the twenty thousand saints.

* Hoare's Giraldus, Vol. II. p. 83.

We observed the remains of a chapel on the promontory of Braich y Pwll. It was called Capel Fair, the Chapel of our Lady, and was placed here, Mr. Pennant remarks, to give the seamen an opportunity of invoking the tutelar saint for protection through the dangerous sound of Bardsey. Not far from it are the ruins of Capel Anhelog, the Chapel without Endowment; but they escaped our notice.

In our way back to Aberdaron we passed by a methodist meeting-house, a respectable building, lately erected in the place of a small, mean hovel, in which the duties of the tabernacle were performed, till the growing congregation could no longer be confined within its walls. The prostrate chapels of the saints, and this newly-raised building, naturally incline the thoughts to the changes of religious feeling and opinion, and the various artifices and forms of imposture, by which religion is made an instrument of mere worldly interest and ambition. The saints have had their day in Wales, and they are now despised or forgotten; but the morbid faith by which their credit was supported has only changed its objects, and withdrawn from St. David and his partners on the Calendar, to rest on cobblers, tinkers, or any one, whatever may be his condition, if he can rant, and jump, and groan, and sanctify his harlequinade by a few scraps from the Scriptures. Let it not be supposed that I mean to include all Methodist teachers in this ignorant mob: there are men among them who, whatever may be the purity and disinterestedness of their motives, are of undoubted learning and ability; but it is nevertheless true, and it is one of the most alarming injuries offered by the sect to the dignity and respectability of religion, that the grossest ignorance and folly do not exclude a man from a voice in the tabernacle. Any canting vagrant, who preaches under a hedge, can secure an audience, and an audience too that can be moved by his frantic exhortations, and furious gestures, to groans and tears.

We have no reason to regret the disrepute into which the saints have fallen in this country, or the abolition of monasteries and other encumbrances; but there can be no question that the whole establishment, with all its corruptions, was infinitely preferable to Methodism. It is better that religion should be burdened with a redundancy of state and show, than that it should be left unprotected by all decent ceremony, and exposed to the uninstructed criticism and coarse familiarity of the rabble. Its simplest and most intelligible duties might incur some chance of abasement and contempt, under the reasoning and oratory of apostles in leathern aprons; but what are we to expect when such people rise up, not to tell us to be sober and honest, and love one another, but to rave about *inward grace*, and other mysterious emotions?

I have been led by curiosity into assemblies of Methodists of the very rankest description both in Wales and England: in the former, my ignorance of the language confined my observation to the wild gesticulations and active capers of the preacher, and the sighs and dismal looks of his disconsolate congregation; but in England his discourse commanded all my attention, and certainly nothing that I have heard from any being out of
a strait

a strait waistcoat, ever so outraged common sense and decorum. To commit what I heard, or any part of it, distinctly to memory, was quite out of the question. It was a monstrous medley, consisting of an exposition of hell-torments, in brutal and ferocious terms; a farrago of impenetrable absurdity about grace, with the name of Jesus, endlessly repeated, and with a most shocking and impious familiarity. There is nothing indeed more particularly offensive in the whole style of worship among these people, than the tone of irreverent freedom with which they address the Deity. When an illiterate mechanic undertakes to preach the nature and necessity of *inward grace* without book, it may naturally be expected that he will come to frequent checks in the current of his unpremeditated nonsense; and on these occasions he invariably helps himself on by appeals to the name of Jesus, with a long string of endearing epithets, which could be only decent in the address of a man to his mistress, or a mother to her infant; though they are delivered with an abject whine, and detestable slang, that remind one rather of the cant, the ‘bless your precious eyes and limbs’ of a St. Giles’s beggar. In their denunciations against the Devil, these preachers affect a blustering, bullying manner, which, though not so presumptuous as their language to the Deity, is exceedingly preposterous and ridiculous. One of them, after explaining, in his most insane style, the mysteries of religious passion, and being convinced, from the groaning responses of his congregation, that he had saved them all, exclaimed in a transport of elevated piety—‘We will make the Devil a bankrupt, and leave him neither dish nor spoon.’ They have a set of phrases too, by which they describe some of their most ethereal emotions, that are peculiarly disgusting, and that, one should imagine, could scarcely be separated, even in the minds of these ardent devotees, from the gross associations which are naturally connected with them: they really seem to have formed a vocabulary for ‘religious courtship’ from the language of animal passion. These loose expressions, indeed, and the spiritual sinkings and ecstasies which they are intended to represent, are not peculiar to the vulgar of the sect, but are common to all, high and low. In the ‘Evangelical and Methodist Magazines,’ chronicles which the High Priests of the Tabernacle have distinguished by their countenance and contributions, there are *cases* of patients under heavenly visitations, detailed in terms, which, if it were not for their horrible combination with the most sacred names, one could interpret only as the effusions of undisguised lasciviousness. The poor wretches, whose excesses have been thus disgracefully published, may have been merely mad; but there is reason to believe, that some of the most frantic meetings of Methodists, their *love feasts*, &c. though they may be founded with no evil intention, do verily lead to scenes of actual debauchery. This may appear a cruel insinuation against those, who deem all but themselves carnal people, and reject the most harmless amusements as sources of sin, but it is notorious, that their inflexible seriousness, their gloom and their melancholy, and the hopes and fears that inspire them, have no good effect upon their conduct in any of the relations of life. Truth, honesty, and plain-dealing, they talk

talk very little about: straight hair, and a long, sneaking, condemned face, they think, are surer passports to heaven.

A very great loathing for the whole character of Methodism has led me to speak of it with more warmth than may perhaps be conceived decorous; but it is a subject on which, if one speaks at all, he cannot speak coldly. The sect have become not only formidable from their numbers, but have grown so outrageous in their extravagance, that the remonstrances of those, who have a real regard for the cause of religion, and the dignity of human reason, may have no effect, but certainly cannot be too severely applied. We have just seen a wretched woman, either a tool or a victim, in the metropolis of the most enlightened country of Europe, successfully maintain a monstrous and long-protracted fraud, suited only to the conception of the vilest savages on the earth, and finding dupes not only among the low and the ignorant, but among many of respectable rank, and (*mirabile dictu!*) out of a mad-house. There is no foolery too gross, no imposition too palpable, for belief and respect, with minds that have once sucked in the drivellings of Methodism. Here was a wretch, not only without any symptoms of inspiration, but with no one natural quality that could gain the respect of her fellow-creatures, a poor, weak woman, diseased alike in body and in mind, who, on the simple credit of her own raving declarations, could fix a persuasion, that she was about to be the instrument of a miracle of momentous consequence to the salvation of mankind. No illusion was ever supported with such invincible obstinacy: the miracle was postponed, but was expected still—was expected when the poor lunatic lay on her death-bed—when she was dead—when her corpse betrayed the last disgusting signs of its mortality; and is expected, there is reason to believe, now that it is rotting in the earth. Fanaticism of this complexion, it is to be feared, is beyond the reach of reasoning or remonstrance, and must run its course, and fall under its own weight. Let us hope that it may not sweep down all sound religion and morality in its ruin.

My remarks on this subject have been principally suggested by what has fallen under my own immediate observation; the indignities that are offered to every thing that should be held most sacred in religion, by preachers from the lowest and most ignorant of the people. Methodism is sufficiently obnoxious to common sense and rational feeling, however it may be explained; but if we could stop the mouths of these plebeian declaimers, we should check one great cause of its diffusion among the whole body of the people, under its most alarming form. A greater degree of earnestness and activity on the part of the regular Clergy, has been recommended as, at least, a probable check to this torrent of fanaticism; and if there is any hope from such a remedy, it is most emphatically called for in Wales, where the Methodists are in more than common force, and where the clergy of the Establishment, if they do not want zeal for the cause, are, without doubt, in many instances exceedingly ill qualified to maintain it. The stipends of the curates, on whom, with whatever propriety it may be, the chief burden of the battle rests on the side of the church,

church, are generally so small, that no men, with the birth and education of gentlemen, will submit to starve on them, and they are therefore made over to very well-meaning, hard-working people, perhaps, but too ignorant withal, to perform the duties of teachers with any kind of credit or success. Their ignorance, it may be said, is not quite so great as that of their fanatical opponents; but these have the advantage of supporting a religion far more calculated to captivate the feelings of the multitude; a religion of passion and phrenzy, which a fool may provoke, but which it is doubtful whether any combination of reason and eloquence can effectually subdue. The despised curate, on the other hand, goes plodding on in a very sober and upright manner, but unfortunately with no qualifications that are likely to secure or reclaim his parishioners. The meanness of his external condition combines to weaken his influence over them: he cannot command their respect by the show of respectable rank in society, nor move their gratitude by acts of charity in the days of their distress. A man who with daring impiety declares that he has received a *call*, or a divine monition to become a preacher, will, though he be in rags, find multitudes to believe, to listen to him, and to clothe him; but if a poor curate, who is ennobled by no such inspiration, is seen in the familiar scenes of life, in degrading situations, lighting his own fire, or cleaning his own shoes, he will unquestionably lose, together with his dignity, a portion of his authority. Poverty makes men ridiculous, and it may make them so even in the eyes of the poor, under circumstances of striking contrast. Those whose poverty accords with their rank and occupation, those who dig or those who beg, do not excite ridicule; but a parson with a dirty shirt, or a hole in his hat, will hardly escape it. It requires no great weight of reasoning to prove, that the Established Church should be at least reputably supported, and the sordid state of the Welsh curacies may be held up as a proper subject for reformation, without any reference to the increasing dangers of Methodism.—Begging the reader to excuse the length of this digression, I now return to my journey.

Our course from Aberdaron lay along the north coast of Llyn: this promontory divides the great bays of Cardigan and Caernarvon, which fill up nearly the whole of the western coast of Wales. A few miles to the northward of Braich y Pwll Head, we observed a huge, craggy rock, several hundred yards from the land, called Maen y Mellt, The Stone of Lightning. I did not hear why it has received this name: some years ago a rock, five or six miles farther north, which is said to have risen to a great height above the sea, suddenly disappeared in the night, during a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, “supposed to have been struck down by the resistless bolt*.” One can scarcely suppose, however, that a stroke of lightning could have had power to shatter to pieces, or cast down, so compact and vast a body: the storm may have been accompanied by a gale of wind, and the rock, worn perhaps into excavations at its base, have

* Pennant.

been overthrown by the sea. Its breadth, of course, must have borne a very small proportion to its height, or fragments of it would still appear above the surface of the water. The subject would bear more conjectures, but my readers may think that they may be dispensed with. The coast on this side of Llyn continues rocky and rugged for about four leagues, but is generally very low. About two miles to the northward of Maen y Mellt is Porth Colman, a little creek, frequented only by small craft. In our progress further north we passed by several creeks of a similar character, all dignified with the names of Porths, Ports, and all giving shelter only to a few fishing boats. After a walk of about fifteen miles, we arrived at Porth yn Llyn, which seemed to justify its name, and exhibited an appearance of great commercial importance. The harbour was crowded with brigs and sloops, and many lay in the roads, and among them was a fine ship of five or six hundred tons. We found, however, that these vessels had merely taken shelter here, and were waiting for a fair wind to carry them to other ports. It was once in contemplation to have made this place the port for the Dublin packets, and, in the year 1806, an act was passed for constructing a pier; but a subsequent application to parliament for pecuniary aid towards carrying the work into execution was not attended to, and the projected improvements were transferred to Holyhead. A pier, however, has been begun, and indeed so far advanced as to form a harbour of great importance to coasting vessels in this part of the channel. If it were completed, Porth yn Llyn would certainly be one of the best harbours on the coast of North Wales. It is situated in a small sandy bay, under shelter of a projecting point of land, which protects it from the west: a pier, carried out from this point to the length that was intended towards the east, would effectually secure it from the only wind to which it is exposed. There are four or five small and really decent houses near it, the *principia* of a town checked in its growth by the same circumstances which prevented the completion of the pier.

We had from hence a view of the Rival Mountains, a singular range, distinguished by their sharp, conical summits. Many individual mountains in Caernarvonshire have the same figure; but the Rivals are remarkable, as constituting a group uniformly marked by this distinction, and all of nearly equal height. One of them juts into the sea about four miles to the northward of Porth yn Llyn, and is one of the grandest objects that we had seen on the coast in the whole course of our voyage. Its front towards the sea, to the height of at least five hundred feet, is a mass of bare rock, and forms a most terrific precipice; above this the ascent is more gradual, and spread with a scanty covering of heath; but the summit rises up in a pyramid of rock. The bay of Porth yn Llyn is about a mile in length, and is separated by a point of land from the lesser bay of Nefyn, in which there is also a harbour with a pier, but very confined, and capable of receiving only small vessels. About half a mile inland is the little town of Nefyn, where there is nothing to remark but poverty in its most squalid form. The inhabitants, from the healthiness of their countenances, seem to have enough to eat and drink; but they are destitute of all the comforts peculiar to

civilized society, and yet many of them are within their reach, were they considered worth the trouble of obtaining. We had received very encouraging representations at Aberdaron, of the accommodations that we were to meet with here; but we gained only new proofs of the exceeding barbarism of the people in every part of this ill-favoured district. They are as coarse and unformed in their domestic life as it is well possible for human creatures to be, and if there is any pleasure in contemplating society in such a state, one may indulge it here as well as in the interior of Africa, with the advantage too of being among friendly savages, who won't eat you if they can give you nothing to eat.

At an earlier period of its history, Nefyn seems to have been a place of more importance than it is at present. It was bestowed by the Black Prince on Nigel de Lohareyn, and made a free borough, and was allowed a guild mercatory, with every privilege attendant on other boroughs. It also received a grant of two fairs annually, and a *market on a Sunday*.

It was here that Edward the First celebrated his complete and final victory over the Welsh by a most magnificent tournament. The nature and intention of this exhibition are thus described:—"A. D. 1284, King Edward the First having completed the conquest of Wales, either to shew his magnificence, gratify his knights who had served him in that conquest, or to entertain his new subjects with a spectacle unknown in their country, held a tournament at Nefyn, a town in Caernarvonshire, lying on the Irish Channel. It was of a kind called the Round Table, either from the knights dining at such a table, or from its being held in a place encircled by a strong wall of a round figure. Tables of that form had been in constant use among the ancient Gauls and Britons, which served to give rise or countenance to the famous Arthur's round table; and the king, perhaps, thought it not amiss to shew the Welsh that he was not inferior to that renowned British hero, either in valour or magnificence: an infinite number of knights, as well foreigners as English, came from all parts to share in this military diversion, and in those marks of honour which were distributed on such occasions, with a bounty truly royal, by a prince who knew how to distinguish merit, and always exercised his judgment, when he displayed his munificence*."

This pompous exhibition, however, displays rather the exultation of a conqueror, than any generous or even prudent consideration for the feelings of the vanquished. The Welsh could have been but little gratified by a spectacle, intended to celebrate the complete downfall of that liberty, which they had struggled for centuries to uphold; nor were they more likely to be conciliated by that truly royal bounty, that lavished their lands and possessions on those who had been most active in effecting their subjugation. The knights and courtiers of Edward, who had been the instruments of his designs against Wales, no doubt, took a lively interest in his munificence, and all England, perhaps, was

* Carte's History of England, Vol. II. p. 197.

sufficiently elated by the splendour of his success, to overlook the injustice and barbarity by which it had been obtained. But there is a time when every story should be told with truth, and pointed with its proper moral, and one does not expect, that sober history should enter into all the passion of past times, and record the last indignity offered to a conquered people, in a tone of admiration and applause. That the happiness of the Welsh was promoted and secured by their union with England, cannot be questioned; but this circumstance can scarcely be brought forward in justification of the first brutal invaders, who rushed in upon them with fire and sword, nor of the long system of oppression to which they were afterwards exposed, nor of the treachery and cruelty by which they were finally subdued. It is too much for human charity to believe, that the numerous conquerors who deluged Wales with blood, had her welfare in view, and not their own interest and ambition. We have recently seen, indeed, in the instance of Norway, a plan adopted for making a people happy at the point of the bayonet, and starving them into a just sense of their own advantages; but, in spite of insinuating proclamations, it is impossible to reconcile such savage measures with benevolent intentions, or to believe, in short, that there was any other object in contemplation, but to satisfy the rapacity of a selfish and cold-blooded adventurer. The experience of the last twenty years has proved, that we have at least as much to fear from these sentimental invaders, as from more honest and open enemies.

It should be with nations as with individuals: you may employ all the force of reason and persuasion against a man of vicious life; but, if he keeps within the bounds of the law, and does not injure his neighbours as well as himself, you cannot flog him into virtue, nor despoil him of his estate, and give it to another, who will use it with more prudence and propriety. The case of Wales, under her ancient government, was analogous to that of a man under such circumstances of misconduct: she was attacked with the sword, (I do not admit with honest intentions, but the consequence was the same,) and eventually broken down and forced into order and civilization; but who would quote this as a precedent for imitation, and make reform a general plea for invasion and usurpation? If a man cannot be moved by gentle means to attend to his own welfare, we leave him to his ruin, rather than have recourse to harsher measures of correction, and break through a general rule, that secures the weak from the grasp of the strong. If all suppressors of vice were paid by the property of the vicious, who that had any thing to forfeit and no power to resist, could hope to escape from the rigour of their authority? The same restrictions that are enforced between man and man, are equally necessary between nation and nation. If we could suppose that the conquerors of Wales had nothing in view but to improve the government of the country, and relieve the condition of its inhabitants, their aggression must still be regarded as a dangerous and unjustifiable exertion of power. If such a right of interposition be once granted, no means can be provided against its abuse. The usurpations of Bonaparte were accompanied by professions of

boundless philanthropy, nor have plausible pretences been wanting for the dismemberment of Poland and the transference of Norway.

We fortunately procured horses from a farmer in the neighbourhood of Nefyn, and were enabled almost immediately to renew our journey. The country adjoining the coast, between Aberdaron and Nefyn, is generally flat; but north of the latter town the western mountains of the great Snowdonian range advance nearly to the sea. After a long ascent we dismounted from our horses, and proceeded to explore Nant y Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern's Valley, to which king Vortigern, after having betrayed his country, is supposed to have retired from the rage of his subjects, and in which he spent the last days of his profligate life. It is a deep gloomy hollow, inclosed to the east, the west, and the south, by the stony sides of the Rival Mountains, and to the north opening into the sea. His enemies could scarcely have selected for him a more dreary place of imprisonment. At present there is nothing but the tradition of its name to connect it with the story of Vortigern; but two centuries ago it presented more substantial matter to the zeal and curiosity of antiquaries. Mr. Pennant observes, that "Till the beginning of the last century, a tumulus, of stone within, and externally covered with turf, was to be seen here; it was known by the name of Bedd Gwrtheyrn; tradition having regularly delivered down the report of this having been the place of his interment. The inhabitants of the parish, perhaps instigated by their then minister, Mr. Hugh Roberts, a person of curiosity, dug into the carn, and found in it a stone coffin, containing the bones of a tall man*." This gives a degree of credibility to the tradition, especially as no other bones were found near the carn; nor were there any other *tumuli* on the spot: which affords a proof at least of respect to the rank of the person, and that the place was deserted after the death of the royal fugitive, about the year 465." If there is no suspicion as to the discovery of these bones, doubts, I fear, may arise as to the certainty of their being the bones of Vortigern. The common account of his death does not countenance the supposition: Fuller says, that "Vortiger, the British king, fled into Wales, to his castle Genereu, impregnable for situation, which he mann'd and woman'd (conveying a multitude of his whores into it), and there lived surfeiting in lust, while his land lay sweltering in blood. Here Aurelius Ambrosius, setting fire on his castle, burnt him and his to ashes†." The superstition of the times afterwards added new terrors to his death, magnifying the fire by which he was destroyed into lightning sent from Heaven, as a judgment against his wickedness. If his castle stood in this valley, it could not have been rendered impregnable by its situation; so that there may be doubts, not only as to the manner, but the place of his death. The whole subject indeed is beyond the reach of trust-worthy evidence, and it grieves me, though not much, to leave it as dark as I found it.

To the northeast of the most western mountain of the Rivals, which projects into the

* Kennet's Paroch. Antiq. Hist. Allchester, 698.

† Vide Church History.

sea, there is a small interval between the bases of the hills and the sea, and the shore becomes low and sandy. Our road lay at the distance of about half a mile from the sea, over a most dreary and uninteresting country, with barren and stony hills immediately to our right, which concealed from us the grander scenery of the inland mountains. We had the sea in view to our left, and part of the western coast of Anglesey, which forms one side of Caernarvon bay, and terminates in a point at the lofty promontory of Holyhead. With the exception of this cape, it appeared to be extended in an uniform and naked flat.

It was evening when we arrived at Clynnog, where we found a very respectable inn, and enjoyed, with double relish, after our late trials, the comforts of plenty and the luxury of cleanliness. The natural scenery also about Clynnog formed a striking contrast with the rude country that we had just passed. It stands on a well-cultivated flat bordering the sea, and is embowered in a little wood, which combines very prettily with the cottages, and gives to the place more of the true character of a rural village than is often exemplified on the coast. A few cows in an adjacent meadow, and flocks of chickens, ducks, and geese, before the doors, had their effect, and contributed to raise an image of more comfort and domestic civilization than we had witnessed for some time.

The village is very small, but has one of the largest and most elegant churches in Wales. It is a Gothic building, in the form of a cross, apparently of considerable antiquity, though it seems to have suffered more from neglect than time. Its size is altogether disproportioned to the present population of the neighbourhood, and there are not funds sufficient to keep it in repair. Its length from the western entrance to the extremity of the chancel is one hundred and thirty-eight feet, and across the transepts about seventy. There is very little ornament about its architecture, and I observed no monuments in it of any beauty, interest, or antiquity. It is dedicated to St. Beuno, a saint of noble birth, and uncle to St. Wenefrede, the celebrated virgin of Holywell. He founded a monastery here in the year 616, and many centuries after his demise there was an establishment of Carmelites or White Monks here, with very large revenues. Adjoining the church is a small chapel, called Eglwys Beuno, where the saint was supposed to have been buried, and where Mr. Pennant saw his tomb, which he describes as plain and altar-shaped. This was removed some years ago by order of Lord Newborough, who was determined to ascertain whether his remains were really beneath it. The workmen dug to the depth of a yard, without finding any traces of the mouldering worthy, and then gave up the pursuit. The architecture of the chapel seems to be of the same date as that of the church, and as both were built many centuries after the death of Beuno, his tomb, if not his body, may, in the revolutions of his church, have changed its place. Great faith was once placed in his power over various diseases, and particularly paralytic affections. The ceremonies of those who desired his good offices, were, first to dip themselves in a well near the church, and then to lie for a whole night on the tomb in the chapel. Mr. Pennant actually saw a featherbed upon the tomb, on which a wretched cripple had stretched

stretched himself in full confidence of relief. Since the positive demonstration of the saint's alibi, these observances have been discontinued: the tomb has not been reinstated, and the well has become overgrown with weeds and clogged up with filth. Offerings were presented on Trinity Sunday, the anniversary of the saint, and were very miscellaneous and whimsical. A fourpenny piece was considered as exceedingly propitiating, as were also bread and cheese, a homely gift, but not unacceptable, we may conceive, to a Welsh saint. All calves and lambs that happened to be cast with a certain mark on the ear, called *Nôd Beuno*, were devoutly yielded up. The offerings were delivered to the churchwardens, who sold them, and deposited the money in a venerable and mysterious-looking oak chest, called *Cyff Beuno*, so strongly secured, that it is proverbially said among the Welsh, of any thing impossible to be done, "You may as well attempt to open *St. Beuno's chest**." The chest still keeps its place in the church; but its locks have now no treasure to guard, all respect for the spirit of the saint having been utterly rooted out by the abortive search for his bones. The pick-axe and spade of the antiquary have not always done so much service to the cause of common sense.

There is little to notice particularly between *Clynnog* and *Caernarvon*. The coast continues low and sandy, and at the distance of about eight miles reaches the central point of *Caernarvon* bay, of which the southwestern coast of the *Isle of Anglesey*, that projects from this point, forms the northern horn. The island is separated from *Caernarvonshire* by a sound, called the *Menai*; the entrance of which, at this southern extremity, is obstructed by long banks of sand, which make it extremely dangerous. It is rendered also very narrow by two low points of land which project from the shore on each side: within these the sound spreads into a fine expanse, more than two miles broad, but gradually contracts, till about four miles north of *Caernarvon* it becomes less than half a mile in breadth, and continues so with little variation for seven miles further north, when it opens into the wide and beautiful *Bay of Beaumaris*.

To the north of *Clynnog* the mountains gradually recede to the east, and as you approach *Caernarvon* leave a considerable plain at their bases, richly covered with vegetation, and forming a very pleasing contrast, as it lies inlaid between their dark and rugged sides and the glittering sea. When within about four miles of the town, we first discovered the numerous and lofty towers of its magnificent castle, covering such an extent of ground, and presenting so vast a mass of building, that it made every other castle that we had yet seen in *Wales* quite insignificant in our recollection. It had not, even when we were not more than half a mile distant from it, the slightest appearance of ruin, but seemed to stand on the peaceful plain, as perfect and commanding as when it awed the country round five centuries ago. As we passed under its walls, its unguarded

* *Pennant*.

gateways at once checked all the wanderings of fancy ; but, excepting some of the battlements, no other part of its exterior exhibited any material signs of damage or decay.

Caernarvon is very delightfully situated on the border of the Menai, which here assumes the character of a deep and placid river. The town is one of the largest in North Wales, and unquestionably one of the handsomest. The oldest part of it is inclosed in walls, defended by round towers, and is exceedingly neat and compact. The walls and towers are quite entire. As long as Caernarvon continued a military station, the whole of it was, of course, included within the walls ; but a prosperous trade has since gradually extended its limits, and there is now almost as much of the town without the fortifications as within them. There is an admirable inn here, which constitutes the great ornament of the modern town. It is a large building of stone, and was erected by the late Lord Uxbridge. Excepting the castle, there are no public buildings that deserve notice. The town is governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, and two sergeants at mace, and, together with the contributory boroughs of Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Crickaeth, returns a member to parliament.

The castle fills up nearly the whole of the southern front of the town, and on one side is bounded immediately by the Menai, and on another by the estuary of the river Seiont. It is not more distinguished from every other castle that I have yet had to notice by its vastness, than by the beauty and taste of its architecture. Here are no heavy rounders : some of the towers are of enormous circumference, but their height and the sharpness of their forms take from them all appearance of clumsiness. Some of them are pentagonal, some hexagonal, and the largest octagonal. Several of them are crowned with slender and lofty turrets, which contribute to give the whole building an effect of great lightness and elegance. The general form of the castle is an oblong square, but somewhat irregular : it encloses an area of two acres and a half. The chief entrance under an immense tower is strikingly grand ; over the gateway is the mutilated figure of a warrior with his hand on a half drawn sword, supposed to represent the founder, Edward the First. This gateway was defended by four portcullises. On entering the inner court, the building around you appears all a ruin, nothing remaining but the shells of the towers and the walls which connect them. The stair-cases are all destroyed except in the eagle tower, which is the largest, and distinguished by three beautiful turrets. It has its name from the figure of an eagle on its battlements, which antiquaries have supposed to be of Roman workmanship, and to have been taken by Edward from the neighbouring ruins of Segontium*. The state apartments were in this tower, and in one of them Edward the Second was born. At the opposite end of the court is the queen's gate, through which, according to tradition, Eleanor entered, after travelling from England in the depth of

* Pennant.

winter, and just in time to give the Welsh a baby born in Wales for their prince. The base of this gateway is several yards above the ground without the walls, and must once have been furnished with a draw-bridge.

The history of the various Welsh castles that we met with, has led me through a kind of regular drama, long in bringing its plot to perfection, but with very little diversity in its incidents or characters. On entering the most southern and accessible quarter of Wales, all the castles that we saw were memorials of some of the earliest conquests made in the country; as we proceeded northwards they marked the advancing strides of the usurpers; but we were now hemmed in by the fastnesses of the mountains, where liberty among her strongest holds made her last desperate stand, and here every remaining fortress is a badge of her final subjection. There is no part of the Welsh history that so powerfully rouses the feelings as this concluding scene, in which a small band united under a brave and just prince, scarcely with the hope of rescuing their long-persecuted country, but with the resolution to perish in the attempt. There was a moderation combined with the valour of Llewelyn, and a consistent principle and patriotism in his resistance to his oppressors, that give a dignity to his cause, which does not belong to the wild and precarious starts of resentment in most of the former princes of the country. It was immediately after his death in 1282, that Edward erected this castle of Caernarvon as a check upon his new subjects, who, though dispirited by their late defeat and the loss of their leader, were by no means disposed to submit with patience to their conquerors. The king by the statute of Rhuddlan made various salutary provisions for the government of the country, but he could not conciliate the good will of the people, who "having experience of the government of the English, and knowing that the king would rule the country by his deputies," declared that they would not bear an Englishman for their ruler, but were content to receive any man for their prince whom his majesty might please to name, provided that he were a Welshman. "Whereupon the king sent for Queene Eleanor out of England in the deepe of winter, being then great with child, to the castell of Caernarvon; and when she was nigh to be brought to bed, the king went to Ruthlan, and sent for all the barons and best men in all Wales to come to him, to consult concerning the weale publike of their country. And when they were come he deferred the consultation until he was certified that the queene was delivered of a sonne: then (sending certeine lords to the christning of his child, and informing them how he would have him named) he called the Welshmen together, declaring unto them, that whereas they were oftentimes suitors unto him, to appoint them a prince, he now, having occasion to depart out of the countrie, would name them a prince, if they would allow and obey him whom he should name. To the which motion they answered, that they would so doo, if he would appoint one of their own nation to be their prince: whereunto the king replied, that he would name one that was borne in Wales, and could speake never a word of English; whose life and conversation no man was able to staine.

staine. And when they all had granted that such a one they would obey, he named his own sonne Edward, born in Caernarvon Castell a few daies before*."

This paltry and dishonest trick made but little impression on the gratitude of the Welsh, and their indignation and heart-burnings soon burst out into open revolt. In the year 1293 an armed force, headed by Madoc, a relation to Prince Llewelyn, suddenly attacked the English at Caernarvon, who were keeping a fair there, and after massacring the people, got possession of the castle and plundered the town. Edward, on the news of this insurrection, recalled the Earls of Lancaster and Lincoln, who were preparing to pass over with an army into Gascony, and ordered them into Wales. They were met by the insurgents near Denbigh, and driven back with great loss. The king then entered Wales in person; but, in his progress into the country, the Welsh annoyed him by desultory attacks, and cut off his provisions, so that he was obliged to live upon very gross and coarse food, and might have been reduced to a very perilous state, had he not been speedily relieved by reinforcements. The rebellion, however, was soon completely suppressed; and the king, with a view to prevent its recurrence, where the people were most inclined to disaffection, and where the nature of the country gave them the greatest facility of rebelling, erected another large fortress at Beaumaris, on the opposite coast of Anglesey†.

Caernarvon castle remained unmolested from this period till the reign of Charles the First, when it was taken, in 1644, by the forces of the Parliament under Captain Swanly, together with four hundred prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition, and other valuable spoils. The royalists soon regained possession of it; but in 1646 were besieged by General Mytton, and surrendered on honourable terms. They made another attempt to recover it in 1648, under Sir John Owen; but hearing that a body of troops were on their march to relieve the place, they suddenly withdrew from the siege, in order to intercept them, and, giving them battle, were totally defeated. Soon after this event the whole of North Wales submitted to the Parliament. None of the castles in Wales that were garrisoned during the civil war, by whichever party they were held, made any effectual resistance to the attacks of besiegers: as they were all built before the use of gunpowder, they were not, I suppose, sufficiently defended by outworks to resist the impression of artillery. Many of them, indeed, are completely commanded by heights within pistol-shot.

After our survey of the castle, we were immediately ferried over to the Anglesey shore, as my friend conceived that the building would be seen in the most picturesque point of view, when set off by the mountains in the back ground. The day was bright and calm, and every feature of the scenery appeared to the utmost advantage. The sun shone upon the light grey towers of the castle, and showed it in all its splendour—imposing from its vastness, but graceful and beautiful in all its proportions. The Menai in front, as

* Powel, p. 275.

† Ibid. p. 279.

smooth as a mirror, and chequered with vessels, some at anchor, and some gliding by, swiftly but silently, with the tide; and the mountains in the back ground, with all their gulphs and precipices distinctly made out, composed, together with this magnificent building, a scene of mingled grandeur and elegance, that we had not seen equalled in any other part of Wales.

There are no manufactories at Caernarvon; but the business of the port is extensive, though not very various. The exports consist principally of slates, which are procured from a quarry about seven miles to the eastward of the town, and sent in very large quantities to Liverpool, Bristol, London and Dublin. The copper ore from the Snowdon and Llanberis mines is shipped here for the founderies at Swansea; but the quantity is not considerable, and the ore is said to be much inferior to that of Anglesey. The imports are coals, groceries, and other necessities for the use of the place and its neighbourhood.

Before we took our final leave of this town we made an excursion to Snowdon, an object of such interest and notoriety in the scenery of North Wales, that it would have betrayed a want of all decent curiosity to have passed it unexplored. But the weather unluckily proved very unfavourable, and we toiled up to the summit of the mountain with no other reward but that of sitting there for an hour or two in a dense, cold mist. In the evening the clouds dispersed, and the mountains appeared perfectly clear; but we were then at Caernarvon.

We determined to proceed from hence to Bangor Ferry, and cross over Anglesey by the inland road to Holyhead, instead of going thither by the southwest coast of the island, which offers nothing so much worth the curiosity of a traveller as to compensate for the annoyances of bad roads and ill-provided inns. It is uniformly low, without a spot of picturesque scenery, and with neither town nor harbour to furnish subject for observation or description. The shore is sandy, and indented by frequent inlets, the estuaries of small rivers. There is a general declivity from the northeast side of the island to the southwest, so that most of its rivers join the sea on this coast. They all open into wide channels at their mouths, formed by the spreading of the sea over the flat ground on each side; but by the gradual accretion of sand brought down in their course, these channels have been nearly filled up, and the whole shore has become so obstructed by banks, that none but the smallest vessels can approach it. A considerable extent of marshy ground around Malltraeth, the largest inlet, has lately been drained and secured against the sea by embankments*; but while land is thus recovered from the water in one

* Since writing my account of the great embankment across the Traeth Mawr, I have been informed, that in an extraordinarily high tide, the sea lately burst through the wall in several places, and injured it very materially. This sudden calamity has happened under very desperate circumstances: so vast a sum of money has already been sunk in the undertaking, that there are no funds left to cover the expenses of repairs, and very substantial repairs are necessary in order to save the work from total destruction.

quarter, it is exposed to an enemy equally destructive in others. The country adjoining the coast is perfectly flat, and the sand, which is forced up into ridges along the shore by the sea, is scattered by the strong southwest gales over the inland plains, to the utter destruction of all vegetation. A large tract of land, called Llanddwyn, lying between the Menai and Malltraeth, has been reduced to a desert by these means. In the time of Henry VIII. this was one of the richest prebends of the cathedral of Bangor, though it did not derive its wealth from the fertility of the soil, but the offerings of pilgrims to crosses, holy wells, relics, and other sacred furniture, imported or sanctified by the disinterested priests for the salvation of sinners. Aberfraw, a poor village a few miles north of Malltraeth, was, from a remote antiquity, till the final subjection of Wales, the chief residence of the Welsh Princes; but there is not a vestige of their palace, nor of any buildings connected with it, remaining. There is, indeed, a dubious belief, that a few stones, forming part of an old barn, have seen better days; but if their identity was more completely established, who would travel out of his way merely to witness their degradation?

We hired a boat at Caernarvon to take us to Bangor Ferry, that we might view the scenery of the Menai to the greatest advantage. Its coasts combine a great variety in their form and embellishments: from the entrance of the strait to Caernarvon, they are flat and naked; but they improve as you advance further to the north, and about three miles above the castle, where the stream becomes scarcely half a mile in breadth, the scene loses all character of the sea-coast, and is softened into all the beauty and elegance of the Thames at Richmond. The Caernarvonshire side is the most elevated, and is diversified by woods and meadows; but the shore of Anglesey is bordered by nearly one continued grove. This side is further set off by several handsome villas, among which Plâs Newydd, the seat of Lord Uxbridge, is most conspicuous. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of this house; standing in the midst of highly ornamented grounds, with the Menai in front, and commanding a full view of the sublimest mountains of Caernarvonshire. The Menai has the character of a fine river, but has a distinguishing beauty in the brilliancy and varying hues of green and blue, that are peculiar to the water of the sea. It is only for an extent of about five or six miles that its coasts are decorated as I have described: beyond the grounds of Plâs Newydd, on the Anglesey side, it is bounded by naked rocks, and all that is seen of the inland country is barren and dreary. On the opposite side the change is not so remarkable, but the coast becomes rough and rude, till at Bangor Ferry it is again trimmed and embellished by cultivation.

The Menai has been the scene of several memorable events in the history of the country. The place where Suetonius Paulinus passed over with his army is supposed to be between Llanvair point and the church of Llanidan, about four miles to the northward of Caernarvon. There is an interest in knowing and seeing the exact spot; but there is no authority for pronouncing this to be it, except that it is at present the easiest

ford, and this reason will equally apply to the subsequent passage of Agricola. There are places, however, near Llanidan, whose names, having survived the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, have been supposed to determine the very ground where the Britons were drawn up, and they stood, we know, opposite to their invaders. At a short distance from the water-side, there is a large field, called *Maes Mawr Gad*, "The Great Army's Field;" and a little to the east of it, close to the shore, is a place called the *Rhiedd*, "The chief Men's Post*." In a country, indeed, so often the seat of war as Wales, these places may have been a field of battle many ages after the coming of Suetonius; and as all invaders of Anglesey were equally interested in finding out the safest ford, this *Maes Mawr Gad*, though not improbably the spot where the Britons, surrounded by their raving Druids, stood opposed to the Romans, may have received its name on a much later occasion.

There are no Roman remains in this part of the island, but many of those rude monuments that are attributed to the Druids, and these have been already very regularly methodised, and elaborately explained, leaving us nothing to regret, but that there is not a single authentic record to vouch for the correctness of the exposition†. They are mostly in ruins; but in the grounds of *Plás Newydd* there is one of the largest and most perfect cromlechs in Wales. The table-stone is twelve feet seven inches long, twelve feet broad, and four thick, and rests upon five tall columnar stones. There is another cromlech barely separated from it, but of much smaller dimensions. The preservation of a monument like this, on the very ground where the Druids were cast into their own fires, where their groves were cut down, and all the machinery of their superstition overwhelmed in one common ruin, is a strong proof, among others, that these cromlechs were not their altars. Such an object, with the fire still burning upon it, and stained with the blood of the victims, would certainly have been too conspicuous an object to have escaped the observation and the fury of the Romans, who shewed the Druids no mercy, and were determined to hurl down every memorial of their horrible superstition. It is more than improbable, indeed, that it was connected in any way with their religious worship: it could not have escaped notice, even without the addition of fire; and, standing within the precincts of their savage rites, would not have been spared by the Romans, had they not been assured that it was not an instrument of that superstition which it was their object to exterminate. Cromlechs are common in other parts of England and Wales, into which they had previously penetrated, and they had, therefore, had opportunities of becoming familiar with their form, and the intention of their construction, or at least of ascertaining that they made no part of the institutions of Druidism.

Reasonable doubts may be brought forward on the subject of various other monuments, which, without any positive authority, have been crowded into the establish-

* Rowland's *Mona. Antiqua Restaurata*, p. 86.

† *Ibid.* *passim*.

ment of Druidical superstition. Ancient historians mention no temples of the Druids but their groves, and these are so invariably included in every notice of their forms of worship, that if they did not constitute the entire frame-work, we must suppose that they were an indispensable part of it; yet these stone monuments are very often found on the tops of rocky mountains, where trees could never grow. They are too numerous also, and too widely scattered over every part of the country, to be adjudged Druidical. Whatever was the extent of their authority, we have no evidence for believing, that the rites of the Druid were solemnized, or their members established in bodies, in every quarter of the island. There is reason rather for thinking, that they were confined within a small compass; for the Romans did not discover them till they came suddenly upon them on the borders of Anglesey. It may be urged that they may have retreated before the invaders, and fled from all corners to a point for safety; but Tacitus, in his description of the battle, or rather massacre, in Mona, does not particularly advert to their numbers, which he would scarcely have omitted to do, had they been represented to him as a vast multitude. Besides, they might have retreated still further; they might have fled in their coracles to the Isle of Man or to Ireland: but here they stood, as if alarmed for the first time, and invoked the intercession of their Gods for their protection. If they had been driven from other groves, temples, and altars, their superstitious confidence must have been destroyed; on the contrary, they waited here for the attack of their enemies, and hoped, by human sacrifices, and dire imprecations, to save their sanctuary from injury and violation. They may have had an extended influence over the country; but here appears to have been their seat, from whence all their laws were transmitted, and where all the solemnities of their superstition were celebrated in one mysterious grove. If their temples and altars were of stone, we must pronounce, judging from the magnitude of their works, and the art and labour employed in their construction, that Wiltshire, and not Anglesey, was their principal seat. But the Romans had overrun this part of the island before they entered North Wales, and Stonehenge, the most astonishing structure that exists of all those which are included in the long catalogue of Druidical remains, now stands undestroyed within a few miles of a Roman station. If the Druids had had a settlement here, if this had been the grand scene of their most solemn ceremonies, the Romans must have become acquainted with them: we cannot fairly say that they fled before their enemies; they would have had as much interest in defending this vast sanctuary, and as much hope of defending it successfully, as their seat in Anglesey; and if they feared to trust to their gods here, they would not ultimately have made a stand when they might have fled further. On the whole, it appears to me, relying entirely on the sparing notices of Roman writers concerning the British Druids, the only certain evidence on the subject, that whatever were their numbers, and wherever their settlements, they had no concern with these cromlechs, and other stone monuments which were unregarded by the Romans, though they were thickly scattered in their way.

way. To attempt to undermine one theory for any purpose but that of building up another in its place, is unusual ; but I really have not boldness enough to raise any other than a negative voice on the subject.

We loitered so long under the regenerated groves of Plâs Newydd, that the tide came down against us, and obliged us to land before we reached our port. In this narrow part of the channel, which is obstructed by numerous rocks, it is impossible to make head against the tide, when at its full strength. About half a mile below Bangor Ferry are the frightful passes of the Swelly, lying between three large rocks, which stand at intervals in a direct line across the strait. The stream races through these narrow sounds with amazing impetuosity, boiling and wheeling round in whirlpools, and, when opposed by a strong wind, curling up in short, sudden waves, which break as they fall. During high spring tides the current here runs at the prodigious rate of nine miles an hour. The strait at this point is not more than five hundred yards in breadth, and the three rocks occupy nearly half of that space. The distance between the Caernarvonshire shore and the first rock, called the Swelly, is one hundred and seventy feet, and between that and Penlâs, the middle one, two hundred and forty feet. The intervals between these two are the only channels that are navigable with any degree of safety ; the space between Penlâs and Ynys Well-tog, about one hundred and fifty feet, being shallow, and rendered dangerous by several intermediate rocks. The Swelly and Penlâs are just covered at high water with spring tides ; but a large mass of Ynys Well-tog is always seen, and a low reef, quite dry at low water, stretches out from its base to within a few yards of the Anglesey shore. The Menai would be an invaluable outlet to vessels entangled in the deep bays into which the strait opens at each extremity, and unable to fetch into the channel, round Holyhead on the northwestern coast of Anglesey, or round Elian's Point on the northeastern coast ; but the Swelly is a barrier against all but vessels of a small class. Sloops from sixteen to a hundred tons can work their passage through with any wind, if the weather be moderate ; but the attempt could not be made in a square-rigged vessel, without great risk, unless the wind were directly fair ; and, indeed, vessels of more than a hundred and fifty tons very rarely pass under any circumstances. It is not only the force of the regular current which they have to fear, but the eddy tides. The stream runs straight between the rocks ; but in a line with them, and for the space of about a hundred feet below them, there is always a reflux and rapid tide setting immediately upon them. The coast on each side of the strait is high and steep, so that vessels sailing through with the wind off either shore often meet with partial and baffling airs, which, throwing their sails into disorder, render them unmanageable, and sometimes force them into the eddy tides. Small sloops have always a boat alongside, ready to tow them ahead if the wind should fail or thwart them ; but a boat could not act upon a vessel of more than a hundred tons, with quickness enough to meet the urgency of the occasion. There is no hope of saving a vessel in an emergency of this kind by coming to an anchor ;
for,

for, owing to the nature of the ground all round the Swelly, as well as the force of the current, no anchor will hold for a moment.

The general motion of the tides in the Menai is singularly perplexed. The tide setting in from the Western Ocean, is divided by the Isle of Anglesey into two streams, one of which passes into the strait at its southwestern entrance, and the other, flowing through the great channel between Holyhead and the coast of Ireland, enters it by Beaumaris bay. At full and change of the moon it is high water at Caernarvon bar at nine o'clock, but not before half past ten at Beaumaris, the first stream of the flood coming to Caernarvon bar an hour and a half earlier than it arrives at the opposite extremity of the strait. The earliest tide, after passing the bar and the numerous shoals lying between it and Caernarvon, rushes up the channel with great violence, and meets the tide at Beaumaris, which has flowed by a circuitous course round Anglesey. As it has not so much ground to move over by at least two-thirds as this opposing tide, it appears singular that it should not have joined it earlier; but the delay is accounted for by the numerous obstructions which it has to contend with in the first part of its passage. On the making of the ebb at Caernarvon bar, the current, of course, changes its direction, and, combining with the flood which keeps pouring in for an hour and a half at Beaumaris, is forced through the Swelly with tremendous violence. At length the ebb at Beaumaris coming on, the lower ebb necessarily slackens, and the current again changes its direction near Plás Newydd, and runs for two hours towards Beaumaris before the flood again comes up from Caernarvon to the Swelly. The ordinary rise of spring tides in the Menai is twenty feet; but with certain winds they reach twenty-five and sometimes thirty feet.

A little above the Swelly is the small church of Llandyssilio, which is remarkable only for the preposterousness of its situation. It stands on a rock projecting from the Anglesey shore, and at high water is insulated; so that the hours of service must be regulated by the tide-table. I know not why so absurd a situation was selected, though the absurdity seems to be part of a system in Anglesey, in which most of the churches of its seventy-four parishes are noted for being in rude places near the sea-shore. Llandyssilio is dedicated to St. Tyssilio (perhaps a water saint), and may have been founded here in order to court his protection for seamen through the dangerous intricacies of the Swelly rocks.

A few minutes walk from hence brought us to Bangor Ferry, where there is a comfortable inn, very prettily situated on a grassy and well-wooded bank, sloping with a steep descent to the water. The cheerful verdure of this spot forms a singular contrast with the dreariness of the opposite coast, which is all naked rock. The land beyond it is almost as barren, and as you look over it from the Caernarvonshire side, the narrow stream of the Menai seems like the boundary of two different climates. About half a
mile

mile higher up the Anglesey coast again assumes a new front, rising in a steep and lofty bank, diversified with rock and wood, which extends nearly to Beaumaris.

Bangor Ferry is the most frequented ferry over the Menai, being in the track of the great Dublin road. The inconvenience of a ferry over so rapid and turbulent a stream, and in the way of so crowded and important a thoroughfare, has long been a cause of serious complaint; and various schemes have been in agitation, from time to time, for remedying the annoyance by a bridge. In the year 1785, a petition on the subject was first presented before the House of Commons, and plans proposed for making a road across the strait, either by a wooden bridge, a stone bridge, or an embankment. But all these were decidedly objected to; the first as impracticable, and, if otherwise, not sufficiently durable; the next, as too expensive, and also impracticable; and the last, as detrimental to the navigation of the strait. This complete failure effectually repressed any speedy re-action of spirit and speculation, and travellers long submitted to the inconvenience with the more patience from a belief that it was irremediable. At length the matter was again brought before parliament, in the session of 1810, and a committee appointed to examine into the state of the Holyhead roads, and the most efficacious means of improving them. According to the opinion of the ablest engineers of the present day, there are but two places on the Menai where bridges could be safely constructed. One is about a hundred and thirty yards below the ferry, where, by the projection of the Anglesey coast, and a small island of rock called Ynys y Moch, in advance of it, the channel is rendered considerably narrower than in any other part of the strait. The space between the island and the Caernarvonshire shore is only four hundred and fifty feet, and over this it is considered perfectly practicable to throw a single arch. The banks on both sides are high, steep, and firm, and thus well adapted for the approaches, and for supporting the abutments against the pressure of the arch. The other place is across the Swelly, where the channel is nearly five hundred yards in breadth, but where the rocks are so singularly fitted by their size, shape, and relative positions, for the foundation of piers, that few people perhaps ever looked at them without thinking of a bridge. Plans of bridges for both these places were presented by Mr. Rennie, with arches one hundred and fifty feet in height, from the crown to the surface of the water at high tide, under which vessels of three hundred tons might pass, with all their masts standing. Over the Swelly it was proposed to throw three cast-iron arches, each of three hundred and fifty feet span, and springing from four piers, each seventy-five feet thick. Land arches were to extend from the pier on the Caernarvonshire side to the distance of about two hundred yards, and from the pier on Ynys Welltrog to the distance of four hundred and thirty-four yards, making the whole length one thousand and seventy-six yards. The land arches on each side were to have wing walls at their termination, and embankments of earth for the approaches: the breadth of the road-way was to be thirty-two feet. The expense of this colossal work was estimated at

290,417*l.*

290,417*l*. Mr. Rennie considered that it would be a secure and permanent structure, and the design was consequently approved of, though not fated to be carried into execution.

Shortly after the committee had presented their report, Mr. Telford, the engineer, having received directions to devise the best means of making a road over the Menai, proposed to a second committee plans of bridges over the same parts of the channel that had been chosen by Mr. Rennie, but at a vast saving of expense. The immense height of the arches proposed by Mr. Rennie, with a view to give a free passage to ships of three hundred tons, was found to be unnecessary; for, on fuller investigation, it proved that two ships of that burden had not sailed through the Menai during a period of twenty years, and that the average number of vessels which navigated the strait was considerably below one hundred tons. Bridges, therefore, may be built of much lighter construction, and consequently of less expense. Mr. Telford's design for the Swelly has five arches: a central one of two hundred and sixty feet span, over the space between the Swelly rock and Penlâs; an arch on each side of it of one hundred feet, just covering the two rocks; and an arch at each extremity of the same span as the central one. The height of the arches between the lower part of the crown and the line of high water is ninety feet, which is several feet above the highest mast of a vessel of one hundred and fifty tons. The large arches are elliptical and of cast-iron, but the small ones are semicircular and of stone, in order to add weight and stability to the piers, which are thirty feet thick. From the extremities of the abutments, after building rubble walls above the level of the tide-way, it is proposed to carry out embankments until the road-way reaches the natural ground. The breadth of the road-way is thirty-two feet. From minute calculations it appears that the expense of erecting the whole amounts to 158,698*l*.

In the design for the bridge at Ynys y Moch, it is proposed to embrace the whole breadth of the channel with a single cast-iron arch of five hundred feet span, and one hundred feet in height; the expense of which is estimated at 127,331*l*. This design has a material advantage over that for the Swelly, in leaving the navigation of the channel perfectly unimpeded. Mr. Telford gave it the decided preference on all considerations, whether of economy, practicability, or magnificence in effect, and it was fully approved of by the committee; but whether this or either of the plans is likely to be executed I am not informed*.

Many other schemes were proposed for the general improvement of the Holyhead roads, leading from Shrewsbury and Chester, which were proved by various evidence, not only to be shamefully out of repair, but laid out so injudiciously, and with so bungling and imperfect an attention to the nature of the mountainous country through which they are carried, that it would be necessary to make, for the greater part of the distance, entirely new

* Reports of the Committee on the Holyhead Roads.

lines of road. The expense of the whole works, including a bridge over the Conway, as well as over the Menai, is estimated at 648,435*l.*, a vast sum, indeed, but not more than proportioned to the importance of the object in view—the establishment of a free and safe communication between the capitals of England and Ireland. The roads at present are abominably bad, and the passage of the ferries is always inconvenient; and, in the winter time, exceedingly disagreeable, often dangerous, and sometimes impracticable. About six years ago twelve people were drowned in crossing over the Conway in the mail-boat; and, a few weeks afterwards, some passengers were reduced to a most perilous situation, and saved with great difficulty by landing on a small island, where they were obliged to remain for many hours. If bridges are not to be constructed, more trust-worthy boats, at least, should be provided, and proper regulations made and enforced for the limitation of the number of passengers to be carried over at a time. I was informed by people who witnessed the accident on the Conway, that it could not have happened had not the boat been improperly loaded. The mail-boat usually carries only the coach-passengers, which it may always do with safety; but the common ferry-boats receive as many as can be packed in them, so that the boatmen can scarcely move their arms; and in case of any sudden emergency, are quite incapacitated from making any effective exertions. Mr. Bingley* relates a miserable story of the wreck of the Abermenai ferry-boat, the lowest on the strait, which was communicated to him by a man who saved himself by swimming, and was the only one who escaped out of fifty-five persons. The boat had started from Caernarvon at an improper time of tide, when it was nearly dark, and through the carelessness or mismanagement of the boatmen, grounded on a sand-bank, from whence, being so heavily laden, no exertions could remove it. It was soon filled with water, and the wretched crowd of men, women, and children, retreated to the bank, where they continued shrieking for help till the sea closed over them.

There are five regular ferries over the Menai, which were formerly the property of the crown, but are now in the hands of private individuals, and are all equally ill-regulated. The fares of all are moderate except of Bangor ferry, which, being in the way of the richer order of travellers, is supposed, perhaps, to have a fair privilege of extortion. The channel here is little more than three hundred yards across, but the boatmen exact a shilling for each coach-passenger, and then demand further remuneration for carrying his trunk twenty yards to the coach, and delivering it into the hands of a porter, whom he must please to remember before he finally makes his escape. I know not who is the proprietor of this ferry, nor whether he leases it out; but, as he has some benefit in it, he would do little more than his duty to the public by interfering to suppress this fraudulent charge; fraudulent, I venture to say, seeing that it is six times more than at the ferry above, where the channel is nearly twice as broad.

* Excursions through North Wales, p. 193.

The Welsh name of Bangor Ferry is Porth-aeth-wy, signifying, *The passage which some before had crossed over*. In so thronged a thoroughfare, the reader, I fear, will scarcely guess who these individuals were, whose passage is thus particularly adverted to. It seems, according to a learned author and antiquary, that they were a party of travellers from Babel, who, on the general dispersion, proceeded direct to Bangor Ferry, and immediately crossed over to Anglesey. Now there happened to be another party bound to the same goal, not far behind them, who, on their arrival at the border of the Menai, wished to profit by the experience of their precursors, and therefore very naturally enquired for Porth-aeth-wy *; and, to this day, this is the familiar name of the ferry among the Welsh, though not many of them, perhaps, have ever penetrated through the dark mazes of its etymology. With the discoverer of these hidden truths they were but matters of yesterday; for in working out the history of ‘Mona Antiqua,’ he begins from Chaos. Whom this second party from Babel found to answer their immortal question, he does not unfold; but, possibly, there may have been some stragglers from the first division, who, fatigued by their long and arduous journey, resolved to go no further than to the Caernarvonshire border of the strait, and were there in readiness to pilot their followers. We are favoured with a few more facts concerning the conduct of these aborigines, evolved from such evidence as the lapse of ages has left us, and which will not be altogether despised by those who have a respect for the general system of Celtic archæology. On their arrival in Anglesey they took possession, it appears, of some hillocks not far from the water-side, and made holes for their habitations, the traces of which are still visible, at least they were reported to be so a century ago; and I presume that a century could make but little impression on materials of such approved hardihood. They selected these eminences for their places of abode because the lower grounds were covered with woods, and infested by wild beasts. The existence of the latter is proved by the surviving names of the places where they dwelt; such as, ‘Cors-y-Bleiddian, The Wolves’ Den; Cors-y-Wiber, the Serpents’ Den; Bodlew, the Lions’ Den; and Llâs-lew, the Place where a Lion was killed.’ The author from whom I am gleaning these particulars has not been very precise in his topography; and some of my Welsh friends, by no means strangers to Anglesey, have candidly acknowledged to me, that they never could discover the places to which he alludes, though he himself seems to have hunted them down by the strong scent of their every-day names. He provides against the stare which some individuals of his *menagerie* are likely to occasion, and particularly the lion, by observing, that we have no right to conclude, because that animal is not at present a native of Anglesey, that he never has been at any period since the flood: we find the remains of elephants in Britain, and, surely, we cannot think that the prince of beasts was excluded †. It may be averred, however, against this artful apology, that the climate of Britain (not utterly changed, I

* Rowland’s *Mona Antiq. Restaur.* p. 23.† *Ibid.* p. 25.

imagine, since the deluge), would have excluded both elephants and lions, and that if they ever lived here, the causes which extirpated them changed the face of the earth, and spared neither their dens, nor the names of their dens. But an antiquary, perhaps, may, on some occasions, claim the licence of a poet, and place lions in Anglesey as Cowper planted sensitive plants among the oysters, not because they ever grew there, but because

————— a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.

The interior of Anglesey is, in every respect, distinct in appearance from the adjacent county of Caernarvonshire. It is generally undulating ground, but has considerable tracts perfectly flat, with here and there a few hills, but none of them approaching to the dignity of mountains. The great road from the Menai to Holyhead leads nearly through the middle of the island, and, in its whole extent, the country, both to the right and left, is without variation, tame, bald, and dreary. Occasionally you see a clump of stunted and almost leafless trees about a farm-house, but the general face of the land is perfectly woodless, with stone walls for hedges, or banks of earth without a bush upon them. This utter nakedness is not the necessary consequence of its exposure to the sea winds; for, in the low grounds, trees would grow as well as they do on the banks of the Menai; but they are not to be reared without considerable care and skill, and little of either is manifested in the general cultivation of Anglesey. Agriculture is in a very unimproved state in many parts of Wales, but in this island the effects of slovenliness, neglect, and ignorance, are particularly remarkable. The soil, though shallow, is exceedingly fertile, and yields large quantities of corn; but I frequently observed considerable tracts of fine, level land, covered with nothing but heath, furze, and fern. Oats and barley are the principal produce; but where wheat is grown, the crops are abundant and of an excellent quality. I have been informed that Anglesey produces more corn than any other district of equal extent in Wales: and, though I doubt the fact, yet it is possible; for, after large deductions for waste grounds, it may still have a greater portion of land in tillage, as there is not a hill in the island, except immediately upon the coast, that is too steep or rugged for the plough. I have never travelled through a country that, from the nature of its surface, seemed more accessible to the exertions of the farmer, and that was at the same time so little improved by the ornamental additions, or even the ordinary neatness of agriculture. To travellers in search of the picturesque it presents a perfect blank; and my friend passed from one extremity to the other without one reference to his sketch-book.

We stopped at Gwindy, the Wine-House, a name formerly very familiar in Wales, and applied, not to every common tavern, but to the houses of gentlemen innkeepers. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when wrestling and throwing the sledge were fashionable amusements, every man of any note in Wales had a Wine-House, in which wine “was sold to his profit,” to parties who assembled together very frequently for the sake
of

of those manly diversions. They drank with great moderation on these occasions, and not, as Sir John Wynn says, "in the *healthing* and gluttonous manner of his days*;" but we must remember that in his days the hospitality of a gentleman's table was not paid for. It is singular to find this mean and sordid spirit mixed with a system of life and manners, of which a generous and boundless hospitality is usually a leading distinction, and one of the few redeeming virtues that give it any thing like grace or dignity. A highland chieftain would, with very little provocation, have cut off his neighbour's head, but would as soon have lost his own as invited him to his board that he might pay for his wine. One would give sobriety all the praise that is its due, but these Wine-Houses were often the scenes of tumult and violence of a far more outrageous character than the riots of drunkenness. The state of society in Wales at this period was quite as wild and lawless as during the reign of its native princes; and no two families of different names and equal pretensions lived near each other, without embroiling the whole country round them in discord and war. When a man had murdered another, perhaps for reckoning an *ap* more in his genealogy than he, or being the friend of one who did, he fled to the Wine-House, and there defended himself, with sword in hand, against his pursuers. He was always supported by friends and retainers, who, if they had no personal interest in his quarrel, enlisted in his cause from a general love of scuffling and fighting; and, with their assistance, he sometimes triumphed over all opposition, and was never to be taken without bloodshed. Murder was so familiar, that every one stood upon his guard as in a time of general war; all the confidence and security of domestic society was destroyed; every man lived in his house as in a fortification; and, when he went abroad, was as regularly armed as if going into a field of battle. When the flame of discord was once kindled between two families, it burnt on through a series of generations; for it was as much a matter of course for a man to adopt his hereditary enmities as his title and estate. The savage and bloody spirit of the times, and the audacity of offenders, were encouraged by the laxity of the law, which denounced only 'Llawruddion,' the Red-handed, or those who had actually perpetrated a murder, and disregarded accessaries. There was no greater strictness in this respect till the reign of Henry the Eighth, though before that period the people had become somewhat more tame and civilized †.

About seven miles from Gwindy we crossed over Rhyd-Pont bridge, and entered the island of Holyhead, which is separated from the main coast of Anglesey by a narrow strait, navigated only by boats; and, except towards the extremities, nearly dry at low water. At the bridge the channel is not more than sixty or seventy yards across, but it diverges into numerous little bays and creeks on each shore, which make it of very unequal breadth in its whole extent. The island is about seven miles in length, but nowhere more than three in breadth. It is deeply indented on all sides; and, in the centre, almost di-

* Hist. of the Gwydir Family, p. 403.

† Ibid. *passim*.

vided into two parts. The northern and broadest division projects into the Irish Sea at right angles to the other, and forms, with the northwestern coast of Anglesey, the capacious bay of Holyhead. The interior of the island is more rough and barren than any other part of Anglesey that we had yet seen, and reminded us of the gloomy and desolate country about St. David's. Huge fragments of rock are strewed over the land; and where there is vegetation it is without verdure. Other parts of Anglesey appear to be waste from neglect, but this too rude for cultivation.

The distance from the bridge to the town of Holyhead, which is situated on the northern coast of the island, is about four miles. In our way we passed by a methodist chapel, which was not only crammed to bursting within, but encompassed by a crowd of men and women sitting on the outside, quite out of sight or sound of the preacher; but from the desperation of their looks, apparently communicating with him by some mystical connection. They were of the sect of Anabaptists, vulgarly called *Dippers*. I observed some very pretty faces among the women, but with an expression of most unseemly and unnatural sadness, which a knight-errant of the true breed would, no doubt, have avenged, by immediately sacrificing the wretch, who, enthroned in his tub as the interpreter of grace to his anxious congregation, had power only to send them away with heavy hearts and gloomy looks.

On our arrival at Holyhead we found wretched accommodations in a large, dirty, and ill-provided inn, which was much less annoying to our well-seasoned and blunted feelings on such subjects, than it must prove to the weary and sea-sick passengers from Ireland. People here are commonly at the mercy of the nice punctuality of the coach or the packet; and, therefore, if they have time to complain, they have none to wait for redress; and if they do not suffer in silence, they mutter in vain. There is no inn in any part of the kingdom which has more extensive, constant, and certain custom; and this accounts for, if it does not excuse, the little exertion that is made by the proprietor to deserve it. There is another inn of rather smaller dimensions and meaner appearance, which has the credit of being more comfortable, but I believe only among those who do not frequent it.

The situation of Holyhead is singularly dreary and comfortless. The harbour spreads over a large space inland, forming a basin in the shape of a horse-shoe, which is, at least, a mile in extent from one point round to the other. The town occupies a part of the western bank, and is excluded from a view of the main sea by some small islands at the harbour's mouth, and from a view of the land by the barren rocks which bound it on the eastern side. The water never covers the whole of the basin, except during spring tides; and for eight hours out of twelve it is quite dry, exposing a bottom of soft mud. The town is very small, consisting principally of one narrow and irregular street: the houses are mostly inhabited by poor people, and are, of course, small; but they may be remarked for their neatness and cleanliness—distinctions somewhat rare in Welsh towns of this degree. There is no trade of any kind in the place; but the continual influx of strangers brings

brings money into it, and is the chief support of the inhabitants. The church is a venerable looking building of Gothic architecture, but rather rudely finished. The form is that of a cross, but the proportions are all very small. The whole building has an embattled parapet. There is nothing observable in the interior: in the inside of the porch there is some clumsy sculpture, and on the battlements of the transepts some grotesque representations of men and monsters. The church is dedicated to St. Gybi, a man of high note in the early ages of Christianity, and a zealous assertor of the purity of the true religion against the poisonous sophistry of Arianism. He was son to Solomon, Duke of Cornwall, and, after being the disciple of St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, for fifty years, is said to have fixed himself at Holyhead, which is still called *Caer Gybi* by the Welsh, and bears, in its Saxon title, a memorial of its ancient sanctity. In compliment to his tutor he gave the name of St. Hilary to a promontory on the coast of Anglesey, and the names of both shall be remembered, says the historian, "as long as there be either waves to assault the shore, or rocks to resist them*." St. Gybi is said to have founded a monastery here so early as the year 380; but, if any reliance is to be placed on the authority of the ancient British genealogies, the event has been most egregiously antedated. They make Solomon, the father of Gybi, great grandson to Constantine, Duke of Cornwall, who succeeded the famous Arthur in the year 550. There is a tradition still familiar in Anglesey, which tends to support this account of the saint's birth, by making him contemporary with St. Seiriol, a man of great sway in the country, who founded a church at Penmon, near the west point of Beaumaris bay, in the year 630. The story runs, that these illustrious compeers frequently met together at certain springs near Clorach, in the parish of Llandyfrydog, to compare notes, and arrange their plans for the due government of the church and the instruction of the people. They were called, and are still called, "*Seiriol wyn, a Gybi felyn*;" Seiriol the fair, and Gybi the tawny. This complexional incongruity is very clearly accounted for. Gybi's journey to the place of meeting lay to the eastward; and, as he started early in the morning, and returned in the afternoon, he always had the sun in his face, and, by consequence, became amazingly tanned; whereas his friend who had to meet him, and travelled under a complete reverse of circumstances, preserved the colour of his cheeks untarnished. This is the whole amount of the tradition, and its credibility is not a little sanctioned by the evidence of two holy wells near Clorach, which still retain the names of the two saints with their distinctive additions. Now if Constantine, Duke of Cornwall, was advanced in life at the commencement of his reign in 550, he may then have had a grandson who, in 570, may have begotten Solomon; and he, between that period and the year 600, had abundance of time to become the father of Gybi, who, by 630, would be in the utmost vigour of his age, and fully equal to the toil of his long excursions with the sun in his face. The

* Fuller's Church History.

† Tanner, 699.

promontory, said to have been formerly called St. Hilary's Point, is now distinguished by the name of St. Elian, a British saint, who lived in the reign of Caswallon Law-hir, the Long-handed, a prince of Anglesey in the fifth century. He is frequently called by Latin writers, St. Hilarius, and *may have been* confounded with St. Hilary of Poitiers, who, on the credit of his supposed name on British ground, *may have been* converted into the tutor of St. Gybi. If the name of St. Hilary had actually been conferred on the promontory by a man of such high authority as our tawny saint, it is very improbable that it would have ceded to that of another. But it is really quite time to leave the subject.

The churchyard at Holyhead has been strongly fortified, and is supposed to have been a military post long before the foundation of the church. The enclosure is two hundred and twenty feet long, and a hundred and thirty feet wide, defended on three sides by walls seventeen feet in height, and six in thickness, with round towers at the corners; and on the fourth side by the low but precipitous rocks which bound the harbour. From the nature of the cement, which is extremely hard, and mixed with coarse pebbles, and the general style of the masonry, Mr. Pennant decided that the work was evidently Roman. The towers and parts of the wall are a good deal mutilated; but the whole, considering its antiquity, and more particularly its situation in a country exposed for centuries to the ravages of invaders, has been very remarkably preserved. Along the walls are two rows of circular holes, extending completely through them, and scarcely four inches in diameter. These small perforations, sometimes not three inches in diameter, are found in the walls of most Roman forts in Britain, and have puzzled the ingenuity of antiquaries, and given rise to many jarring conjectures. Arrows might be discharged through them, with no other aim, of course, than that controlled by the duct; but that this was not the only object of them is evident, because, in some instances, they extend through the walls longitudinally. Some have fancied that they were intended to admit air into the walls for the purpose of hardening the cement; but this conjecture, like that in favour of the arrows, does not comprehend the design in all its bearings, for the holes are sometimes found considerably below the surface of the ground. As they are peculiar to walls built by the Romans, they are, at all events, of some service at present in identifying their works. There is no remnant of their art in Anglesey except this fort at Holyhead; and they had, probably, no other station in the county. The harbour here must have been of importance to them in their intercourse with Ireland, to which they traded, though they had no permanent settlement in the country.

The harbour, in its natural state, was inconvenient, and capable of admitting only a small number of vessels, and those of small burden; but the improvements now going on will make it the best harbour in St. George's Channel. It is protected by the coasts of the bay from every wind but the north, and from this it is sheltered by a small rocky island, called Salt Island, lying at the mouth, and separated by a sound, not more than ten or fifteen yards in breadth, from the main land on the western side. A very shallow stream
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of water flows into the great basin, so that the packets and other vessels frequenting the harbour lay close under the south side of the island, and here they were not afloat till half flood, and were aground at half ebb. The pier is to be carried out from the island in a straight line, six hundred feet to the eastward: the depth of water at the head will be fourteen feet at low water, which will enable the packets to come in and go out at all hours of the tide. The work was far advanced when we were on the spot, and is now, I understand, nearly completed. It was designed by Mr. Rennie, and, from its form and mode of construction, seems admirably calculated to resist the power of the sea. The sea-front is an inclined plane, a hundred and eighty feet deep, which is composed of unhewn stones; those of the outer stratum being laid edgeways, and closely jammed together. The upper extremity of the plane is bounded by a strong wall faced with thick slabs of black marble: the quay and the inner front are also faced with the same kind of stone, which is procured from a quarry a few miles from the spot. This plan of opposing a gradual resistance to the sea by an inclined plane is infinitely preferable, in all respects, to the usual mode of limiting it at once by a pier with a perpendicular front. It is on a much better principle with regard to the durability of the work, and furnishes a much more effectual barrier against the spray of the sea. In violent gales of wind blowing from the sea, the waves, on being suddenly checked by a perpendicular wall, fly up in a heavy body of spray, which is forced on by the wind, and renders the quay dangerous, if not impassable. By the inclined plane this evil is avoided: when the waves break upon it they instantly spread into a sheet of foam, which, in its advance, is so checked by the acclivity of the ground, and the return of the backwater, that only an inconsiderable sprinkling reaches the quay. But I am describing what can scarcely have escaped the observation of any one who has been at the sea-side, and seen the waves break on a shelving beach, and against a rocky and abrupt shore.

Before the pier was carried out to more than half its length, the harbour was found to be so much improved that numerous vessels, bound up and down channel, flocked to it for shelter in bad weather; and it is now frequently so crowded and blocked up, that the packets have not that accommodation and facility of access and egress which the pier was designed to give them. The largest ships are ranged in a line in the deepest water; so that vessels sailing in are obliged to take a broad sweep round them, and are endangered by some sunken rocks lying near the eastern side of the mouth. To exclude vessels in times of distress is not to be thought of, and it is therefore proposed, in order to render the harbour as widely beneficial as possible, to enlarge it still further by making an extensive wet dock in the inner part of the basin, to which the greater number of vessels frequenting the harbour may retire, leaving the entrance always unobstructed. This new plan is to be brought before parliament in the present session, and its expediency is so obvious, that there is little doubt of its being acceded to. The

crowded state of the harbour is the best proof of its importance: it lies in the centre of St. George's Channel, between two deep and dangerous bays, and is a most valuable place of shelter, in sudden storms, to coasting vessels of all classes in the great stream of trade between the Clyde and the Thames.

The sound between Salt Island and the north-western point of the main land acts as a drain, which is of great service in preserving the navigable part of the harbour free from sand and mud. It is a curious fact that the water always runs out of this channel during the flood as well as the ebb. The tide, or rather a branch of it, which enters at the great mouth, escapes in a constant stream through this small outlet, and continues to flow in a circle round the island till high water. I endeavoured to gain an explanation of this singularity on the spot, from those who were better acquainted with the depths and shallows, and the course of the currents, than I could become from my own cursory observation; but my enquiries met with no success. I attribute it, under correction, to the difference in the direction of the entrances, and to obstructions in the inner part of the harbour. The direction of the harbour's mouth is E.S.E. and W.N.W., and that of the sound N.N.W. and S.S.E., so that the stream flowing in at the former has a direct tendency towards the sound, and, being impeded by the elevation of the bottom in its progress into the basin, forces a passage through it. The water must be very feebly propelled towards the mouth of the sound, or this counter-current would of course not prevail: the impediments in the basin may retard the advance of the water in a certain direction, but could not force it into another against a resisting stream of equal weight. The sound is more directly opposed to the main sea than the larger entrance, but the approaches to it on the sea-side are much obstructed by rocks, which, no doubt, check the advance of the tide. When the channel is excavated for the new dock, this irregular current, I imagine, will cease, meeting with less resistance to its progress inland than to its passage through the sound.

The expense of all the improvements connected with the harbour, among which is a new road extending from the pier to the large inn, is estimated at 67,862*l*. The road, though not more than half a mile in length, was a laborious and expensive work, for it was raised, nearly in its whole extent, upon the mud along the western side of the basin. It was rendered necessary by the extreme inconvenience of the street through the town, which is so narrow that two carriages cannot pass in it abreast. The proposed new dock is not included in the above estimate. One of the items was 3000*l*. for the purchase-money of Salt Island, which the owner suddenly discovered to be of great value to him when it became a necessary acquisition to government. He demanded 2000*l*. as a compensation for a small lighthouse, and 1000*l*. for the island; enough in all conscience for an acre of rock. The lighthouse will soon be pulled down, and a new one constructed upon the pier-head.

There are seven packets belonging to Holyhead, one of which sails every day, if not prevented



The Harbour light-house, Holyhead



Light-house on the South Stack, Holyhead

prevented by the weather. They are all fine, stout sloops, admirably appointed, and commanded by gentlemen of high respectability. This is by far the most convenient port to sail from for Dublin, and the passage is shorter, and more safe and certain than from any other point on the British coast. The packets here, after leaving the harbour, are speedily clear of the land; but those which sail from Park-gate and Liverpool have to work their way out of a deep bay beset with shoals.

We made an excursion by sea to the Head, which lies about two miles to the westward of the town. We were accompanied by two gentlemen, residents in the place, who very kindly proposed to be our guides and instructors through the entertainments of the day. One of our companions was Captain Fellowes, formerly commander of the *Lady Hobart*, a Newfoundland packet, and well known from his sufferings and remarkable preservation in a small open boat, after the loss of his vessel on an island of ice. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Fellowes, who was one of the passengers, and who bore up against the complicated misery of her situation with extraordinary strength of mind, and encouraged her fellow-sufferers by an example of unvarying spirit and fortitude. I feel gratified in here acknowledging their kindness and hospitality to us during our stay at Holyhead.

We set forward on our cruise on a cheerful, sunny day, which gave lustre and beauty to the sea, if it shone with little effect on the forbidding barrenness of the land. Immediately after quitting the harbour we had the Head in view before us, with the rugged rocks on its summit sharply marked out against a clear, blue, sky. The mountain rises abruptly, and is the more conspicuous from being a solitary mountain, contrasted on one side with a flat, naked country, and on the other with the wide level of the sea. Its greatest length lies north and south, and occupies nearly the whole western front of the island. The intervening coast between the harbour and the Head is singularly shattered and indented. It is composed of a green, magnesian, slate rock, in vertical strata, which expose their jagged edges to the sea. They frequently stretch out in long wedge-like projections, and, as the tide retires, it discloses here and there a black and horrid spot. The rocks that are washed by the sea are, in general, perfectly black, and I imagine that their colour is the effect of their exposure to the salt water. The effect, indeed, is by no means invariable, and the same kind of rock frequently changes from grey to black, within a very limited space, where out of the reach of the sea; but I have often observed, both on slate and limestone cliffs, a regular stripe of black up to high water mark, above which the rock was grey. About a mile to the westward of the harbour we observed two or three low dark caverns at the base of the cliffs, which run in to an extent of which no one has ever been able to discover the limits. The attempt, we were assured, has often been made, but whether with sufficient perseverance to authorise the popular conclusion in the neighbourhood, that the passages have no end, I cannot determine. As

we could not approach them in our boat without some risk, we passed by them without a pause, and soon came to the southwest point of Holyhead bay, from whence the coast turns abruptly to the southward. We had now the grand sea-front of the promontory extending before us, which exhibited a scene of exceeding rudeness and sublimity. We rowed out a short distance to sea, and had the whole face of the mountain in view. Its length from north to south is somewhat less than a mile and a half. At each extremity there is a small island, the North and the South Stacks. The former is a mass of black rock of inconsiderable height, savagely rugged all round, and with the summit bristling up in innumerable short, sharp, points. The South Stack is much loftier, and appeared like a projection of the main land, which towered up to an immense height above it. On the top of this island there is a lighthouse, a handsome white tower, and a single cottage, which formed striking objects amidst the rude grandeur of this vast solitude. Between the Stacks the promontory appeared in the form of a crescent, descending to the sea in a continued precipice three hundred feet, and, in places, four hundred feet in height, above which the upper part of the mountain rose in an acclivity scarcely less precipitous, and roughened along the whole line of its summit with confused piles of shivered rock.

We returned close in to the shore, and, the sea being smooth, were enabled to make free with the rocks, as sailors say, and examine them in all their detail. A little to the southward of the North Stack there are some grand caverns, the most remarkable of which is called the Parliament House. We entered it through a noble arch about seventy feet in height, and though we observed none of those resemblances to art in any of its parts, or in any combination of them, that the name had led us to expect, yet we were very much struck with its vastness and the ruggedness of its sides, and the awful signs of devastation which it exhibited in the broken strata over our heads. The cavern runs nearly parallel with the shore, and is thirty or forty yards deep, and at least a hundred feet in height. There are two entrances divided by a solid column of rock, which, by a loose computation, we determined to be two hundred feet in circumference. The whole promontory is chloritic schist, in strata seldom exceeding six feet in thickness; but this enormous column appeared to be one solid mass, and, from this compactness of structure, has resisted the power which has broken down the rocks all round it. The arch through which we entered faces the west; the other entrance inclines rather to the south, and is much larger in its dimensions, and more irregular in its form, spreading out into a vast breadth, and admitting a strong light into every part of the cavern. The sea, and the rocks without, and the Stack crowned with its lofty white tower, appeared through this magnificent portal with a singular and most romantic effect.

If the formation of this immense excavation be attributed to the action of the sea, it must have been the work of a long series of ages, for, of many thousand tons of rock that
have

have fallen down, there are now no traces to be distinguished. There are some large craggy masses rising above the water at both entrances, but in the interior the sea covers the whole bottom, and is of considerable depth. It is accessible only by boats, at all hours of the tide, but in moderate weather they may enter with perfect security. Along the whole western side of the Head the sea flows up to the rocks at low water.

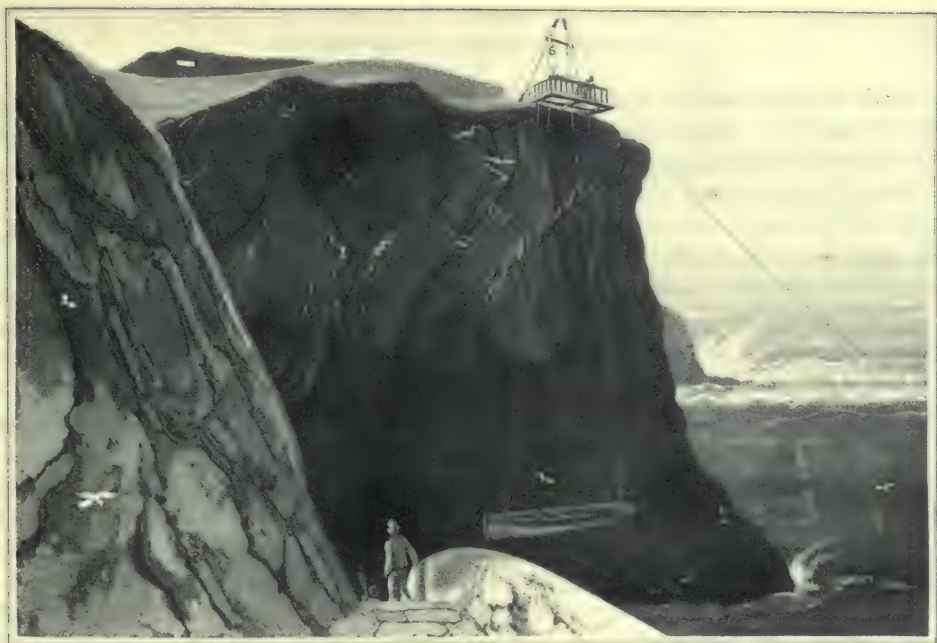
A little to the south of this cavern the face of the cliff has a very striking and magnificent appearance. For an extent of sixty or seventy yards the strata present their edges to the sea, slightly divided, and resemble a façade of slender columns, descending from an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly, and without a break, to the sea. There are parts of the Head much loftier, but none of equal height with so broad a surface perfectly perpendicular. Further south the precipice is broken, and irregular, frequently perpendicular on its upper front, and terminating at the base in dark hollows, and abrupt and shattered crags. Various sea-fowl breed in these cliffs, but none in any considerable numbers, except Gulls. The birds of passage had all disappeared; but, in a later excursion which we made to the Head in the summer of 1814, we saw some of them in full bustle and clamour. There were a few Guillemots and Razor-Bills, but only in one particular place, where they had found a shelf or two among the rocks, adapted to their peculiar manner of incubation. Schistose rocks, from their sharpness, and the position of the strata, afford very bad seats to these birds, which make no nest, and always sit upon ledges immediately over the sea, from whence they can take flight with ease, and thrust their young into the water. Their legs are placed so far back that they stand quite upright, and, in such a posture, they cannot rise from the ground without great difficulty and exertion, and therefore choose sitting-places, from which they can at once throw themselves into the air. We saw them in various parts of the Welsh coast; but always, excepting this promontory, on limestone cliffs, where the projecting terminations of the smooth horizontal strata give them the best possible accommodations. A few Herons annually come to breed on the Head; but they, with their young, had fled before the time of our last visit to the spot, the latter end of July. Herons do not migrate from Britain till late in the autumn, and these had only changed their haunts on the coast. Their nests were remaining, and seemed to be curiously fixed to a smooth precipice at a vast height above the sea. We could not perceive how they were supported, and the greater part of each evidently projected from the cliff. They were very large, and looked like round, deep, wicker-baskets. At the time of our present excursion, the Gulls were the only tenants of the rocks; and, as we rowed along, they rose in large flocks over our heads, with loud and ceaseless cries, which gave a superadded wildness to the rude solitude around us.

We landed about midway between the two Stacks, on a beach in a small recess, to look upon a spot lately the scene of a dismal shipwreck. In March, 1807, in a snow-storm

storm and dark night, a small sloop from Waterford, bound to Liverpool, with four men on board, was here cast ashore. The men escaped from her to the beach, but were shut out by the cliffs from any chance of access to the land. They were found the next day, all dead. One of them, with incredible power, had climbed up the cliff to within eight feet of the summit, where he was stopped by a perpendicular rock: he lay with his head leaning on his hand in a sleeping posture. Another was about fifty feet lower down, and had a deep wound on his head, with one of his stockings bound round it. Another lay on the beach; and the captain was found in a small cavern, to which he had retreated for shelter. They were all supposed to have perished with cold. This is the only place along the whole front of the Head at which they could have landed; and the cliff here, except towards the summit, is less completely inaccessible than any other part of the precipice, but still so steep, that I should have conceived it utterly impracticable for any human being to have clambered to the height that one of these wretched men had reached; and he was in darkness, and freezing with cold. The fate of these poor fellows was brought very home to our feelings by the manner in which it was related to us by a seaman who was present at the discovery of the bodies, and pointed out to us the very spots where they lay. Their vessel was dashed to pieces, and some fragments of the wreck were still to be seen on the beach.

After leaving this cove, and rounding a slight projection, the South Stack was disclosed to us in a new point of view, and in the highest degree fanciful and picturesque. We now perceived that the island was connected with the mainland by a rope-bridge, a light and airy structure, fixed to the face of a huge precipice, and suspended over a horrid chasm high above the sea, which, fretted by rocks and a boiling current, was foaming beneath it. The whole imagery was so novel and strange; there was something so surprising in this combination of art with forms of nature so wild and rude, that the scene struck us like a creation of romance. We rowed round to the south side of the island, and from thence the bridge, in all its relations, was at once explained to the eye. From its termination at the Head a zig-zag track of steps leads up to the summit of the cliff, which, by admeasurement, is four hundred and twenty feet above the sea. We could trace the path in all its inflections, and, while my friend was using his pencil, two men from the island passed over the bridge, and their figures winding among the rocks, and slowly lessening away, gave infinite character to the scene.

We landed near the north-east point of the Stack, close to the entrance of a large cavern, more strikingly picturesque, I think, though on a less magnificent scale than the Parliament House. The cliff is ninety feet in height, and the mouth of the cavern, in the form of an irregular arch, about fifty. The interior spreads into a spacious chamber, black and dismal, and near its extremity a low passage diverges to the left, which is continued, in an oblique direction, completely through the island, and you may see the light through
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Part of the South Stack, Holyhead



The Rope Bridge, near the Lighthouse, Holyhead

the opposite opening. The ends of the broken strata hang in unequal lengths from the roof, and along the rough fractures the rock appears of a fresh colour, as if recently rent asunder. The sea is of considerable depth in the cavern, but so beautifully clear, that the dark and rugged bottom is distinctly seen. The cliff above the mouth is quite perpendicular, but curiously diversified by the contortions of the strata, which present their edges to the view crossed by numerous seams, and running down in irregularly waved lines, and some in sharp, sudden bends, like the chevron-work on a Saxon arch. The face of the rock looks as if figured over with tracery, and it is further decorated by a multiplicity of colours, a very dark brown spotted all over with stains of many hues, and here and there traversed by a vein of milk-white quartz. Art could scarcely have given to the arch a more richly variegated face. A long white boat suspended from a crane at the top of the cliff, hung across the mouth of the cavern, and had an excellent effect. There is a small recess in the rocks at this point of the island which is sheltered from every wind but the north, and, when this blows, a boat may land on the south side, near the east end, but not very conveniently. Except from these two places, the cliffs all round are perfectly inaccessible.

We ascended by some steps cut in the rock from the landing place to the top of the island, where the bridge imperatively demanded our earliest examination. It is made of strong net-work, with sides about four feet high, and with a flooring of deal planks, somewhat more than a yard in width. The ends are fastened to the rocks by means of iron bolts, and at intervals are several stays to prevent it from swinging in the wind. As these, however, whether attached to the island or the Head, lead from it in oblique lines, they are but of little use. The bridge sinks considerably in the centre, and hangs in the form of an inverted arch: the length is eighty feet, and the lowest part is seventy feet above the sea. It is very well secured, I have no doubt, but it bends and cracks as you walk over it, and such intimations might be construed, by a nervous man, into signs of instability. I believe that few people, on a first trial, would feel themselves dancing along this elastic path without some little quickening of the pulse; though I do not mean to magnify the matter, or insinuate that there are any reasonable pretences for apprehension. We made several visits to the spot, and, on one occasion, crossed the bridge when a strong wind was blowing, and the passage, nerves out of the question, was really frightful. In very violent gales it is quite impracticable, not only from the force of the wind, but the spray of the sea. Before the bridge was constructed there was a mode of conveyance across the gulph of a far more petrifying description. A single rope was attached to the rocks on each side, and on this was slung a wooden cradle, in which the passenger sat and hauled himself over by means of a rope and blocks.

There is a ledge of rocks between the Stack and the Head, fragments of which rise above the sea at all times of the tide. A few years ago a large West Indianman was driven into this narrow passage, and, entering with great impetus, became so firmly wedged in between the island and a mass of rock in the channel, that, when the tide fell, she

she was suspended without any support from the water. She was broken up in this situation; and, during the operation of taking her to pieces, part of her live cargo, a company of rats, made their escape to the island, being the first quadrupeds that ever gained access to it. They prove great pests to the people, but have multiplied very freely in spite of poison and traps, and seem likely to transmit the benefit of their singular preservation through a long posterity.

The Stack is of an oblong form, and about half a mile in circumference. It rises on all sides in abrupt and naked precipices, and exhibits on each side some new and strange appearance in the arrangement and various modulations of the rocks. It is composed of the same kind of schistus as the main coast, in strata generally perpendicular to the horizon, with their flat surfaces north and south, and their edges east and west. On the south side of the island there is a square recess in the cliff, including its whole height, about a hundred and thirty feet, and cut out with singular regularity. In front hangs a vast sheet of rock, preserving an unbroken continuity, but swelling out at intervals down its whole surface in gentle, horizontal waves. It has the appearance of an immense curtain flapping and undulating in the wind. On the sides of the recess the edges of the strata appear similarly waved, with their surfaces all honeycombed and dissected, presenting a curious specimen of natural sculpture. The rocks all round the island are strongly marked by the injuries of time, but most particularly so on the southern side. A few yards to the east of the recess there is a mass of rock in a very remarkable state of decay. It has been partially eaten away to the depth of nearly a foot, and the surface is left in thin ridges and flakes, full of perforations, and with edges as sharp as a knife. The boatman who pointed out this ragged rock to me, referred its decomposition to the action of the violent southerly gales, and his exposition at least suggested a good illustration of its present appearance, which is very like that of a body blown into shreds and tatters by the wind. On the west side of the island the great vertical tables of rock jut out in different degrees of projection, jagged and splintered, and present a truly horrid front. At the north-western corner the cliff is faced with one smooth stratum, which seems as if it had slipped from its place, and rests upon the island in an inclined position, at an angle of about seventy with the plane of the horizon. It is about thirty feet in breadth, and descends without a break to the sea, a depth of at least a hundred and forty feet. This single stratum seems to form a solitary exception to the common position of the surrounding strata: along the remainder of the northern front of the island they are regularly vertical. On the main coast, immediately opposite to the Stack, they have been subjected to more complicated and remarkable variations. For a certain space about a hundred feet in height, and as many in breadth, including the base of the cliff, they are all doubled down, but not broken, describing large curves or arches, arch within arch, with the edges of each twisted into a most perplexing variety of capricious contortions, and the general surface chipped and fretted into minute parts resembling intricate
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and fantastic carving. This part of the promontory is pointed out to strangers as a kind of *lusus naturæ*, a monstrous and unprecedented production, and it certainly is the most extraordinary mass of rock that I ever beheld: the strata resting upon those which are thus warped and bent, and those on each side of them are vertical, and seamed all over by oblique and horizontal fissures. I presume only to describe the actual forms produced by these partial changes, for I am not yet sufficiently conversant with the subject of geology to hazard an opinion as to their cause. Appearances of a similar character have been explained by some geologists as the effects of crystallization, and I yield implicitly to their decision.

The light-house stands near the western extremity of the island on its highest point. It has a revolving light, produced by Argand lamps and reflectors so arranged as to form three faces, one of which is shewn every two minutes. By these variations it is readily distinguishable from a stationary light on the Skerries, situated off the opposite point of Holyhead Bay, and bearing from the Stack N.E., distant eight miles. The light is elevated two hundred and one feet above the sea, and is distinctly seen from every point from whence its guidance is of importance. Before the erection of the light-house, this coast was a scene of perpetual disaster. The Head projects so far into the sea, that it is still a point of anxious consideration in the navigation of this part of the channel, but it was formerly a terrible object indeed. To the south of it is the deep and dangerous bay of Caernarvon; and, to the west, a violent race, which, in stormy weather, ploughs up a tremendous sea, breaking in all directions. Vessels bound up St. George's Channel, and sailing across Caernarvon Bay in dark nights, with no guide to direct them, had no means of ascertaining their situation, or regulating their course with any certainty according to the projection of the Head, and were wrecked in numbers along the northern coast of the bay. A vessel was seldom wrecked without the loss of the whole crew, for the shores of the bay are so beset with outlying rocks, that there is no access to the land. Mr. Evans, at whose suggestion the light-house was erected, shewed us a drawing that he had made, representing the different situations of twenty-two vessels which were all cast ashore in the course of one night in the neighbourhood of the Head. Numerous vessels which have been lost, but never accounted for, are supposed to have foundered in the race, which, in gales of wind, is almost as much to be dreaded as the shore. The light-house has proved a certain guardian amidst these complicated dangers, and, in combination with the light on the Skerries, has rendered the bays of Caernarvon and Holyhead navigable with as much safety by night as by day. Since the first exhibition of the light in February 1809, only one small vessel has been lost on this coast.

Mr. Evans, an old sea-captain, has the chief management of the concerns of the light-house, and is Lord of the Island, on the taming and improving of which he has bestowed much of his time and ingenuity. He makes it quite his hobby, and seems to look upon it as the great pride and pleasure of his life. We were very much pleased with his honest,

open, seaman-like character, and entirely went along with the satisfaction, or rather exultation, with which he pointed out to us his bridge, and several other additions, both for use and show, which he has grafted upon this rude rock. He has his laws; one of which excludes from the island all those who are known to destroy the gulls, or despoil their nests. The gulls frequent this part of the promontory in great numbers, and they give so much character to the scenery, that travellers in search of the picturesque will be the last to object to this charitable edict in their favour. Mr. Evans considers them as a part of his family-establishment on the island; and, like every thing else in any degree connected with it, they partake of his fondness and protection. Those who destroy them, do it more for sport than profit; so that compliance with the law demands no very dear sacrifice.

The two men who have the charge of lighting and watching the lamps have a neat comfortable cottage on the island, and a small garden adjoining, so called, rather in expectation of what it may one day produce, than with a regard to its present circumstances. In gales from the south and west a heavy spray washes over the summit of the island, and prevents the growth of any copious vegetation; but the garden has already gone the length of bringing forth two or three bushels of cabbages. One of the men has a wife who has filled the cottage with children; and the whole establishment presented a scene of social life and domestic comfort, combining only ordinary circumstances, but which, in this wild, cheerless, and exposed, place, excited in our minds an unusual interest. A year or two ago this little family were narrowly preserved from a very terrible calamity. The children had wandered from the house to play, and scrambled into a small cart, lying near the east end of the island, which slopes rapidly down to the edge of the cliff: by romping about they put the cart in motion, when, from some sudden and strange impulse, for they were not alarmed or aware of their danger, they all jumped out, and escaped just before it was precipitated over the cliff and dashed to atoms. A wall has been since built along the edge of the precipice at this end of the island, but every other side of it is unguarded, and it is still a most perilous play-ground for children.

We returned to Holyhead by land. The ascent to the summit of the Head is exceedingly grand. This part of it facing the island projects considerably from the line of coast to the right, forming a precipice with two sides. The steps winding up the steep face in front lead, in some of their bends, close to the edge of the precipice to the right; but all danger, and all apprehension of it from that quarter, are prevented by a wall. When nearly at the top we looked over this wall, and had our heads hanging over a perpendicular fall of three hundred and fifty feet. From this spot we had a most magnificent view of the remaining front of the Head. In the recess, immediately to our left, it formed a perpendicular precipice as black as ink, and still soaring above us, and from thence descended very abruptly to its southern termination in broken and tremendous masses of rock, exhibiting the most awful scene of ruin that can be conceived. From its southern extre-

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mity to the entrance of the strait which separates the island from Anglesey, the coast is low, but still rocky, and deeply indented. In one of the creeks there is a good landing-place, in which the passengers from the Dublin packets are frequently put ashore, and, in certain states of the tide and wind, are rescued from three or four hours of further beating and buffeting for the harbour. Notice of their approach is conveyed by signal to the town, and chaises are always in readiness on the spot to receive them.

On reaching the top of the cliff there was still extended before us nothing but a savage waste of craggy and weather-beaten rocks. We ascended with some difficulty to the highest point of the mountain, called Pen y Gaer Gybi, which is seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. This elevation would scarcely give it the rank of a mountain in Caernarvonshire, but it towers with great majesty above the flat and insipid scenery of Anglesey. The summit rises in numerous and abrupt points, the terminations of the huge vertical strata of schistus, rent and shattered into horribly jagged forms. In places the rocks lie scattered about in ruinous heaps, and here and there a single slab is protruded through the soil, and stands up like a rude monument. The lower part of Pen y Gaer Gybi has been surrounded by an immense dry wall, an ancient British fortification. Most of it is broken down and confounded with the *debris* from the mountain, but the whole may still be traced. Parts of it are quite entire, and are nine or ten feet high, and twelve feet thick. We found the approaches exceedingly difficult, though meeting with no resistance but from the rocks, and, with nothing like glory before our eyes, considered it as perfectly impracticable to scale the wall. There is an open space on one side for the entrance, but no indications of the means by which it was defended. In the inclosed space there are no remains of buildings of any kind, and I imagine that the fortress was never permanently garrisoned, but was a place of only occasional refuge, to which the natives fled with their cattle upon any sudden alarm.

We next made our way to the signal-house, which stands on a point of the mountain immediately overlooking the sea, and very little lower than Pen y Gaer Gybi. The view down the precipice was terribly grand, and we felt it from head to foot. The vast depth of the abyss was more fully explained by the diminished forms of a large flight of gulls, which were wheeling, dipping, and floating, in the air, two or three hundred feet below us. The signal-house is a small, neat cottage, built, with a very innocent ambition, in the form of a circular tower, with an embattled parapet. A man and his wife reside in it, who have nothing to do but to keep a good look out, but this they must do from morning till night. The station was established for the sake of a communication with the packets at sea. They are seen at a great distance from this eminence, and notice of their approach is always communicated by signal to the town, and is frequently of great importance. When a packet is known to be in sight, the coach is sometimes delayed for an hour or two, till the vessel arrives in the harbour, and the mail thus gains a day's post.

At a short distance to the northward of the signal-house we observed the remains of

a chapel, Capel Llochwyd, consisting only of a small portion of the walls. It appears to have been a substantial building, but of very rude construction. Superstition, of course, had sovereign sway when a chapel was raised in a situation so wild and desolate. Llochwyd was a saint, of whose birth and life I have not been able to learn any particulars, but he left no mean degree of fame behind him, and presided over this little temple with unabated credit till within the last half century. The ceremony that was thought necessary towards conciliating his kind offices was exceedingly arduous, and few were found that could accomplish it. Close to the chapel there is a curious rent in the mountain, not more than twenty feet in width, but winding down from the summit to the sea. The sides are quite perpendicular, but the front slopes down, though with a very steep descent. At the bottom was once a holy well, to which the votaries of the saint repaired on the 25th of July, and on three Sundays following it; and if any individual, the slave of wishes, a young unmarried woman, for instance, could ascend to the chapel with her hands full of sand, and her mouth full of water, a husband was the consequence. There was a raised stone in the centre of the chapel, on which the sand was thrown and the water spitten, and the triumph was then complete. This whimsical superstition was subdued about fifty years ago, principally by the authority of a Mr. Ellis, a leader of the Evangelical faction, and a singularly morose disciplinarian, though represented to me as a very good man. If he saw a young man and woman courting, and walking together arm in arm, he would take the law into his own hands, or a great stick, as my informant declared, and instantly part them. There was formerly a fair held at the town of Holyhead in commemoration of St. Llochwyd, the chief amusement of which was dancing: a guinea was the reward of the woman who could hold out the longest; and some of the candidates for this prize did not yield till they fainted with fatigue. But all this kind of merriment was knocked down by the great stick of Mr. Ellis, and the town's-people have now adopted that demure deportment which they are taught to believe cannot be relaxed without sin. As jumping is a permitted exercise in their new style of devotion, they resigned, perhaps, their old sports with the more complacency.

I did not leave the precincts of the chapel without attempting to descend down the chasm; but, when within about thirty feet of the bottom, I found that the path terminated in a broken precipice utterly impassable, even with lungs and limbs at perfect liberty. There has been a recent fall of the rocks, I was told, which thus cut short the pass and buried the well. Having done all that a man could reasonably be expected to do, and fully gratified my curiosity, I returned and proceeded to look at a carnel not far from the chapel. It consists of a copped heap of stones, at least thirty tons, as is supposed, thrown up on the summit of a natural pile of rocks which is accessible only on one side. It was opened a few years ago, and I was informed that a stone coffin with bones and some brass rings in it was discovered, but my reporter could not refer me to any positive proof of the fact. I have never heard before of any thing but urns being found in carnel,
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and I have seen several which were taken from carnes in Anglesey. They were made of clay, slightly baked, and were all of the rudest possible workmanship. One of them contained some bones, not apparently touched by fire, though the body, no doubt, was burned before they were separated. Carnes are included among the reputed works of the Druids, and are considered to have been their grand altars. Some of them are crowned with flat stones, and on these, it is said, sacrificial fires were lighted at certain times of the year, particularly on the eves of the first of May and the first of November, when the whole people extinguished their domestic fires, and rekindled them from the sacred flames on the carnes. There is something, at least, very grand and impressive in this universal confederacy in one solemn act of religion, but where are we to look for authority? The tombs of those distinguished for virtue, wisdom, or valour, might have been used as altars; but I have already given my reasons for doubting that such monuments were Druidical.

We descended down the eastern side of the mountain. There are a few rude and weather-worn cottages scattered about on its skirts, in which there live some people of very great age, whose hardihood has gained for the mountain air the credit of being remarkably healthy. On our way home we met one of them, an old man of eighty-six, with a clear ruddy countenance, who regularly employs himself, during the whole morning, in cutting furze and fern; carries his load on his head two miles and a half to the town; sells it for what he can get, and then returns fresh and lively as we saw him. The simplicity of their food, and the regularity of their lives, tend, I imagine, as much as the wholesomeness of the air, to give them health and long life. They never eat flesh, or drink spirits, or ale, but live entirely on barley bread, milk, potatoes, and herrings. They are very poor; but, if they earn little, they are not worn down by immoderate labour, and suffer less from short meals than they would from excesses at the public-house. On leaving the mountain we found nothing further in the island to engage our attention, but, altogether, we had been as much entertained by our day's excursion, as by any scene of our whole voyage.

After the close of this day, a sudden alteration in the weather from summer to winter checked our further progress, and kept us prisoners at Holyhead. During this interval of rest I became acquainted with an entertaining character, who completely relieved me from that discontent which is apt to creep upon one in a strange place, under a cloudy sky. With many matters of information connected with his neighbourhood, he combined some amusing details relating to a far distant detachment of his brethren, the descendants of the followers of Madoc, a hero, who, if he has wanted an historian, has been crowned by a poet. The subject, I confess, was somewhat novel to me, except as illustrated in the splendid descriptions of Mr. Southey; as mere matter of fact, it had made but little impression upon my curiosity, and less upon my faith. I had been accustomed to consider the voyages of Madoc, made without card or compass over the
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Western Ocean, in much the same light as the launch of Merlin with his brother bards in his House of Glass. But I found from communications which I received at Holyhead, and at other places in Wales where I was afterwards induced to apply for instruction, that my opinion was deemed quite a heresy, and that I had permitted distrust to grow up in my mind concerning facts which many conceived to be as clear, except to purblind prejudice, as the sun at noon-day. There were some exceptions, however, to the general decision against me; and one or two, on whose judgment I am much inclined to rely, shook their heads very significantly at some particulars which I am now about to record. In the summer of 1794, a Mr. John Evans, fully satisfied in his own mind that the story of Madoc was founded in truth, determined to expose it at once to the conviction of the world. There were no means of doing this so conclusively as by hunting out the present race of Welsh Indians; and for this express and sole purpose he left his native home, and followed up the pursuit with a spirit and perseverance that would have done honour to the great Madoc himself. He met with a very friendly reception in the United States, but, in the course of his peregrinations, was kidnapped by the Spaniards and thrown into prison at St. Louis, from whence he was delivered at the intercession of an American gentleman who had known him at Philadelphia. In his search after the Indians he travelled down the Ohio from Pittsburgh to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of eleven hundred miles: he then passed up the Mississippi, and branched off to the Missouri, up which he advanced five hundred miles, when he was stopped by the hostilities of tribes in his route. Matters, however, were soon quiet again, and he continued his course up the Missouri for three hundred miles further, when, *from some circumstances*, his courage abated, and he gave up the pursuit, retraced his steps to the Mississippi, turned seaward, and arrived safe and sound at New Orleans. He here related his adventures, and the object of them, to the Spanish governor, who was mightily pleased with him, and earnestly recommended him to make another attempt, promising him, at the same time, attendants, and every other assistance that could make his journey easy and comfortable to him. What might have been the result of so much zeal there is no knowing, for, unhappily, before Mr. Evans was able to renew his expedition, he caught a fever and died. I have conversed with several who knew him, and who related to me, from his letters, the few circumstances of his American travels that I have mentioned. They had no doubt but that, had he been permitted to live, his exertions would have been ultimately crowned with success, and regretted much that the fame of Madoc had lost so enthusiastic a supporter.

But chance often brings to light that which no ardour and constancy of research could discover; and a thing lost or concealed will, after having long resisted all peering and prying, sometimes pop upon us from some unthought of place, and at a moment when it was altogether out of our minds. In the year 1801, Mr. Roberts, a Welshman, was sitting in a public-house in the city of Washington, and, as fortune would have it, in the same room with an Indian chief. Thus situated, he called for a glass of brandy and water,

water, cold, and probably without sugar. Now the waiter, though likewise a Welshman, perfidiously enough brought him his drink hot, which provoked him extremely, and he gave utterance to the sudden indignation of his heart in his native language, and in terms to this effect: By the devil, I'll drub thee! The exclamation had scarcely passed his lips when the Indian chief—but I have the story in his own words, and it is a pity to disguise them. On his return to his own country he wrote an account of this single adventure in America, and published it in a Welsh miscellaneous work, called 'Grèal,' which signifies Gruel. I got the greater part of this article translated for me, and, as I believe that it has never before appeared in an English dress, I set it down for the entertainment of the reader.

“ In the year 1801, when I was in the city of Washington, in America, it happened that I was in a public-house, smoking my pipe, according to the custom of the country. There was a Welsh lad as a servant in the house, and, in consequence of his displeasing me, by bringing me a glass of brandy and water hot instead of cold, I said to him in anger, By the devil, I'll drub thee! Now it happened, at the same time, that there was in the same room one of the inferior princes of the Indians, who hastily came up to me, and, stretching forth his hand, asked, in the Welsh language—Is that thy language?—I answered, shaking hands, in the affirmative; and he then declared that it was his, also, and not only that of his father and mother, but also of his whole nation. Such is my language, said I, and such the language of my ancestors. Then the Indian asked me from whence I came: I answered, from Wales; but he said that he had never heard of such a place. I told him that Wales was a principality of a kingdom called England: he had heard of England and Englishmen, but not a syllable about Wales. I asked him whether there were any traditions among his tribe concerning the place from whence his ancestors came. He answered, that there were; that they had come from a distant country, far in the east, and over the great deep. I conversed with him in Welsh and in English, and found that he talked Welsh better than myself. He reckoned from one to upwards of a hundred, immediately upon my asking him: his English was also very good, for he had had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with that language by constantly trading with merchants of America. Among many other things, I asked him how his tribe had preserved their language so free from intermixture with that of other tribes. He answered, that they had a law which ordained, that no parents should teach their children any other language till they were twelve years of age, when they were at liberty to learn what they pleased. I asked him if he wished to visit England and Wales, but he said that he had no inclination to leave his native land, and that he preferred living in a kind of wigwam to a palace. His arms were adorned with bracelets, and on his head were ostrich feathers. I was surprised at seeing such a man with an European face; a man so like an Indian in many respects, yet talking in the venerable Welsh language as scientifically as if he had been born and bred among the rocks of Snowdon. His head was shaved,

shaved, excepting a small spot on the crown, where the ostrich feathers were placed. These Indians inhabit a country eight hundred miles south-west of Philadelphia, and they are called, in general, by the name of Asgwas. This prince was partial to my company, particularly as we came from the same nation. He was in the habit of calling upon me very frequently, and taking me to the woods, to shew me certain leaves which were good for all kinds of diseases, for his nation derive all their physic from trees, &c. &c."

The translator was here interrupted, and I could not press him to renew his task; but he had come nearly to the end of the story, and, in a subsequent conversation of a few minutes, informed me that the remainder contained no further discoveries of importance. Mr. Roberts continued, during a fortnight, to be the constant companion of the Indian prince, and, over fresh glasses of brandy and water, still grew in his good graces; but, not being able to overcome his loyal attachment to his country and his wigwam, was finally obliged to tear himself away from him, and we hear no more of him. I had been promised the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Roberts, but, on making enquiries for him in London, where he had latterly resided, I found that he had been dead for some time. He has been described to me by several of his friends and countrymen, as a plain, respectable man, becomingly national, but not fonder of Wales than of truth. On a subject, however, of this sort, involving so many circumstances that challenge doubt and suspicion, the unsupported assertions of an individual are not sufficient to impress conviction, and more particularly as he has failed to profit by abundant opportunities of backing them by the testimony of others. If we put the individual quite out of the question, and judge of his veracity solely from the evidence of his narrative, I fear that a verdict must be pronounced against him. I cannot, nor is it necessary that I should, proceed soberly to work in marshalling and commenting upon the improbabilities of his story. How happened it that a man of some note among his tribe, like this Indian, should travel so far from his home unattended? or, if he had companions, why did not Mr. Roberts advert to them? He mentions that his friend had learned to talk English by trading with merchants of America, and others, of course, of the tribe, participated in the same communication; but is it conceivable that a people, distinct in their language and appearance from all the known inhabitants of America, should appear as traders in the city of Washington without exciting some curiosity and enquiry, and that the denouement of their origin should have been thus miraculously mixed up by a Welsh waiter in a glass of brandy and water? The scrupulous attention to the preservation of their language among a people living in wigwams, and who had given up their coats and breeches, and every British distinction but one; and, moreover, their singular felicity in preserving this one free from the lightest touch of corruption for six centuries, I barely allude to—In short, without wishing to indulge in any extravagantly sceptical criticism, I consider the whole matter as a fabrication, and I should scarcely have thought this solemn decision upon it necessary, had it not been very seriously recommended to my notice and belief.

I do

I do not, by any means, deny, that the descendants of Madoc and his followers exist in America, but I certainly think that they are yet to be discovered. It is supposed by believers, that the main body of them are settled high up the Missouri, higher considerably than Mr. Evans advanced. By referring to Arrowsmith's map, Lon. 107°, W.—Lat. 37°, N., the reader will see a tribe marked down under the name of Padoucas, and these are the people, it is said, who compose the grand body of the Welsh Indians. I have not heard that any one, either before or since the attempt of Mr. I. Evans, has ascertained the fact by positive communication with the people, but great reliance is placed on their name. The Welsh would call the followers, or people of Madoc, Madawcwys, Madogion, Madocaintwys, &c., names which, it must be admitted, bear a resemblance to Padoucas, though we might be justified, indeed, in sticking for a letter, when we remember that Mr. Roberts's illustrious friend in the public house talked Welsh "as scientifically as if he had been born and bred among the rocks of Snowdon." There was some authority, no doubt, for determining the name of this tribe, and putting it down in a certain place on the map, but, whatever this authority was, it does any thing rather than explain their Welsh descent, for it has mapped them as Padoucas, while their extraordinary distinctions are yet to be proved. The Asgwas are supposed to form a much less considerable settlement, situated on the eastern banks of the Mississippi, in about W. Lon. 85, and N. Lat. 37. Something, I fancy, might be made of their name, but the direct testimony of the Indian prince, (whose name, by the by, I wonder that Mr. Roberts should have omitted to reveal), has foreclosed all ingenuity on this subject. The Padoucas truly live in a most out-of-the-way part of the world, but this smaller tribe are so accessible, that one might have expected that the patriotic vanity, which is so flattered by the reflected honour of Madoc's discoveries, would have endeavoured to establish their authenticity on less questionable foundations.

I really feel quite abashed when I look back to the length of my discussions on these Trans-Atlantic affairs, and advert to the unconscionable distance to which I have strayed from my proper course: voyage within voyage is, no doubt, more than the reader had made up his account for, and I must apologize for so trespassing upon his patience.

After the delay of two days at Holyhead, the sky still continued dark and threatening: it was now near the middle of October; the wind had set in from the south-west, and there appeared no prospect of a speedy change in the weather; we therefore determined to defer any further prosecution of our voyage till the next summer, and returned to London.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ERRATA.

Page	Line
12,	1, for <i>eye</i> , read <i>use</i> .
18,	12, for 1,200 <i>l.</i> , read 12,000 <i>l.</i>
—,	30, for <i>Portneath</i> , read <i>Portreath</i> .
48,	1, for <i>tow</i> , read <i>town</i> .
78,	24, for <i>burned and built</i> , read <i>built and burned</i> .
83,	37, for <i>is an excellent</i> , read <i>is in an excellent</i> .
119,	6, for <i>having</i> , read <i>have</i> .
122,	19, for <i>summits</i> , read <i>summit</i> .
126,	8, for <i>eastward of the east</i> , read <i>westward of the west</i> .
127,	34, after <i>patriotism</i> , place a comma.
130,	3, after <i>it</i> , place a comma.
145,	3, for <i>vessels</i> , read <i>vessel</i> .
—,	32, for <i>colected</i> , read <i>collected</i> .
148,	18, for <i>Sam</i> , read <i>Sarn</i> .
149,	24, for <i>here</i> , read <i>there</i> .
166,	37, for <i>most</i> , read <i>much</i> .

A

V O Y A G E
R O U N D G R E A T B R I T A I N,

UNDERTAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1813,

AND COMMENCING FROM THE LAND'S-END, CORNWALL,

BY RICHARD AYTON.

WITH

A S E R I E S O F V I E W S,

Illustrative of the Character and Prominent Features of the Coast,

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY WILLIAM DANIELL, A.R.A.

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1815.

V O Y A G E

R O U N D G R E A T B R I T A I N , &c.

WE left London late in July, 1814, and prepared ourselves again for the solitude of rocks and waves, while the rival fleets were at the point of battle on the Serpentine, and the Temple and the Pagoda, and all the toys of the Park, were just rising to their consummation. To have lived in such times, and not have witnessed the general explosion of this royal show, may well be regretted as a misfortune; but we soothed ourselves by remembering that we shared our loss with high company, and felt, perhaps, an ill-natured satisfaction in knowing that the great potentates of Europe, for whose entertainment these magnificent preparations were mainly designed, would not see a single squib. Add to such topics of consolation, that we returned to the metropolis in time to see the whole materials, the Pagoda and Temple, with their furniture, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, &c. all fully appreciated under the hammer of the auctioneer, and it will appear that we are not to be ranked among the most unlucky of men.

We arrived at Holyhead on the 31st, where I observed nothing to add to my former description. Having devoted a day to the romantic scenery of the Head, we took a boat and sailed to the Skerries, islands lying off the northern point of the bay. There was little to engage particular observation during the passage. The coast all round the bay is rocky and broken, but very low, except at the two boundaries south and north, the Head, and Carnell's Point. The shore on all sides is rendered dangerous by the frequent projection of long, sharp ledges of rock, and by detached fragments which are thickly scattered about for an extent of several hundred feet from the land. To the boats of the fishermen these are formidable obstructions, but they are out of the track of larger vessels, which, if they are driven in by stress of weather, have a good harbour open to receive them. We had a wide view of the inland country of Anglesey extended round in a dismal succession of brown and naked fields, but far beyond it appeared the blue mountains

of Caernarvonshire, with their connecting ridges lost in the distance, and their summits only discovered in insulated peaks above the horizon.

A fair wind and tide speedily brought us to the Skerries, where we arrived at the same time with another boat laden with provisions for the island, and our combined crews, in the bustle of landing, made up a concert of human voices, such as the inhabitants had not often heard on their wild and dreary domain. The sea-fowl, alarmed by our invasion, sprang from the rocks, and, filling the air with their numbers, joined with their harsh cries in the general clamour. The landing-place was any thing rather than commodious, but fine weather made it perfectly safe, and a little difficulty composes a part of the pleasure of these kind of excursions.

The Skerries lie at the distance of about a mile and a half from the main land. They consist of two islands with smaller rocks, thirteen in number, scattered about them. The principal island is rather less than a mile in circumference, and is separated from its subordinate islet by a sound eighty or a hundred yards in breadth. They are both covered in parts with earth bearing a short, brown herbage, which, in the summer season, keeps alive a dozen sheep. Nearly in the centre of the larger island there is a remarkable mount seventy feet in height, and gradually diminishing towards the top. On one side it has a perpendicular face of naked rock, divided into huge square blocks, which look as if they had been piled together by the hands of man. The rock is schistus, of the same nature as that of the whole coast of Holyhead Bay. On the summit of the mount is a light-house, a very necessary guide for vessels entering the bay from the northward and eastward. The lantern is a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea. On a smaller eminence adjoining, the men light a fire, as a private signal, when they want assistance of any kind from Holyhead. Every other part of the island is very low, and lies dreadfully exposed to the sea. In the violent winter gales the men scarcely dare put their heads out of doors, and with difficulty crawl up, on their hands and knees, to the light-house. The tide runs among these islands and rocks with the violence of a mill-race, and, with strong winds, throws the sea into the wildest confusion. The islands are accessible only by boats, and these venture to approach only in the finest weather; for a breeze that would be considered quite moderate at the distance of a mile from them, is sufficient, when acting against these furious currents, to force up a dangerous sea. The tide runs with nearly equal rapidity, and, in gales of wind, there is the same confused and broken sea, in the whole channel between the Skerries and Carnell's Point, for the bottom is one connected reef of rugged rocks. A large cluster of them, called the Platters, appear in spots at low water, and are fearful obstructions in the way of vessels.

Two men with their wives live upon the island, and have each a cottage, but their domestic establishment is regulated on a very different system from that which had so agreeably impressed upon our minds the comfort and contentment of the little family on the South Stack. One of the men, William Morgan, has been upon the island thirty-four years;

years; and the circumstances of his melancholy life, during this period, do but little credit to the liberality and humanity of his employer. A man who consents to linger through his days in this lonely place, has no right to expect many of the enjoyments of life, but old Morgan has had his share of nothing but its cares. For the first twelve years of his service, his wages were 14*l.* per annum, out of which he paid thirty shillings to an assistant, and with the remainder had to support a family. He described to me his condition during this period as bitterly miserable. His pay was afterwards advanced to 20*l.* per annum, at which sum it continued for seven years, when it was raised to 30*l.*, and for the last two years it has been 40*l.*, which might have made him happy, he said, had it been given in time. But his former vile pittance had forced him into debt, which he had no hope of ever being able to pay, and it weighed upon his peace, he said, and kept him in constant trouble. He was now sixty-three years old, but he looked many years older. The tears frequently came to his eyes as he talked to me, and there was an expression of fixed and extreme wretchedness in his countenance. He was much out of health, and declared that he was perfectly ready to die. His wife was about the same age, but appeared also to be sinking under premature decay. Their allowance of provisions is as poor as it can be: no animal food of any kind is given to them, except sheep's milk, and this fails them in the winter, when they live entirely upon tea, barley bread, and oatmeal. Many live to a great age on such food, but these people consider it as very hard fare, and, looking upon themselves as the servants of a gentleman, think that they are entitled to be less scurvily fed. Morgan had now his son with him, a youth of sixteen, for, being sick, he could not very well get through his duty without assistance; but he had just received notice that his boy eat too much, and must be dismissed. He will not much longer have strength to bear the cold and wet, to which he is often exposed, and, after his long sufferings on this dismal island, will probably be turned away at last to die in a poor-house. I have not been hastily recording the repinings of a discontented man, without knowing whether they were precisely reasonable: his appearance, and his manner of telling his story, interested me so much, that I made particular enquiries on the subject of his grievances, and found that he had told me nothing but the truth. The light-house is the property of a gentleman residing in Cardiganshire, and yields him a large income. He has possibly no knowledge of the condition of these poor people, or he might spare them the little that would make them content. He has an agent at Holyhead, who, perhaps, gives laws to the Skerries, and has an interest in ruling the whole establishment at as little cost as possible. I have no wish to speak of him with disrespect, but I have no hesitation in recommending to his attention a little charity. I have reason to believe that these remarks will meet his ears, and if they urge him to make the latter days of old Morgan and his wife more comfortable than he has made their past life, I shall not think that I have dwelt upon their humble story too long.

Griffith Jones, the companion of Morgan on the Skerries, was a much younger man,
and

and had lived there only four years, but his appearance did not speak much in favour of his mode of life. There was now a very friendly and confidential intercourse between the two cottages, but it was not always so. Griffith's predecessor had a wife of a gay temper, which he suspected that Morgan, in spite of his years, was inclined to take an ungenerous advantage of, and, with this preposterous jealousy in his mind, was always beating his wife and abusing his friend. I confess that I at once acquitted Morgan of any levities of this nature, but the poor old creature was very earnest in his defence, and protested to me, with the most solemn gravity, that such wicked thoughts had never entered his head. But the suspicions of the jealous man were not so easily to be subdued, and there was no peace on the island as long as he remained upon it. The women employ themselves with needle-work, and find some occupation in adjusting the little affairs of the household, but the men saunter about from morning till night in a state of deplorable dulness and inactivity. Fishing was formerly, during the summer seasons, a great source of amusement to them, and materially improved their fare; but, about eight years ago, a vessel from Amlwch, laden with copper ore, was wrecked upon the south-west point of the island, and, since that time, they have never caught a fish. Before this event, fish swarmed in prodigious multitudes about the rocks, and, in calm evenings, the surface of the sea, between and around the islands, appeared alive with them. They were chiefly whiting pollocks, cod, and cole-fish. These may have altogether deserted their old haunts, but there must be smaller fish not far from the islands, or sea-fowl would not breed upon them. Along the shore about Amlwch, where water impregnated with the poison from copper is constantly mixing with the sea, no fish are ever caught.

There are a few rabbits on the Skerries, but these, the men say, they can't catch, and a few pigeons, and these they won't kill. I admired their tenderness in this respect. Two pigeons flew to the island a year or two ago, where they voluntarily remained, and the people (I believe that there was something of superstition in the case) regarded them with great affection. They have since increased to six, and may in time so multiply as to outrun the fondness of their keepers, and they may have a pie without any violence to their feelings. They were formerly infested by some much less acceptable company, vast swarms of fleas, which, like the fish, suddenly disappeared. They were so numerous that no one could visit the island, but for an hour, without going away covered with them. Before the light-house was furnished with lamps, the light was produced by a coal fire, and the men imagined that the fleas were engendered in the ashes, which they always threw down the side of the mount. Their sole reason for thus thinking was, that, after the use of lamps, they saw no more of the fleas.

We were much entertained here with the various habits, manners, and motions of the sea-fowl, which were now busy with their young, and in a state of restlessness and agitation, compared with which the bustle of a rookery is quite peaceable and orderly. They were chiefly Terns, or Sea-Swallows, which, though not so loud, are fully as persevering
in

in their screams as the Gulls. They continue for a long time on the wing, and are exceedingly rapid in their action, skimming and darting through the air like Land-Swallows, which they much resemble in their form. When we approached the rocks where their young were settled, numbers of them assembled about us with redoubled clamours, hovering only a few yards above us, and one or two, more bold and outrageous than the rest, actually bounced against our heads. The female lays two eggs on the bare rock, and sits upon them very irregularly, leaving them to be hatched chiefly by the heat of the sun. The Terns first appear on the Skerries early in the summer, and depart at the latter end of August.

There were some Puffins on the island, but very few, there being but a scanty supply of earth upon it for their accommodation. On their first arrival they dig deep holes in the ground, in which they lay their eggs, though they avoid all unnecessary trouble in this stage of their necessities by dislodging the rabbits, which they regularly compel to change their quarters. The task of forming the burrows is said to be allotted to the male bird, who is so intent while engaged in his work, that he will suffer himself to be taken with the hand. Griffith conducted us to their settlement, and very fearlessly poked his arm up to the shoulder into one of the holes. After he had groped about for a few seconds, we had reason to suspect, from a sudden distortion in his countenance, that he had found and felt his game, and he instantly withdrew his hand, with a part of it inclosed in the bird's mouth, as in a lobster's claw. Had not his skin been as tough as leather, he would have received a severe wound, and, as it was, he did not escape without blood. When the bird's mouth was forced open, I incautiously placed a finger within its reach, and had a bit of it cut away as cleanly as if it had been done with a pair of scissars. There is something very grotesque in the *countenance* of the Puffin: its disproportioned bill looks like a thing that could scarcely belong to it naturally, and reminds one of a face with a masquerade-nose on. The eye is large, and over it there is a small black mark, a kind of eye-brow, so placed as to give it a very melancholy expression. This sedate eye, together with its monstrous nose, make up a combination of character that is exceedingly ridiculous*. Nothing could exceed the courage and determinacy with which this bird de-

* The following more minute description of this bird, which, as far as I recollect, is perfectly correct, I have extracted from Bewick.—“The Puffin weighs about twelve ounces, and measures twelve inches in length, and twenty-one in breadth. Its singular bill looks not unlike a kind of sheath slipped over both mandibles, and, from its appearance, the bird is not improperly named Coulterneb, or Knife-Bill. At the base, where it is about an inch and a half in depth, it is rimmed with a white callous border, the two corners of which project above the brow, and below the chin. It is about the same in length, curved towards the point, compressed vertically, very flat, and transversely furrowed on the sides; the half of it adjoining to the head is smooth, and of a fine lead-coloured blue; the other part, to the tip, red: the nostrils are placed in long, narrow slits, near the edge of the bill: the corners of the mouth, when closed, are curiously puckered, and form a kind of small star, or rose: the eyes are protected by small callous protuberances, both above and below: the edges of the eye-lids are crimson: irides grey: the chin and cheeks are white, bordered with grey: the latter much puffed up with feathers, which make the head look large and round. From behind the corner of each eye
fended

fended its young: it seemed to have no care for its own safety, and when we put it down on the ground, did not attempt to fly away, but exerted all its power to regain possession of its hole. Its cry, in tone, was like the bleat of a sheep, and, when broken with rage, was not unlike what Mr. Pennant has compared it with, the efforts of a dumb man to speak. The young bird, though nearly of equal size, and now almost ready to fly to other regions, had not the slightest resemblance to the old one in any part of its form or plumage, but had all the mother's fierceness, and attacked us at the moment of its first introduction to the light. It had a small, straight pointed bill, and was covered all over with a black down.

The Puffins first arrive here early in April, hatch their young in the beginning of July, and disappear, with singular exactness, on the twelfth or thirteenth of August. In places where they associate in great multitudes, they fly away with the same punctuality, the whole swarm vanishing on a certain day, to a single bird. On this grand day the attachment of the females to their young, before so vehement, expires at once, and gives way to a new instinct, and all the young of the later hatches that are unable to fly, are pitilessly left to perish with hunger, or be devoured by birds of prey. As my friend wished to make a correct drawing of the two birds, we took them away with us, but, really, not without some compunction.

We had intended to have a general feast on the Skerries, and had stored our boat accordingly, but, while the cook was going on most prosperously with his preparations, our cautious captain suddenly reported that the wind was likely to freshen with the turn of the tide, and that it would be prudent to get clear of the race as speedily as possible. We did not resist his suggestion, but, having taken care that the islanders should be as merry without us as we could make them, immediately bustled into our boat. The ground continues rocky and rugged for more than two miles to the southward of the island, and, for this extent, we had a somewhat unpleasant passage through a short, curling sea, which occasionally broke into the boat. The strength of the tide, however, soon hurried us through this hubbub, and beyond it we had smooth water. We were much surprised to see that the elder Puffin, which had but an hour ago so forcibly exemplified the ardour of her maternal fondness, now, as she paddled about at the bottom of the boat, fiercely beat off the young bird whenever she came near it. She, perhaps, had not lost her attachment, but her discrimination, and may not have known her offspring when out of its hole. When my friend had completed his drawing, we put both the birds into the water, when the old one immediately dived, and re-appeared at the distance of a hundred yards from us: we kept her in sight, for a short time, as she was hastening away towards the Skerries,

the feathers are curiously separated, forming a narrow line, which reaches to the hinder part of the head: the crown of the head, hinder part of the neck, and upper part of the plumage, are black, and a collar of the same colour encircles the neck: the under parts are white: the tail consists of sixteen feathers: the legs are reddish orange."—History of British Birds.

where

where she would no doubt arrive, and, probably, return to her hole with the expectation of finding her young one. The latter, thus deserted, was quite helpless: it had not yet attained sufficient strength to make its way through the sea, but continued with its head under water, ineffectually struggling to dive. I fear that, in the opinion of my female readers, we shall lose favour by this story, but I beg to assure them, that we made all the atonement that was now in our power, by recovering the little orphan, and committing it to the care of a tender-hearted fisherman, who promised to make it a fire-side pet.

We lengthened our excursion by sailing a mile up the strait which divides Holyhead island from the main coast of Anglesey, and here we came to an anchor, and without fear of interruption from rocks or surfs, spread out the contents of our basket. The strait at this end is more than half a mile in breadth, and would be a good roadstead were it not so blocked up with sand. It was now about half ebb, and the water was not more than a hundred yards across, and might have been forded by a grenadier. Some fishermen were hauling their nets close to us, but with no success, and we learned from them that fish is at all times very scarce on this coast. It was late in the evening when we landed at Holyhead, where the fresh arrival of a packet full of new faces, and the consequent bustle and noise, kept us quite alive till bed-time.

On the following day we again set sail with a fair and fresh breeze, intending to proceed round to Amlwch, but, unfortunately, or, to speak with more candour, imprudently, we started when the flood tide was nearly exhausted, and when we were within about three miles of Carnell's Point, the ebb came down, and, in a very short time, the sea was all in confusion. The wind increased rapidly, and, with a sudden puff, carried away our mizen-mast: we then thought it quite time to lower our foresail and row for the land, which we reached with difficulty, and not without some hazard of being dashed against the sharp, outlying rocks which line the shore. Before we landed there was a terrible sea off the Point, which must inevitably have proved fatal to us, had we attempted to go round. Carnell's Point is the north-western extremity of Anglesey, from whence the coast runs to the eastward, so that, if we could have doubled the cape, we should have had the wind off the land in our further progress, and the water along shore perfectly smooth. But to know this was a matter of no great consolation to us in our present circumstances. We here felt, very particularly, the encumbrance of portmanteaus; articles, indeed, which, in a course like ours, it required an unceasing series of stratagems to keep company with. They now detained us for two hours on the beach, when our boatmen, who had been scouring the country round, came to our relief with two horses, and we again set forward nothing the worse for our misadventure, and with something to talk about.

We proceeded along a by-road, rough and stony, with a dreary, woodless country all around us, till we arrived at the village of Cemaes, rich in public-houses. We stopped at that which had the most promising outside, but it afforded us nothing but barley bread, the common food of the greater part of the population of Anglesey. We rarely observed

a field of wheat in the island, though, as I have before mentioned, where wheat is grown, its quality is excellent. The village is situated at the head of a narrow, sheltered creek, which opens into a sandy bay, bounded on each side by a low promontory of lime-stone. The creek is frequented by a few small sloops which bring coal and culm from Glamorganshire, and carry out corn to Liverpool. The marble from the quarries of Messrs. G. Bullock and Co. is shipped at this place for London. We saw a large block of it here of uncommon beauty, though it appeared without the aid of any brighter polish than what it had received from the friction of the saw. The marble is of the kind called Serpentine, and many specimens of it bear a near resemblance to verd-antique. The quarries are in the parish of Llanfechell, about three miles from Cemaes. The stone is found in large detached pieces, protruding in some places through the surface of the soil, and confusedly tumbled together, as if the whole mass had been shattered and overturned by some violent concussion. In the quarries that have been worked to the greatest depth, no greater regularity of arrangement has been observed. Six have already been opened, in each of which the stone is distinguished by some striking variations. In one it is of a simple, unmixed colour, exactly resembling porphyry, and in another, at the distance of not more than fifty yards, it is variegated with a rich and splendid confusion of colours; dark green, with spots and streaks of lighter green, white, purple, red, and many mixed tints. Some varieties contain crystalline lime-stone in small patches, and occasional spots and veins of quartz and asbestos. Considerable quantities of asbestos are found in the quarries lying between the masses of stone. The marble is capable of receiving a very good polish, and, according to my judgment and taste in such matters, is in no degree inferior in beauty to the most costly foreign marbles. There is no fear of exhausting the supply, for the stone appears at intervals above the surface of the soil, over an extent of seventy acres of ground. Near it is found the common, coarse slate-rock of the country, with occasional veins of copper ore. On the coast the slate-rock is interrupted at Cemaes Bay by lime-stone, which is continued to the eastward, describing an indented line of coast of inconsiderable height, and rather more than three miles long, when the green slate again makes its appearance.

Our journey from Cemaes to Amlwch, a distance of about eight miles, was very dull and uninteresting. The country still preserved the same dismal and unvaried character, and manifested the same signs of unskilful and imperfect cultivation that we had noticed when passing through the more central parts of the island. The farmers here adhere to the pernicious system of forcing the land by successive crops till it is utterly impoverished, when it is suffered to lie waste, or is laid out in penurious pasture. They are induced to adopt this plan by the most hopeless and unassailable kind of ignorance; not that which is out of the way of improvement, but that which will not be convinced that improvement is possible. They have here and there an example of a better course of agriculture within reach of their observation, and its plausibility is illustrated before their eyes by finer crops and fuller granaries than their own; but all this is insufficient to
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Black Marble Quarry, near red wharf bay, Anglesea



The entrance to Amlwch harbour Anglesea

break through that tough link of prejudice which connects their practice with that of their ancestors, and which they imagine has a title to all their respect, if it be only that it is as old as Cadwalader. It is really quite lamentable to travel through this island, and see large tracts of land which present no one natural obstacle to cultivation, yielded up to barrenness as if they were mere bogs and swamps. That the farmers are poor under such a system of mismanagement it is scarcely necessary to state, and they are not among those whom the legislature can make rich, unless, indeed, people could be made wise by statute. Those substantial and respectable farm-houses which enliven the face of the country throughout England have no fellows here, and are very rare in every part of Wales that I have visited. In England there can be no doubt that the farmers have, within the last twenty years, raised their rank in society, and stand in a nearer relation to the country-gentlemen than they did; but it is not so, speaking generally, with the farmer in Wales, who still keeps in his old place, content to know that he is quite as far advanced as his father before him.

As we approached Amlwch the country became still more barren and dreary: here all vegetation is blighted and tarnished by the poisonous fumes from the copper-works, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and on the ridges of the Parys Mountain, the land is utterly bare, and reduced to a frightful desert. On our first entrance into the town, it struck us at once as the most miserable place that we had ever beheld, and a deeper enquiry into its circumstances served only to confirm our first impression. About fifty years ago Amlwch was a village of six cottages, when it was suddenly raised to importance by the discovery of the great treasure in the Parys Mountain, and, in a few years, became, in extent and population, the most considerable town in Anglesey. According to a return made to government in 1801, the number of houses amounted to 1025, and of inhabitants, to 4977. But the foundation on which this rapid creation has been raised is no longer able to support the weight, and its decay seems likely to be almost as sudden as its increase. The mines, its sole prop, have for the last six or seven years been regularly and rapidly declining, and, at this time, do not yield more than one third of their former produce. This unfortunate failure has already produced a sad change in the aspect of the town and the condition of the people. Many families have fled, and their cottages are now falling to ruin; but there is still a much more numerous population than can be tolerably supported by the mines, and numbers are consequently left in a miserable state of destitution, unfitted for all other employment, or ignorant where to seek it. Nothing met our observation that bore the marks of cheerfulness and comfort: the streets were swarming with half-naked children, the men and women were equally ragged and filthy, and their habitations looked black and ruinous. Toil never appears under a more repulsive and disgusting form than in mines and smelting-houses, and Amlwch, probably, at the period of its highest prosperity, would not have impressed upon a traveller any very flattering idea of the happy condition of the people,

but it now presents the most melancholy view of human society that I have ever witnessed. A more extended migration is the only resource from which the people can expect any certain and permanent relief, for so long a time has elapsed since the first defection of the mines, that there is but little reason to hope for another lucky discovery, and, indeed, if a new vein were to be brought to light as rich as the last, it would afford them but a temporary benefit, and leave them again destitute as they are now, and shut out from all other modes of industry. Immense fortunes have been acquired by the proprietors of the mines, and many of the agents and stewards appointed to superintend them have retired from their posts independent, but the common labourers always received considerably lower wages than are usually given to miners. I do not mention this as a cause of regret or complaint, for, whatever had been the amount of their wages, they would not, I apprehend, have laid by their superfluous wealth in contemplation of an unfavourable change in their situation, but have spent it, as miners are wont, in every kind of vitious indulgence within their reach. To give to labourers more than they want, is to do them a great injury, but the people of Amlwch have never suffered from this mistaken kind of charity: they have never received more than a bare subsistence in remuneration for their hard services in an unwholesome and perilous employment, and they have now, I think, in these days of their distress, some claim upon those whom they have toiled to enrich. I would by no means recommend that those whose hands are not required should be maintained in idleness, but, surely, some assistance should be given them, to enable them to remove to other parts of the country, and keep them from starving, till they could find some other means of working for their bread.

This wretched town stands in the midst of a hideous scene of desolation; the country round looks as if it had been blasted by a horrid pestilence, and raises in the mind no images but of misery and famine. From the harbour, which lies more than half a mile below the town, we had a complete view of the place with all its dismal accompaniments. On the western side of the harbour, and for an extent of several acres, there was nothing to be seen but a waste of rocks, sharp and jagged, and unrelieved by a vestige of earth or vegetation; beyond this were smelting-houses vomiting forth flames and clouds of black smoke; further on appeared the straggling huts of the town, and the prospect was closed by the naked front of the Parys Mountain. This total destruction of all vegetation on the land bordering the sea has been occasioned by the smoke from the furnaces, and the fumes from some immense kilns, in which copper ore was formerly roasted. The latter are now reduced to a heap of rubbish, and the blackened bricks and stones look like the ruins of a tremendous fire, and add not a little to the horrors of the place. Here and there stood a group of men and boys just liberated from the smelting-houses, and their black and ragged figures and ghastly countenances were quite in unison with the wild and melancholy aspect of nature around them. Of the general good that has been produced by the discovery of these mines I am not prepared to speak, but they have proved a sad curse to
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this neighbourhood, and, after having been worked almost to exhaustion, and yielding an enormous amount of wealth, they leave the people in want, and the country a wilderness.

The harbour of Amlwch is a very narrow inlet between the rocks, but extending so far inland that there is sufficient room for all the vessels which frequent the port. It was chiefly cut out by art, and was a work of great labour and expense. It is not commodious, nor, at all times, very safe, the entrance lying completely open to the north or sea wind, and being so confined that, with the wind off the land, it is difficult of access. The proprietors of the mines formerly employed fifteen brigs, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons burthen, besides many vessels of a smaller class, but the number, of course, has diminished in proportion to the decline of the mines. The articles produced from the mines and exported are copper, copper-ore, refined sulphur, and ochre. The greater part of the ore, after having been separated from the sulphur, with which it abounds, is carried to the company's smelting-houses at Swansea; but the poorest kind, containing from one and a quarter to two per cent. of metal, is melted on the spot. There are two smelting-houses here, furnished with thirty-one reverberatory furnaces, which are charged every five hours with twelve cwt. of ore; this quantity yields half a cwt. of rough copper, containing fifty per cent. of pure metal. Coals for the use of the furnaces are procured from Swansea and Liverpool.

The various mineral operations have entirely changed the face of nature on the land, and we found that the sea had not escaped the wide contamination, but was changed to a yellow sea. The discoloration is occasioned by ochre, which is washed down from the high grounds near the Parys Mountain, and falls into the harbour. This yellow, turbid water, spread several hundred yards from the harbour's mouth, and was curiously contrasted with the green, transparent sea beyond it. The coast, east and west of Amlwch, is extended in a long range of low cliffs composed of green, laminated slate rock, with a rugged and broken front, worn into numberless caverns and recesses by the dashing of the sea. To the westward of the harbour there is a small bay, which is a good roadstead for small vessels, well sheltered from the southern and western winds.

There is a decent inn at Amlwch, to which we retired after a day of much more fatigue than amusement. On the following morning we visited the Parys Mountain, the leading object of curiosity to travellers in Anglesey. It lies about two miles to the southward of the town, the road leading to it with an almost continual but gentle ascent. The mountain itself does not deserve the name, being not more than five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and a hill of very inconsiderable height, if we calculate from the point where the rise begins to make an angle with the sloping plain sufficiently marked to catch the eye. Its external aspect is savage and dreary in the extreme; it is not very rugged, but disfigured by heaps of rubbish from the mines, and on every part of its surface as bare as the public road. No kind of vegetation can live in this sulphureous atmosphere; not
a weed,

a weed, not a lichen on the rocks has been spared. On reaching the summit our attention was first attracted by a little cluster of women, who, with handkerchiefs bound round their mouths, and armed with iron gloves, were hammering the ore into small pieces for the kilns. Here they sit for eight or ten hours in a day, often exposed to wet and cold, and, in spite of all their precautions, suffering in their health from the particles of metallic dust which they inhale, but still, according to the common scale by which the industry of women is appreciated, they earn barely sufficient to keep them alive.

We were amazingly struck with the first view of the mine, which is truly an astonishing monument of human industry. It is quite distinct from all other mines that I have ever seen in the vastness of the excavation which has been laid open to the day; the great body of the mountain being ore, the mine has been worked like a stone-quarry, and an immense crater has been formed nearly a mile in circumference, and, in many parts, three hundred feet in depth. As we stood upon the verge of this tremendous chasm, it appeared to us like a mighty work of nature, produced by some great convulsion, but, certainly, suggested to our minds nothing so mean as the pick-axe and the spade. There were but few people at work, and their figures, discovered here and there among the huge rocks, looked merely as flies upon a wall, and one could scarcely imagine that, by these little creatures, each picking its little hole, the mountain had been thus demolished. The sides of the mine are mostly perpendicular, but the bottom is broken and irregular, and penetrated in various parts by wide and deep hollows, in which veins of peculiar richness have been followed. There are numerous caverns also at various elevations in the sides, some of which are exceedingly grand. One of them is a hundred and fifty feet in length, ninety feet in width, and a hundred and twenty feet in height, the craggy roof being supported only by a single pillar. In another part of the mine there is an excavation, a hundred and twenty feet in length, forty-five feet in width, and a hundred and twenty feet high, in one entire arch.

There are two mines in the mountain, the Mona Mine, and the Parys Mine; the former of which was till lately the sole property of Lord Uxbridge, who had likewise a share in the other together with Mr. Hughes. The earl's interest in them both is at present made over to a company from Cornwall. The circumstances which led to the discovery of this immense store of wealth are singular. In the year 1764, Messrs. Doe and Co., of Macclesfield, applied to Sir Nicholas Bayley for a lease of some lead mines in the peninsula of Llyn, in Caernarvonshire, with which they were obliged to take a part of the Parys Mountain, an encumbrance to which they submitted with extreme reluctance. They agreed, however, to make a fair trial upon it, and, on sinking a shaft, at once discovered that there was ore, but not in quantities that raised any flattering expectations. They continued working for a long time, their expenses overbalancing their profits, till, at last,

last, in despair, they determined to strike, and sent orders to their agent to desist from all further operations. This was truly a critical moment of the venture, and the agent who still contrived to keep it alive, and bring it to a successful issue, ought assuredly to live for ever in a statue of copper. From the appearance of a spring of water that issued from a certain part of the mountain, he was convinced that there was a body of mineral at no great distance from the spot, and, before the fate of his long and arduous search was irrevocably signed and sealed, he resolved to employ all his resources in one struggle more. With this view he divided his forces into ten detachments, and appointed their several stations, in which each was to sink a shaft : to work they went, and, in two days, at the depth of seven feet from the surface, came to that rich mass of ore which is still not exhausted. Shortly after this discovery, Mr. Hughes commenced a trial upon his division of the mountain, which was attended with equal success, and both mines have since proved equally productive.

The ore of the mines is chiefly the yellow copper ore, containing large quantities of sulphur, and from four to fifteen per cent. of metal. There are occasional veins of black ore which is of a much richer quality, yielding from fifteen to twenty per cent. of copper. Native copper is sometimes found adhering in thin leaves to the rock, but the quantity is trifling.

The ore is separated from the mine in large lumps by picking, and frequently by blasting. It is then broken into small pieces, and disengaged as much as possible from waste matter, after which it is placed in a kiln and burnt. The walls of the kilns are about six feet high, and of great length, the largest of them being capable of receiving thirteen hundred tons of ore. The ore is piled up three or four feet above the top of the walls, and is coated over with a thick integument of clay, which prevents the escape of the smoke. A little fire is kindled in different places, and the whole mass becomes gradually heated, and continues to burn *per se*. The sulphur sublimes to the top of the kiln, and is conveyed by flues into a long chamber, where it becomes condensed and falls to the ground, but is not fit for use till it is boiled and depurated. The ore burns with a very slow heat, requiring six months, and, in the largest kilns, ten months, for its complete purgation. When sufficiently roasted, it is washed and dressed, and is then ready for exportation.

The water in which the ore is washed becomes highly impregnated with copper, which is held in solution by the sulphuric acid, but recovered again in a substantive form by a process which is really somewhat startling to a mere novice in such matters. There is a large reservoir of water lodged in the bottom of the mine which is still more strongly charged with the mineral, and this is pumped up and placed, together with the water in which the ore has been washed, in cisterns like tan-pits. In these is then immersed a certain quantity of iron, with which the sulphuric acid immediately combines, and lets fall the copper. In order to expedite the process, the iron is repeatedly scraped, giving
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the acid a clear surface to act upon, but, by this operation, a portion of the decomposed iron is mixed with the precipitate, and materially impairs its qualities. The sediment is removed in the form of mud, which contains from ten to twenty-five per cent. of copper; but, if the iron is left undisturbed till it be gradually and completely dissolved, it will precipitate nearly its weight of pure metal. Old pots and pans, or any kind of damaged iron that can be procured, are used in the pits, of which there are several ranges, each range communicating with a large, shallow pool: when the copper is completely extricated, the water is let off into the pools, and the iron in solution settles in a yellow ochre. This, after having been properly dried, is exported to London and Liverpool.

Of the whole quantity of ore annually procured from the mines at the period when they were worked to the greatest advantage, I have been able to obtain no certain account. Mr. Aikin has stated * that the Parys Mine furnished from five thousand to ten thousand tons per quarter, exclusive of what was procured from the sulphate of copper in solution, and, as nearly the same number of men were employed in both mines, it is probable that they contained an equal quantity of ore. Their present produce, as we were informed by one of the stewards, does not amount to more than a third of what they yielded twenty years ago, but there are still some expectations of new discoveries, founded on the judgment and vigour of the Cornwall company, who have motives to exertion which the old proprietors can well afford to despise.

After a most entertaining morning, spent in exploring the various recesses of this extraordinary place, we returned to Amlwch, from which we were glad to make our escape as speedily as possible. About two miles east of the town we came to the church of Llan-Eliau, rendered very conspicuous among the churches of Anglesey by a steeple, and the general neatness of its structure. As we were travelling about the island, it had occurred to us, considering the imperfect state of its cultivation, that it was most unaccountably stocked with barns; but we were reconciled to these contradictory appearances at Cemaes, by ascertaining, that many among the buildings that we had supposed to be barns were churches. The explanation, however, served only to convince us that they were not all barns, and we were still at a loss, looking only at the exterior of each, to determine which were, and which were not. The church of Llan-Eliau is a Gothic building in the form of a cross, and is apparently of considerable antiquity. It is dedicated to Saint Eliau, surnamed Gannaid, the Bright, and stands on the brow of a hill, at a short distance from the promontory which I have before mentioned as being honored with the name of the same saint. He lived in the fifth century, and was a man of great authority, preserving, for some centuries after his death, a high reputation for the extent and potency of his influence over the affairs of men. In the church there is a massy chest strongly guarded with iron and locks, in which the offerings are deposited, and in the east wall of

* Journal of a Tour through North Wales, p. 141.

the choir is a small closet, called Cwpwrdd Elian, the grand place of trial, in which the decrees of fate and the saint are made known. His anniversary has been celebrated here from time immemorial by wakes held in the month of August, and, on these occasions, crowds of people of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, formerly flocked to the church, all trembling with hopes and fears about dying and marrying, and purchasing lands or houses, and about the produce of the harvest, and the health of their cattle, and a thousand other things, for there were few concerns of life that were not supposed to come within the jurisdiction of the saint. The first act of the devotee was a visit to the chest, for a little bribery is conceived to be as efficacious with saints as with sinners, and then came the perilous ordeal of the Cwpwrdd. If a man could not get in, it was all over with him at once, but, supposing him to have gained admission, he was to receive a violent squeeze if ill luck were to be his portion, but if his wishes were to meet with favour, he stood at his ease. The closet is about four feet in height, as many in breadth, and a foot and a half in depth, and it may be imagined, on a view of these dimensions, that the portentous warning was very much a question of fat, but it was by no means so considered by the faithful, who were much more apprehensive of being excluded by the weight of their sins, than the size of their shoulders. Those, however, who had both these obstacles to contend against, would not always expose themselves to the risk of a squeeze, but rest contented with making an extra-donation to the chest, which was charitably open to all, and, in the course of time, became so wealthy, that three tenements, still appended to the living, were purchased with its contents. The faith and numbers of the devotees have, of late years, greatly diminished, but there are still a few believers, and the chest still yields annually a little treasure, which is distributed among the poor of the parish, sometimes returning to the pockets from whence it came. The ceremony of the Cwpwrdd has been subject to some little alteration. At present, if a man can creep into it, and turn himself round, he is to be healthy and prosperous throughout the year, but, if he cannot conform to both of these requisitions, disaster, sickness, and death, are to be expected. This trial is never attempted with any disposition to fun and merriment, but with downright seriousness and anxiety, and, if a man proves unsuccessful, he looks upon himself as a devoted creature, and retires well prepared to pine himself down to a more manageable bulk for the ensuing wake. I received my information on this subject from a gentleman living at Holyhead, who assured me that he has seen a fellow, almost as big as an ox, striving, with all his might, to cram himself into the closet, and finally give up the struggle with a countenance of as much anguish as if sentence of immediate death had been passed upon him. The diffusion of methodism has contributed to wean the people from these absurdities, and it is only to be regretted, that it has introduced others in their place of a far more odious character.

A due degree of respect has been manifested for the high character of Elian in the selection of the promontory intended to bear and perpetuate his name, for, excepting the

great promontory of Holyhead, reserved for the pre-eminent Gybi, it is the loftiest and most remarkable point of land on the coast of Anglesey. It is the north-easternmost point of the island, and is a mark of great consequence in the navigation of the channel. There is a small light-house upon it, maintained by the trustees of the Liverpool docks, for the benefit of vessels rounding it from the southward and eastward, which, without a guide, would be liable to danger from the deep bay of Dulas, and from various rocks and shoals which obstruct the channel.

Leaving this sanctified ground, we continued our journey along a road at a short distance from the sea, without subject for remark, till a sudden and simultaneous exclamation was forced from us both as we entered a little glen, shaded with ash and lime trees, all in a very flourishing condition. Since we quitted the borders of the Menai, we had not seen a tree in the island that was permitted to do more than just show its head and starve, and, for some days, we had been accustomed to a country so utterly bald and barren, that this warm and sheltered nook appeared in our eyes, from the force of contrast, and the charm of rarity, with a singular beauty and grace. Dulas is the name of this favoured spot, which owes its exclusive culture, I imagine, to its propinquity to a gentleman's seat, a decent habitation, called *Llys Dulas*, or *Dulas Palace*, a term of distinction very familiar in Wales, and which is, in some instances, supremely ridiculous.

From hence we turned to the sea-shore, and crossed the sands of Dulas Bay, a narrow inlet, which runs a mile and a half into the country, and is a good harbour for small vessels. Near its north point is a small island, called Ynis Gadarn, to the eastward of which, and distant about two miles from the land, is Dulas Island, a reef of rocks, a mile in length, and appearing in clusters of black spots above the water. South of this inlet we skirted another sandy bay, bounded to the south by Moelfra Point, a low strip of land, jutting out nearly a mile into the sea. The eastern coast of Anglesey has suffered equally with its western and northern coasts, from the depredations of the sea. Along its whole front it is hollowed into a succession of bays and creeks, with far-projecting promontories, and with many small islands, appearing in specks and patches along the shore. With the exception of a few headlands, it is very low, but the bays are all filled with sand, which rises in banks and bars, and checks the further encroachments of the sea. At Moelfra Point the green slate rock is again interrupted by limestone, which continues to bound the island along the remainder of the eastern coast to the entrance of Beaumaris Bay. This limestone is turned to great account, almost every bay and creek on the coast having its little fleet of sloops employed in exporting it. Large quantities of it are here burnt into lime, which is used as manure by the farmers round the country.

The greater part of our journey of this day offered little that is worthy of commemoration, and we were not permitted to go far out of our way in search of more interesting matter. Previous to our departure from Amlwch, we had marked out from our itinerary a few objects for notice of no great promise, though of some account in this dull island,

island, but these we were prevented from attending to by the impregnable obstinacy and stupidity of our guide. He had fixed upon a certain line of march in his own mind, entirely independent of our wishes, and he was not to be diverted from his course, either by threats or persuasion. His leading marks were the public-houses, which he found out in succession as they occurred, with undeviating accuracy, becoming at each call more and more insensible to our anger and abuse. We remonstrated with him very vehemently for some time, but, at length, we gave up the contest as quite hopeless, and submitted to him as one submits to the Solar System, or any other uncontrollable ordination. I am cautious of drawing general conclusions from the peculiarities of individuals, but I find it noted down in my common-place book, that our guides in Wales were mostly of the cast of this impracticable fellow, not often so obstinate, but quite as stupid and as fond of ale, and, altogether, the cause of more difficulty and delay to us in the prosecution of our travels, than any other obstacles whatever, unless, indeed, I mention our horses. I am not the first traveller in Wales who has made complaints to this effect, and I am, therefore, the less inclined to believe, as our present lumpish leader would have it, that the fault was all on our side, and that he was really going on in the best and pleasantest way that could be devised for all parties.

Having visited a small village, with a public-house, near Moelfra Point, we left the shore, and followed a road at the distance of a mile or two from it, till we suddenly found ourselves again on the border of the sea at Traeth Coch, or Red-Wharf, a capacious and beautiful bay, running several miles into the land. From an eminence near its western point, we had a grand panorama view of this deep inlet, with the country round it describing two-thirds of a vast circle. At the western point the coast was rocky and abrupt, but, further south, it assumed a milder character, rising in gentle eminences, spread with grass, and sprinkled with a little, a very little wood. The picture on this side was enlivened by some sloops and fishing-boats, lying at anchor under the land, and by a small village scattered about at the water's edge. In front, a wider extent of country was disclosed, flat and woodless, but well covered with corn, and the whole of the opposite or eastern side was bounded by a very lofty coast, descending boldly to the sea, and backed in the distance by the mountains of Caernarvonshire. At low water the whole bed of the bay is left dry, and it becomes a wide desert of sand. Across the mouth there is a dangerous bar, which was now marked out by a long line of foam. Through this there is a narrow channel, made by a fresh-water stream, sufficiently deep for the admission of small sloops, but vessels of any considerable burden are completely excluded. The bay lies exposed to the north wind, but vessels ride securely near the west point, under shelter of a bank of sand and beach which juts out from the shore.

The western horn of the bay, called Castell-Mawr, and the Mount, is supposed, from the discovery of coins, and other remains, to have been the site of a Roman fortification, but there is not a mark left on the surface to support the conjecture. It was well adapted for a military station by its natural form and position, being very steep all round, and

connected with the land only by a low isthmus. On the north side of it there are some valuable quarries of black marble, which lies in horizontal strata, from one inch to two feet in thickness. The new pier at Holyhead is principally built with this stone, which is found in very convenient slabs for the purpose, and, from its hardness and compactness, is formed to be very durable. There are other quarries along the western side of the bay, from which limestone is procured of the best and purest quality, and exported in large quantities to Liverpool and other places.

Passing over the sands to the eastern side of the bay, we pursued the direct road to Beaumaris, there being nothing to interest us in the more circuitous route by the coast. When we had reached the summit of the high land which rises from the bay, the Caernarvonshire mountains opened upon us most majestically, drawn out in a long range, with their whole front discovered down to their bases, and rather ornamented than obscured by a few white clouds, clinging in patches and wreaths to their summits. The country about us continued rough and dreary till we approached Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkley, when we passed, by a sudden and delightful transition, into a scene of the most finished elegance and cultivation, with the mountains still in view, exhibiting all that nature can create of the grand and the romantic. Arriving at the brink of a long hill, we descended down a beautiful avenue of trees, catching glimpses through the foliage to our right of the blue water of the Menai and the mountains beyond, and with the grounds of Baron Hill to our left, abundantly planted with wood of a fine growth, and covered with a bright verdure. The huge, dark Penmaen Mawr closed the vista in front. At the bottom of this hill, on a flat bordering the Menai, stands Beaumaris, a remarkably pretty town, and in the most delightful situation that can be imagined. It is a small town of two or three streets, which are all very respectable, but the principal one, fronting the water, with well-built houses on both sides, spacious and well-paved, and bounded at one extremity by the castle, is really quite imposing. But the most pleasing distinction of the place, in our eyes, was its cleanliness, for which it might be noted in a country far more addicted to soap and water than Wales. The appearance of the people was equally calculated to put one in good humour with the world. Clean and decent in their dress, and healthy in their looks, they all carried about them the signs of comfort and competency. The wholesomeness and smiling neatness of this little town were peculiarly exhilarating to us, for how striking a contrast did they form to the poverty, the gloom, and the wretchedness of Amlwch.

The three towns established in Wales by Edward the First, Caernarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway, were of a class very much superior to the other towns of the country at the time, and they continued long after the period of their first foundation to be its chief seats of education, commerce, and all the pursuits and pleasures that are common to civilized society. They derived their pre-eminence not only from the valuable privileges originally conferred upon them by their partial founder, but, from the influence and authority of the
foreigners



Red Wharf Bay, Anglesea



Beaumaris Castle, Anglesea

foreigners who composed a considerable part of their population, and who were more advanced in civilization, more refined in their domestic habits, and more attached to all the arts of peace than the native inhabitants of the country. Caernarvon was the great seminary of learning, to which young men were sent that they might learn to read and write, and talk English, all exotic accomplishments.—Beaumaris was the seat of commerce, where they learnt to grow rich; and Conway was the court where they learnt to turn out their toes and make a bow. Each town had thus its distinctive mark, and it was usual, alluding at once to the celebrity and the peculiar and exclusive character of each, to talk of the lawyers of Caernarvon, the merchants of Beaumaris, and the gentlemen of Conway*. There appears to be something invidious in this classification, but I shall not examine it too curiously. When the benefits of concord and civilization were more generally diffused over Wales, these three renowned societies naturally became less conspicuous, and they finally, from other causes that I have not discovered, were entirely divested of their ancient distinctions. Caernarvon, at the present day, is more devoted to the exportation of slates than to law and learning; Beaumaris has no trade; and Conway has lost all its polish and pride, and sunk into poverty and rags. The two former, however, the one with trade, and the other without trade, still maintain their respectability and rank among the first-rate towns of the principality.

The church of Beaumaris is among the few in Anglesey that a stranger is in no danger of confounding with the barns. It is a neat Gothic building, with the addition of a tower. In the chancel there is a monument which is well worthy of notice. It represents a knight and his lady, lying with uplifted hands on an altar tomb. The figures are of alabaster, and are very well executed. The knight is in complete armour, booted and spurred, his head resting on a helmet, and a lion couchant at his feet. The lady is attired in long robes, with a profusion of embroidery about the neck and bosom: two small dogs repose at her feet. In compartments on each front of the tomb are small figures in bas-relief, habited as monks and knights. The monument was conveyed to this church from the neighbouring monastery of Llanvaes, at the time of the dissolution, but the names and family of the persons, for whom it was designed, are unknown. It may, however, carry down to posterity many other names than those which it was intended to perpetuate, having been long exposed to the busy fingers of four rows of school-boys, whose forms were conveniently ranged round it, and who, thus tempted, made a most barbarous use of their pen-knives. When the figures were scratched over like the windows of a country inn, their condition was first noticed, or noticed, at least, with any concern, and they were rescued from further mutilation.

Beaumaris castle, the last erected by Edward in Wales, is in no respect to be compared with his magnificent castles of Caernarvon and Conway. It covers a great extent

* Daines Barrington's *Miscellanies: History of the Gwedir Family*, p. 417.

of ground, and, when you stand immediately under its walls, its broad, massive towers, have a grand effect; but the whole building is so disproportionately low, that, when seen but from a very short distance, it appears a heavy, sunken, and unvaried mass, without either dignity or elegance. The outer walls are flanked by ten round towers, and surrounded by a broad ditch, formerly filled with water from the sea, with which it was connected by a canal. By this contrivance, vessels laden with provisions and stores for the town and castle were enabled to advance close up to the walls. There is no mark of the canal remaining at present, but the rings, to which the vessels were moored, are still to be seen in the walls of an advanced work, called the Gunner's Walk. The body of the castle is a square, with round towers along each front of enormous size. The grand entrance, facing the sea, is through a low arched passage, between two towers, and was guarded by four portcullises. This leads into a spacious court in the form of a square, with obtuse corners. Opposite to the entrance is the great hall, lighted by five handsome windows in front, and bounded at each extremity by a round tower: it is seventy-three feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth. This must have been a noble apartment, and it still retains traces of that sumptuous decoration which distinguishes the castles of Edward from all others in this castle-breeding country. Within the east wall there is a very elegant little chapel, with a vaulted roof supported by ribs springing from pilasters, and ornamented all round the walls by rows of small Gothic arches.

There is a communication round the buildings of the inner court by a narrow gallery, beneath which, at certain intervals, are eight small dungeons that must have been entered by means of ladders, for they have no steps to them. Dungeons, the castle guide insisted upon calling these dismal holes, and he might lose many a fee, were he to give up this strong hold upon the curiosity of travellers; but it appears doubtful whether they were not intended merely as repositories for stores, as two of the large round towers are said to have been reserved for prisoners. All the floors and ceilings, and every kind of furniture and ornament that could provoke pillage, have been removed from every room and corner of the castle, but its walls are in good preservation. It is the property of the crown, and is now in the custody of Sir Robert Williams.

As this fortress was erected after the power of the Welsh was broken down, its history is unimportant. It long proved a galling burthen to the people of the country, who, irritated by the odious tyranny and insolence of the governor and his garrison, were engaged in perpetual bickerings with them, which sometimes burst out into acts of violence, but never sufficiently formidable to threaten the security of the castle. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, the garrison was withdrawn, and the castle remained unoccupied till the time of the civil war, when it was garrisoned for the king, to whose cause, so completely had all ancient animosities subsided, the whole people of Anglesey professed themselves to be warmly attached. In the beginning of the year 1648, a large force was mustered by Thomas Lord Bulkley, and other eminent men of the island, determined to assist with heart and hand

hand in restoring the king to liberty and his throne; but all this ardour of loyalty and vigour of preparation ended on the day of trial, in a most extraordinary and ridiculous exhibition of cowardice and imbecility. On the advance of the forces of the parliament, under General Mytton, the order of battle was regularly arranged, and there appeared a general show of good spirit and resolution. But this was not of long duration. The defence of Beaumaris church was confided to a chosen captain, who, having safely lodged his men in it on the day of battle, locked the gate, put the key into his pocket, and instantly ran away; not making his appearance again till all danger was passed by. This hero carried an imperishable stigma about him to the end of his days, under the nickname of Captain Church. As soon as the troops of General Mytton were seen on the heights of Penmaen Mawr, the islanders conceived it quite time to begin, and, in a moment, the drums were beaten, trumpets sounded, and heavy volleys of great and small shot discharged into the sea. This was the most vehement scene of the day's fight, and, had the action between the two parties been left to be decided with the sea between them, there is no knowing what might have been the event, but the invaders, not to be frightened by people firing small shot at them when two leagues distant, continued to advance, crossed the strait, and, meeting only with a short, feeble, and disorderly resistance, made themselves masters of the whole island. There was no want of bravery and conduct in the chief leaders of the Anglesey forces, but their example and authority were lost amidst the general cowardice and confusion.

Beaumaris has many visitors in the summer season, and I know of no spot in the kingdom that offers more attractions to those who have any perception of what is beautiful, picturesque, and sublime in nature. In front of the castle there is a delightful walk upon the margin of the Menai, here expanded into a fine bay, bounded on the opposite shore by mountains, and opening within view into the main sea. The entrance of the bay is guarded on the east side by the vast promontory of Llandudno, or Ormes Head, stretching far into the sea, and terminating at its extreme point in a perpendicular precipice. Its eastern extremity is connected with the main land by a flat marsh, which is not visible from this distance, and the cape seems to rise like a mountain from the sea. Within this grand boundary the Conway discharges itself into the bay through a wide opening, on the southern side of which appear the bleached cliffs of Penmaen Bach; further on, the tremendous Penmaen Mawr, descending from an elevation of five hundred yards with one bold sweep to the sea, and on to the southward, mountains beyond mountains as far as the eye can reach. From the entrance of the bay to Penmaen Mawr the coast appears wild, rugged, and naked; but further south the mountains recede, their lower parts sloping gently down, and variegated with meadows and corn fields, till they terminate in a narrow plain, spread with the same warm colouring down to the water's edge. The corn had now a golden hue, which was prettily intermixed with the bright green of the meadows, and the enclosures being remarkably small, and still further diminished by distance, and
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the vast forms by which they were bounded, resembled a rich Mosaic, inlaid at the base of the dark mountains, and here and there creeping up their sides, till suddenly checked by heath and rock. We had one clear, calm day, for the perfect enjoyment of this glorious prospect, when the broad, resplendent surface of the Menai, enlivened by shipping, and its rich and chequered border on the opposite shore, and the mountains, their multiplied summits sharply marked out, and their long front lighted up by the western sun, composed a picture in which grace, and beauty, and gaiety, were so contrasted with the rude and the sublime, that it affected the mind like a wonder of enchantment.

The Anglesey side of the bay has some beauties, but they are of a more ordinary character. Priestholm, or Puffin Island, forms the western point of the bay, from whence the coast continues tame and uninteresting till the castle of Beaumaris presents itself, and the town close upon the water, with the well-wooded grounds of Baron Hill rising behind it, their highest point crowned with a handsome mansion. A lofty hill laid out in meadows, and sprinkled with wood, bounds the town to the south, and closes the prospect on this coast of the Menai. I am sorry to include, in this line of view, an abomination in the shape of an ornamental building (so it is called), stuck up on the top of a round bare hill, to the right of the castle, a thing which one does not know whether to reprobate most for its uselessness or its ugliness. One may guess, from some huge, disproportioned battlements, and a wooden flag, that the object is intended to represent a fort, but it is altogether so misshapen, and so bedaubed with white-wash and black-wash to make it look pretty, that these partial indications of meaning serve only to make it the more ridiculous. It may be thought scarcely worth while to have noticed such a thing, and I should have thought so too, had it been farther from Baron Hill, where good taste has combined so much to be admired, that it is quite a pity to see the place disfigured by a blot like this, so provokingly stationed, too, that one must see it. A windmill, I understand, was taken down to make room for it, much to the inconvenience of the town, and certainly to the disadvantage of the scenery, for any thing or nothing would be preferable to this senseless piece of trumpery.

The perfect beauty of the great view in front of Beaumaris depends very materially on the state of the tide, for at low water almost the whole bed of the bay is left dry. There is a tradition to be heard from every body living in this part of the country, that this bay was once a fine estate, which was overwhelmed by a sudden irruption of the sea, and from present appearances there is every reason to believe that the tradition is not ill-founded. The mean breadth of the bay, from shore to shore, is about five miles; but at low water the sea is confined to the ancient channel of the strait which lies near to the Anglesey shore, and is not quite half a mile in breadth. Vessels of the largest burden may navigate this channel at all periods of the tide, the depth of water being never less than seven fathoms; but the space between its eastern border and the Caernarvonshire shore becomes at half ebb a great plain of sand, called the Lavan Sands, or Wylofaen, the

the Place of Weeping, from the lamentations of those who were overwhelmed, or who saw their houses and lands overwhelmed by the sea. On the shore at Beaumaris, the sea has evidently, at some period, conceded something to the land, the Green being merely a bed of beach with a thin turf spread over it. At the southern extremity of the town is Ormond's Point, a similar kind of bank, projecting into the strait, though not covered with earth; but these formations must have existed prior to the great inundation, for the sea is now obviously encroaching upon the Anglesey coast of the bay, and, according to ancient records, the marsh on which Beaumaris is built, and from which it takes its name, was formerly of much greater extent than at present, and covered with fine bulrushes. Between the Green and Ormond's Point, the sea flows up to the very walls of the town.

We were detained at Beaumaris by rain, accompanied by a storm of wind, which commenced on the night of the 5th of August, and continued, with little intermission, for eight-and-forty hours, blowing with all the violence of a winter gale. We heard melancholy accounts of corn beaten down, and trees stripped of their fruit by this furious storm, which, both in violence and duration, exceeded any that had ever been remembered, at such a season of the year, by the oldest seaman in the place. There were many vessels riding in the bay off the town, but it is so well sheltered by the land, and has such firm anchorage, that it is a safe roadstead in all weathers, and one of the greatest importance to shipping from Liverpool, and other ports to the eastward.

A watering-place in rainy weather, with all the *readable* books of the library engaged, must be admitted to be rather dull and fatiguing; but our time was a little enlivened by the intervention of the market day, which peopled the street with a busy crowd in front of our window, and gave me an opportunity of ascertaining, what no man, under any circumstances of wind and weather, could be indifferent to, that the women of Beaumaris and its neighbourhood are remarkable for their beauty. A man, perhaps, could travel in few parts of this country without seeing pretty women, but I do not merely intend to say of the women of Beaumaris, that you may here and there see a pretty face among them, but, that you can scarcely fix your eye upon an ugly one,—if such a term can have any reference to the sex. Their beauty is not set off by the national dress, and indeed it is a strong proof of its transcendancy, that it appears so striking in spite of it. They indulge in no showy and sprightly colours, no gay ribbons, nor finery of any kind, such as distinguishes the country lasses of England: rough, dark, woollen garments form both their summer and winter clothing; add to these a dark blue or brown cloak of coarse cloth, and a man's hat, and you have a Welsh beauty in all the pride of her dress. The men affect the same sober colours in their clothing from head to foot, and as the whole assembly stood crowded together in the street, they composed a most dingy mob, with so much conformity in the dress of the sexes, that, had it not been for some pretty fair faces, smiling among the beards and whiskers, one should not have supposed that there had been

any females in the company. This homeliness of dress, and these hiding colours, are apt to encourage sluttishness and dirtiness, sins with which I have ventured, on more than one occasion, to reproach the women of Wales, but they are not, in any degree, attributable to the lasses of Beaumaris, who, if they are negligent of all other ornament, have a scrupulous regard for the grace of cleanliness.

On the return of fine weather, we set forward to explore the western coast of the bay. On the shore, about a mile north of the town, are the remains of Llanfaes, or the Friars, a religious house, founded by Prince Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, over the grave of his princess Joan, a natural daughter of King John. The coffin of this illustrious personage, which is of stone, and rather rude workmanship, was for many years used here as a watering-trough, but it was lately rescued from this gross indignity, and now stands on a chosen spot in Lord Bulkeley's grounds, under a small Gothic temple. The friars were Franciscans, who, not content to be at peace, and grow fat according to the most approved system of monastic life, entered into all the stormy politics of the times, and exposed themselves, in consequence, to some very rough treatment. In the insurrection which burst out soon after the death of Llewellyn, the last prince of Wales, their house and church were razed to the ground, and all their property pillaged or destroyed. They rose again after this reverse through the charity of Edward the Second, but, on the next opportunity, called down upon themselves a still more terrible visitation, by meddling in the cause of Owen Glendour, who was favoured, indeed, by all the monks of this order in Wales. On the very first appearance of Henry in Wales, which took place in the first year of Owen's rebellion, he directed his vengeance against Llanfaes, plundered the convent, slew several of the friars, and carried off the rest as prisoners. These, however, he afterwards set at liberty, and made restitution to the convent, taking care to prevent the recurrence of any future cabals against him, by peopling it with English recluses.

The house of Sir Robert Williams stands close behind the remains of the ancient buildings, which are now degraded into stables and a barn. The church, which forms the barn, has been sadly abused and disguised, but some Gothic arches, decorated with a little sculpture, may still be traced in the walls. The stables occupy the burial-place, and the posts of the stalls are bedded in crumbling coffins and bones. I know not whether a reason can be pointed out against a violation of this kind; but, before we can pause to find one, a feeling springs up against it, too ready and unpremeditated to doubt that it is a right one. The buildings, as a barn and stables, are very unsightly objects in front of the modern mansion, but the proprietor, in consideration of their former character, would not consent to pull them down, though, verily, they are so outraged and transformed, that he has but little excuse to his taste for keeping them up.

In the year 818, Llanfaes was the scene of a bloody battle between the Welsh and the West-Saxons under Egbert: the latter prevailed, and, following up their victory, gained

gained possession of the whole island of Anglesey, and first gave it its Saxon name. Merfyn Frych, who was the leader of the Welsh, and prince of the country, speedily repaired his losses, and, falling resolutely upon the usurpers, drove them again from the land.

Not far from hence, behind a farm-house near the sea side, some scanty remains were pointed out to us of a small castle, once apparently a square, with towers at the corners, and surrounded by a ditch. It is called Castell Aber Llienawg, and was founded in 1098, by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury, who, having gained an easy entrance into Anglesey through the baseness and treachery of some of the chieftains of Wales, repaid the favour by laying waste the country, and massacring the inhabitants*. These savages are said to have committed excesses in cruelty that startled even their own merciless age, living here like two wild beasts in their den. Fortunately for the miserable people, their reign was soon cut off by the appearance of another wild beast on the coast, the pirate Magnus, with a fleet from Norway. He was driven on to this coast accidentally, but, not caring where he commenced his depredations, he instantly prepared to land his forces, and the earls, apprized of his approach, were ready to oppose him. The Earl of Shrewsbury, mounted on a spirited horse, and cased from head to foot in strong armour, penetrable only through the eyes, rode boldly down to the beach, and dashed into the water; when Magnus, standing on the prow of the foremost ship, aimed an arrow at him, which, marvellously finding its way to one of the small spots, through which alone he was vulnerable, entered his brain, and laid him a corpse in the sea. The victor, when he saw him fall dead from his horse, exultingly cried out in his own language, 'Leit loup,' Let him leap†. This expert aim at once disarmed Castell Aber Llienawg of its terrors, and gave the natives a long reprieve from Saxon oppression.

After leaving Beaumaris there was little to interest us particularly in the natural scenery on this coast of the bay, but there is no station in the country from whence you have so fine a view of the Snowdon Mountains. We saw them on this day under some of the grandest possible effects; with dark, heavy clouds, the remaining signs of the late storm, rolling among them, their summits peering through at intervals, and occasional gleams and flashes of sun-shine playing upon them. Penmaen Mawr, overhanging the sea with its broken crags, formed a very sublime object, for, though a mountain of only the third magnitude, its abrupt ascent makes it one of the most conspicuous of the range.

We continued our walk to the priory of Penmon, situated near the entrance of the bay, and at a short distance from the shore. This is a pretty, sequestered spot, where a venerable church, and an aged ruin near it, shewing their grey walls behind a cluster of trees, have a very picturesque effect. The buildings are somewhat disguised, but not so degraded as those of Llanfaes, and preserving enough of their proper character for the

* Powel, p. 117.

† Hoare's *Giraldus Cambrensis*, p. 105.

support of their dignity, are rendered the more interesting, both to the eye and the mind, by the touches of time and decay.

A religious house was first founded here by the fair-faced Saint Seiriol in the sixth century, under the auspices of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, a prince, who, after a life of sin, grew repentant as he approached the grave, and suddenly became a profuse patron of religious institutions. The neighbouring island of Priestholm, distinguished also by the name of Ynys Seiriol, was inhabited by monks on the same establishment. The Priory was again endowed by Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, who filled it with monks of the Benedictine order, and dedicated it to St. Mary. Its revenues at the dissolution were 47*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*

The remains at Penmon consist of the church and the refectory, which both bear the stamp of great antiquity. There are some other remnants, which, I imagine, may have once been parts of the monastic buildings, but these I could not disentangle to my exact satisfaction, from their present intimate coalition with a dairy and a pig-sty. The building called the refectory has been divided into three stories, the upper chambers probably being the dormitory. It is built with all the strength of a military work, with walls six feet in thickness, and small chinks through them for windows, it being necessary, perhaps, in those predatory times, to protect the good monks during the momentous business of their meals, from the danger of any sudden interruption.

The church was originally in the form of a cross, but the north transept has been destroyed, and there are now three wings attached to the tower of unequal height, the largest of which is a farm-house. The choir is still in use, and all its appearances of antiquity have been smoothed over by modern alterations; but the other divisions of the building, if they have not escaped decay, have not suffered from improvements, and, in those parts which are entire, furnish good specimens of unmixed Saxon architecture. The tower rests upon four semicircular arches, three of which are much defaced and mutilated, but that which leads into the nave is tolerably perfect. Some of the columns by which it was supported are missing: those which remain are small, and of irregular forms, one round and plain, one round and fluted, and one quadrangular, with simple bases and capitals. The faces of all the arches are decorated with zig-zag mouldings.

The nave has no side aisles, and is reduced to a mere shell, with all the windows blocked up, except two, which are round-headed, gradually widening inward, and presenting only a narrow slit to the light. The remaining transept is a very small square building, with its walls ornamented on all sides by ranges of small round arches, springing from plain and fluted pilasters. This is the best preserved part of the whole church, but the windows are all closed by its junction with the farm-house.

This little church was formerly in high repute, and was considered to be a most fortunate place of marriage, but from what motives of preference it was selected, or why it is now despised, I have not ascertained. Adjoining it there is a holy well, once holy, at least, which, as the spectator very clearly perceives from the pomp of architecture surrounding

rounding it, had once something more to give than its water. A small shed, or temple, perhaps, I might say, is raised over it, one side of which is formed by a natural wall of grey limestone, on the top of which grows an ash-tree, whose branches spread like a canopy over the building, making it at least a-very picturesque object. A square space, inclosed by a wall, paved and furnished with stone seats all round, forms a kind of vestibule, in which, perhaps, some little preparatory ceremony was necessary before admission could be gained into the *sanctum sanctorum*, which is also supplied with seats. Whether the well has now lost all its virtues I know not, but I feel fully authorized in declaring that it has lost all its fame, for I myself beheld on one of the seats, and in the inner temple too, a melancholy proof of its subservience to the most vulgar purposes, in a washing-tub and a piece of soap. St. Seiriol, from whom every charm of which these waters were the instrument was supposed to emanate, had himself a great reverence for wells, and his favourite one at Clorach, where, as I have before mentioned, he was in the habit of meeting his friend Gybi Felyn, has a similar kind of temple over it, with the same accommodations, as this at Penmon, and still preserves, I believe, some little reputation in its neighbourhood. An old woman at the farm-house here informed me, that she remembered when this well was considered to be of at least as much service to the parish as the parson, but what were the particular rules and rites of the mysterious sessions in the temple, she either could not or would not disclose.

We returned from hence to Beaumaris, and employed our next day in an excursion to Priestholm, which lies four miles north-east of the town, and distant about a mile from the main. A dangerous shoal, called the Causeway, occupies the greater part of the Sound, but there is a narrow channel through it eight fathoms deep, which is the only entrance from the northward for large vessels into Beaumaris Bay. There is another passage between the outer coast of the island and the edge of the Lavan Sands, but it is navigable only for vessels of a very small class. We found a high breaking sea on the Causeway, but the water was smooth under its lee, and we landed without difficulty. Our boatmen here communicated to us a tradition tending to confirm the account which I have before stated of the wide depredations committed on this coast by the sea. They assured us that the same priest who preached at Priestholm officiated also at the church on the opposite promontory of Llandudno, and that he walked over by a straight road from point to point. They did not mean to insinuate that he had any preternatural power, and that he walked upon the waters, but that he had a firm dry footpath to stand on, where now the sea flows, and which must have completely blocked up the mouth of the bay. With this barrier drawn between the two promontories, the Menai would find a passage into the sea through Priestholm Sound, and the Conway must either have flowed through the low land now covered by the Lavan Sands, and have discharged itself into the Strait, or have had an outlet between the eastern extremity of Llandudno and the main coast, which seems to be probable, as this space is merely a low neck of sandy ground, with every
appearance

appearance of an alluvial formation. Supposing thus that the whole area of Beaumaris Bay was formerly dry land, and leaving a channel half a mile broad for the Menai, there must have been an estate lost, more than four miles in breadth, and at least eight miles in length. This calamity, it is imagined, happened at the same time when the Cantrer Gwaelod in Cardigan Bay was inundated, and indeed it is absolutely necessary for the honour of the tradition to place the event far back, otherwise it will clash with certain positive and authentic records referring to Priestholm and Llandudno, under the forms and relations which they still preserve. Independent, however, of all traditions, it is very evident from the present aspect of the Welsh coast, from its deep indentations, the frequency of long narrow promontories, and the numerous small islands scattered about it, and, still more directly, from the occurrence of large tracts of loamy soil and of peat moss, extending far from the shore, that the sea has made great advances both upon its western and northern fronts. There can be little doubt that the sands which border the coasts of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire were once forests or cultivated land, forming extended plains at the base of the mountains. These plains are now reduced to narrow strips, which the sea still continues to encroach upon, and will, in the course of time, swallow up, and meet an effectual barrier in the mountains against its further progress.

Priestholm is about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, bounded on three sides by inaccessible precipices, and on the fourth by a very steep bank. It is composed entirely of a mass of lime-stone, covered with a layer of earth, and rising at its highest point about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. On clambering up to the top we found ourselves in a wilderness of brambles, nettles, and thistles, with some very luxuriant thickets of elder. The island shelves down on each side from its summit to the verge of the cliffs, but with the most considerable slope on the northern side, which is clear ground, and gives pasture to a few sheep. There is a considerable depth of soil upon every part of it, and it would no doubt repay the toil and charges of cultivation, but I believe that it has never known the care of man since the days of its ancient inhabitants the Monks. The only building upon it is an old square tower crowned with a low spire, about which are heaps of stones and rubbish, the remains of other buildings. Quantities of human bones may be seen in various parts of the island, proofs, says Mr. Pennant, of its reputed sanctity, and the superstitious wish of the people to have this made the place of their interment. Prince Maelgwyn Gwyneth and St. Seiriol are among the illustrious personages whose remains repose in its holy ground.

Giraldus observes of Priestholm in his time, that it was inhabited by hermits who divided their time between agricultural pursuits and religious exercises, but who, notwithstanding the general sobriety and simplicity of their lives, were sometimes subject to the same passions which disturb the world at large, and wrangled and quarrelled like other people. It seems, however, that they were regularly warned of the indecency of these excesses, by some little monitors in the disguise of a host of mice, which, whenever they perceived

perceived any thing like angry looks or intemperate language among the brotherhood, made an instant and destructive attack upon their larder (a tender place!) and never left it till they had starved them into more decorous behaviour, when they retreated to their holes, and peace and plenty were again restored to the island. "Nor is it to be wondered at," says Giraldus, "if the servants of God sometimes disagree, since Jacob and Esau contended in the womb of Rebecca, and Paul and Barnabas differed; the disciples also of Jesus disputed which of them should be the greatest; for these are the temptations of human infirmity; yet virtue is often made perfect by infirmity, and faith is increased by tribulations."*

The island is at present valued only as a Puffin-warren, and our principal object in visiting it was to see the birds, which associate here in far greater multitudes than we had ever seen in any one place during the whole course of our voyage. We were struck with their numbers on first reaching the summit of the island, but when we arrived within view of the declivity on its eastern side, a host of them burst upon our sight that quite confounded us. They covered the surface of the ground like swarms of insects, tens of thousands were wheeling and screaming in the air, and a close broad column of them in the sea encircled the island like a belt. They consisted of Puffins, Gulls, Terns, Guillemots, and Razor-Bills, which have all their respective settlements. The Puffins burrow in the bank sloping to the eastward, the Gulls and Terns build their nests among the grass and weeds on the face of the south cliff, and the Guillemots and Razor-Bills sit upon the ledges of the rocks on the east and north cliffs; but they all mingle together on the sea and in the air, joining in one general cry, in which the loud wild whistle of the Gulls is predominant. The Puffins are the most multitudinous, and the most entertaining in their habits and manners. The bank which they occupy is five or six hundred yards in length, and about a hundred yards in breadth, worn to the bare earth, and as full of holes as a pepper-box. Over this surface they were arranged in various figures, in lines and in circles, with here and there a cluster, so thickly crowded, that we could not see the ground on which they stood, and a long single file at the very verge of the precipice, arrayed with singular regularity. Their plumage is exceedingly clean and glossy, and their mixed colours, black, white, and red, formed a variegated border to the island that had a very pretty effect. They were remarkably tame and stupid, retreating before us so slowly, that we could easily have knocked them down with our sticks. Our boatmen, not moved to generosity by this confidence, pelted them with stones, but these did not make them fly away, and when two or three of them were struck dead, the sight made no impression on the others, which continued gazing at us as if they had never seen man before or never known his cruelty. This unsuspecting tameness is very extraordinary, for these birds suffer the most unrelenting persecution, and half of the holes in the bank had already been robbed of their treasure.

* Hoare's *Giraldus Cambrensis*, p. 106.

But though thus careless of their safety, or rather ignorant of their danger, they will not suffer themselves to be actually taken hold of without the most resolute resistance, and will defend their holes to the last extremity.

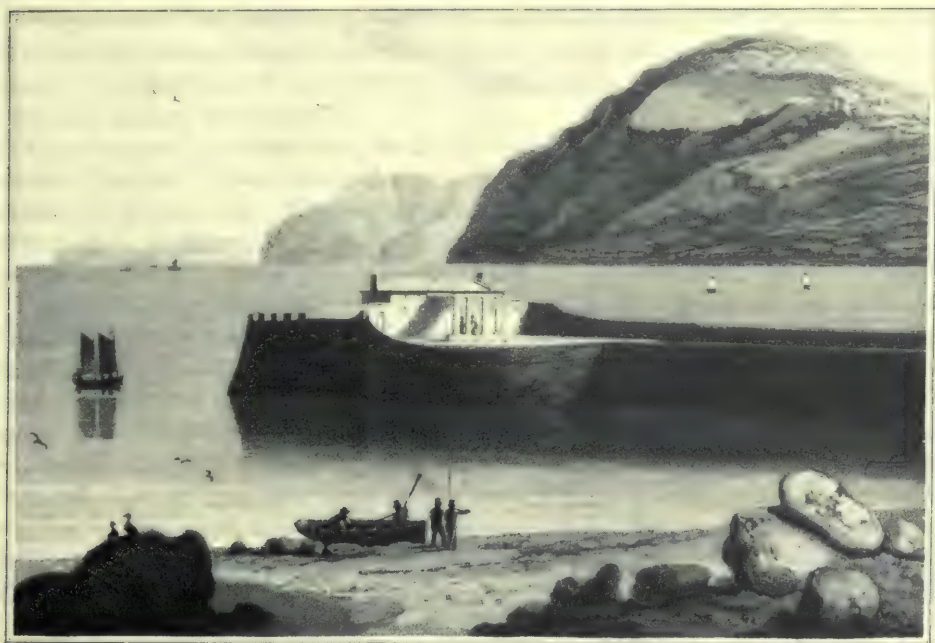
When we sat down upon the bank, they became still more bold and fearless, and we soon found ourselves completely enveloped by them; some encompassing us on the ground, others glancing by us on the wing, and sometimes the whole host rising at once from the ground and performing a short evolution round us, with a concert of horrid squalls, such as no human language can possibly describe. We observed many of them return from the sea with sprats in their mouths for their young, some with two and three at a time lying across the bill. On entering their holes thus provided, they manifested some suspicion of us, and stood hesitatingly for some time with their eyes fixed upon us, as if they feared to direct our attention to the objects of their care. Whether the bird that returned with three sprats at a time in its mouth caught them with a single snap, or whether it could possibly catch them by successive snaps, we long argued between ourselves, but as the question was not more open to us than to the reader, I shall not attempt to bias his judgment.

The island is the property of Lord Bulkeley, and is rented from him at a small sum by some poor people, whose principal harvest is the Puffins, which, though robbed year after year, seem to make their annual return in undiminished numbers. It is only the young birds that are of any value, and these are prized both for their down and their flesh, though the latter requires a very elaborate expurgation before it can be freed from its rankness. After the bones have been taken out and the oil carefully expressed from them, they are steeped in vinegar and spices, and are then adjudged to be eatable, having the same flavour, I should suppose, which any thing else would have that had been subjected to a similar process. They were set before us at Beaumaris as a delicacy, but they that would eat them pickled should never look upon them alive. We were informed that the Puffins, Guillemots, and Razor-Bills would all vanish in about a week from the day of our visit. The Puffins leave many of their young behind to be devoured by the Peregrine Falcons, which breed upon the opposite promontory of Llandudno, and regularly come hither to pick up the leavings when the parent birds have departed. They do not, it is said, take the burrows by storm, but station themselves at the entrance of the holes, effectually debarring their prey from any possibility of escape; and in due time the miserable nestlings, pressed by hunger, make their appearance, and fall ready victims to their watchful sentinels.

When my friend had finished his sketch, and dotted it with Puffins till he was tired, we made a tour round the island. The southern coast is very lofty, and covered down to the water's edge with grass and nettles, reeds, blackberry bushes, and clumps of elder, interspersed with fragments of grey lime-stone. This side was animated by Gulls and Terns, which evinced no trust in us, but rose like a cloud into the air on the first sound of our approach.



View of Puffin Island, near Anglesea



The Bath, built by Lord Penryn, near Bangor, N. Wales

approach. Two boys of our boat's crew descended with the art and alertness of monkeys half way down the steep cliff, and returned each with a young Gull muffled up in his bosom. These were valued only as domestic pets, the Gulls being considered in this part of the world as too rank to be eaten, though I imagine that they would prove as curable as the Puffins.

The northern coast of the island being exposed to a greater range of sea, exhibits a front of bare rock, black and rugged, with gloomy caverns at the base, and huge overhanging masses frowning over them. On the ledges of the rocks, in close order, and tier above tier, stood the Guillemots and Razor-Bills, their white breasts exposed and appearing in long horizontal stripes, which had a singular effect on the face of the black precipice. We sometimes heard these birds called apothecaries, from their resemblance when on their seats to the ranges of jars in an apothecary's shop. They were equally numerous on the eastern coast, which is cut out into a square recess, the three sides of which were quite alive with them. They are decided to be as little palatable as the Gulls, but their eggs are esteemed, and are procured with great difficulty and some danger. A man lowers himself down the precipice by means of a rope made fast to a stake, supporting himself with one hand, while with the other he seizes the eggs and deposits them in a basket slung to his back: he speedily secures all the spoil that is within his reach, and by placing his feet against the rocks readily enough hauls himself up again to the edge of the cliff, but he cannot double it without the assistance of another man, and this is the most perilous act of his expedition. The people employed in this business go about it with so much coolness and confidence, that accidents very rarely happen; but an instance once occurred on the promontory of Holyhead of one man's overpowering with his weight another who was helping him up, and both perished.

It was almost low water when we left the island, and there was a tremendous surf upon the Causeway, but we were in the way of only the last and least tier of breakers, and escaped with a sprinkling. We returned to Beaumaris, and having now exhausted all the wonders of its neighbourhood, prepared to bid farewell to Anglesey, and resume our voyage along the main coast.

We walked down to Garth Ferry, about three miles south of Beaumaris, over a beautiful road on the face of a steep cliff bounding the Menai, with bold masses of rock rising abruptly to our right, clothed with ivy and tangled shrubs, and the water beneath us glittering through the branches of a hanging wood. The road is continued to Porth-aethwy, but south of Garth Ferry the cliff is bare of wood, and you have an uninterrupted view of all the magnificent scenery of the bay. This has been called one of the finest terraces in the world, and if my limited observation of the world will not permit me to indulge in so boundless an encomium, I am very ready to declare, that I have never seen it excelled. The approaches to Beaumaris, from the south, were rugged and dangerous, till Lord Bulkeley made this road, which is certainly a very honorable monument of his munifi-

cence and public spirit. It was a work of great labour and expense, having been cut in many parts of its length through the solid rock.

Garth Ferry is the southern limit of Beaumaris Bay, and the Menai, at this point, becomes suddenly contracted to less than half a mile in breadth, the devastation that spread over the flat and defenceless land further north having been here checked by a firm rocky bank. We crossed over here, and a walk of about half a mile from the landing-place brought us to the neat city of Bangor, pleasantly situated in a narrow green valley, opening into Beaumaris Bay. The town is small and irregular, but the houses are very respectable, and being all washed over with yellow ochre and roofed with fine blue slates, have an appearance of peculiar spruceness and cleanliness. There is an air of repose and peacefulness about this little rural city, that is particularly pleasing, and few tourists have entered it without indulging in some effusions of fine sentiment; without a few vain mutterings about restlessness and ambition, and a few as vain wishes about turning their backs upon the world, putting on their slippers, and here subsiding into quiet and contentment. A very comfortable inn, abounding in all the good things of this life, has possibly its share in the inspiration of these philosophical fancies.

The bishop's palace does not break in upon the general simplicity of the place by any ambitious magnificence, but participates in the general neatness and yellow wash. The cathedral is a very homely one, with a squat tower, which was checked in its growth by the death of its founder. The interior is spacious and well proportioned in all its parts, but plain even to meanness, and barbarously disfigured by an universal coat of white-wash. The arches of the nave are very slightly pointed, without mouldings or any kind of decoration, and spring from octangular columns of great size, and equally unrelieved by sculpture. The arches leading into the transepts and the choir are more pointed, and of more elegant construction. There are no monuments to attract the eye, but several very illustrious personages in Welsh history here lie interred. Gruffyth ap Cynan, a gallant prince, after a reign of fifty years, was buried in 1137, under a shrine to the left of the high altar, but there is no trace of it remaining. Under a niche in the south transept there is a rude slab of stone, with a flowery cross at the head, which is said to be the monument of Owen Gwyneth, the son of the before named prince, who emulated all the valour of his father.

Owen swift, and Owen strong,
 Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
 Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal hand and open heart.

This prince, whose noble qualities gained him no friends in England, was excommunicated by Archbishop Becket, for marrying his first cousin, but he was powerful enough
 to

to despise the sentence, and continued to live with her till she died. His contumacy, however, was not readily forgotten, and though he was too dangerous a man to be approached when living, an opportunity was found of offering him a safe indignity in his grave. When Archbishop Baldwin appeared at Bangor, to preach the crusade, he cast his eye upon the tomb of Owen, and did not depart without laying an injunction on the bishop of the see to remove the body from the sanctuary, whenever he could do it with secrecy and security. The bishop, in obedience to this holy charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the church, under ground, and thus secretly cast the royal corpse into the church-yard. Giraldus, who was present with the Archbishop, and who could sometimes do little things to please great people, mentions this circumstance without comment. Whether any patriotic hand was found to rescue the body from its vile bed is not recorded, but the reader will not forget the scene which Mr. Southey has wrought out of this incident; the appalling appearance of his hero, Madoc, before the priests when at their midnight sacrilege, and the triumphant manner in which he saves the relics of his father, and bears them with him to America. I make no apology for quoting the following passage. Madoc, with his attendant, has just stolen into the church to see what was going on.

Beside the grave

Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit
 Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obeyed
 The lordly Primate's will.—They stood and watch'd
 The ministers perform the irreverent work.
 And now with spade and mattock have they broken
 Into the house of death, and now have they
 From the stone coffin wrench'd the iron cramps,
 When sudden interruption startled them,
 And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,
 They saw the Prince come on. Their tapers gleam'd
 Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
 Open; and when in that pale countenance,—
 For the strong feeling blanch'd his cheek,—they saw
 His father's living lineaments, a fear
 Like ague shook them. But anon that fit
 Of scar'd imagination to the sense
 Of other peril yielded, when they heard
 Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. Stay! he exclaim'd,
 For now they would have fled;—stir not a man,—
 Or if I once put breath into this horn,
 All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen call'd
 For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
 Or not a man shall live! The doors are watch'd,
 And ye are at my mercy!

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Daniell, son of Dinawd, abbot of the famous monastery of Bangor ys Coed, in Flintshire. Daniell founded a college here for the instruction

of youth, which was converted into a bishoprick by Maelgwyn Gwyneth, who made the saint the first bishop. The cathedral was exposed to various revolutions during the Welsh wars, and was twice entirely destroyed, and finally rebuilt, as it now appears, by Bishop Skeffington, in the year 1532.

Leaving Bangor, we proceeded along the eastern coast of Beaumaris Bay. About half a mile from the town is Aber Cegin, or Port Penrhyn, a grand emporium of slates procured from the quarries of Lady Penrhyn. A fine quay, projecting several hundred yards into the strait, was built here by the late Lord Penrhyn, on each side of which vessels of three hundred tons may lie and receive their lading. The slates are exported in immense quantities to Liverpool, Bristol, Dublin, and indeed to all parts of the kingdom. They are of an extremely fine texture, and are made of various sizes, from thick slabs for tombstones and pavements, to the thinnest plates used for roofing. There is also a very extensive manufacture of cyphering-slates established here, which the Welsh have advanced to such a degree of perfection, that they have altogether eclipsed and reduced to bankruptcy the more bungling manufacturers of Switzerland, to whom we were formerly indebted for our principal supplies of these useful articles. The superiority of the Welsh slates consists in their having an equal smoothness and polish on both sides, whereas those of the Swiss artists had always one side rough and ill-finished. The processes by which they are prepared are extremely simple: they are first scraped with a steel scraper, then rubbed with a hard stone till an even surface is produced, and receive their last polish by further friction with fine slate powder mixed up with water into a paste. Four hundred dozen of them are made here and exported every week. The whole quantity of manufactured slates exported was, for many years, one hundred tons per day, but this amount we were told had been very materially reduced by the high price of timber, and the consequent decline of building, occasioned by the American war. The quarries are about four miles distant from the port at Dolawen, from whence the slates are brought down with great facility and rapidity in waggons, which run upon iron rail-roads, three horses being able to draw twenty tons.

There is a small inn close to the port, which particularly attracted our attention, not from its promise of entertainment, but from the peculiar neatness and elegance of its whole form and finishing. It was designed by the late Mr. Wyatt, who has shewn his taste not more in the construction of the building, than the choice of its situation, which commands on one side, through a broad opening, a magnificent view of the mountains, and on another looks over all the varied scenery of the bay. Lord Penrhyn was a most princely benefactor to this part of the country, which, before it was tamed by his improvements, was a rugged waste, without roads, thinly peopled, and the few inhabitants in a melancholy condition; the common labourers ill fed and wretchedly housed, and the farmers so poor, says Mr. Pennant, that in all the tract they could not muster more than three miserable teams. His Lordship first opened his quarries in 1782, and in a few years they gave employment

ployment to six hundred people: new and comfortable habitations were provided for the labourers; good roads were formed over ground before impassable, and the whole country gradually assumed a new aspect, and is now enlivened by all the cheerful signs of prosperous industry. We had the pleasure, on a former occasion, of travelling through the whole of this newly civilized district, and can bear witness to its thriving condition.

At a short distance from the port is Lady Penrhyn's Bath, an elegant little building, designed by Wyatt, and constructed at an immense expense. It stands at the extremity of a road, carried out about two hundred and twenty yards into the strait, raised nearly thirty feet above the level of the water, and terminating in a circle, large enough to permit a carriage to turn round. The bath has much the character of an Italian building, and has a very happy effect on the border of this charming bay. We paused here for some time, quite delighted with the boldness and beauty of the scenery expanded round us. Seen from hence the mountains round to Penmaen Mawr, Carnedd Llewelyn among them, second only to Snowdon, were ranged in a grand crescent, inclosing a plain of extreme fertility, and glowing with the ripened harvest. It was now low water, and we could but just perceive the sea in a white streak, bordering the opposite shore. To the north was a long extended plain of sand, at the extremity of which the huge disconnected rock of Llandudno towered with uncommon majesty. The shores of Anglesey composed a more tame but a pleasing picture, in which the little town of Beaumaris apparently growing out of the water, and Baron Hill with its dark grove rising behind it, were the features that most courted the eye.

We proceeded from hence to look at the grounds of Lady Penrhyn, which are very inferior to those of Baron Hill, in the important furniture of wood. They were formerly dignified with a grove of venerable oaks, but these have given way to upstarts of yesterday, principally firs. The great entrance into the park is through a splendid gate-way, resembling a triumphal arch, intrinsically very handsome, but, perhaps, rather too heroic and ambitious a fabric for these peaceful shores. The mansion occupies the site, and retains, I believe, a great part of the substance of an ancient castle, long the residence of the Welsh princes, but it has been much enlarged and embellished by Wyatt, still retaining the character of a castle, though in a court dress. It is altogether a very handsome building, and stands in a situation commanding an advantageous view of all the grand scenery of this romantic country. Every part of the establishment bespeaks the consequence of rank and wealth. At a short distance from the house is a gothic chapel of elegant design, with a brilliant window of painted glass. The pulpit is of cedar-wood, and on the pannels are some well executed figures in bass relief, representing subjects from the scriptures. This building is of some antiquity, and formerly stood nearer to the house, but was pulled down and rebuilt in its present place, on the same plan and with the same materials.

The stables are celebrated in this country for their magnificence, and the completeness of their accommodations. They are fronted with blue slate, and, indeed, are built almost

almost entirely, inside and outside, walls, stalls, and mangers, with the same material, which is applied to all manner of uses in this demesne. The bath is built with it, but washed over with yellow ochre; and all the fences of the park are composed of it, cut into the shape of palisades, which are fastened with pins to a wooden railing, and have a very neat appearance.

Continuing our walk along the shore, we soon came to the Ogwen, a shallow rapid river which springs from a pool in the mountains, very famous for its trout. A man, who had for some time had his eye upon us, prophetic of a job, here interposed, while we were hesitating between the tasks of pulling off our shoes and stockings, and walking a mile higher up to the bridge, and carried us over the stream. This victory gained, we followed the shore for two or three miles further, and then turned inland, and proceeded through rich meadows and corn fields, to the village of Aber, situated at the entrance of a deep, wild glen, watered by a small river. At the extremity of this glen there is a waterfall, called *Rhaiadr Mawr*, The Great Cataract, and if the name does not very exactly describe the object, and should tempt the traveller to the spot under false expectations, he will see enough by the way to atone for his disappointment. We immediately hastened forward to see it, and had not penetrated far before we stopped to contemplate, with admiration, a scene of the most romantic character. To our right the glen was bounded by *Frith ddu*, a mountain of immense bulk, with a heavy, rounded summit, and a precipitous front covered with a smooth, green turf. *Maes y Gaer* formed the boundary to our left, a mountain of equal height, but of a more varied, broken, and picturesque figure, and darkened up to its summit with coppice wood clustering wildly round masses of rock. At its base were a few weather-worn cottages, just of such forms and in such places as an artist would wish them, and beneath them, in the centre of the glen, was the stream, flashing over a rocky bed, rapid and melodious, and crossed a few yards from us by a one-arched bridge. In the back ground, soaring far above *Maes y Gaer*, appeared the summit of *Llwt Mawr*, strangely notched and shivered, and capped with a thin cloud.

After advancing about half a mile, catching the same objects in ever-changing points of view from the windings of the glen, we turned a point, and had it before us to its extremity, in one reach, about a mile and a half in length. The barrier to our right still preserved the same heaviness and uniformity of outline, but to the left the mountains were tumbled about in the wildest disorder, bounded to our view by *Foel ddiarth*, a dark and horrid mountain, spiring up in two tremendous peaks. *Llwt Mawr* now appeared in front, and blocked up the avenue with a precipice of black rock, over which tumbled the torrent, forming a long streak of a snowy whiteness. A little to the right of it, and at a higher elevation, we perceived a few more spots of foam on the face of the rock, and if we had had the regulation of the mountain vocabulary, we should have had these in contemplation when we called the other *Rhaiadr Mawr*, but we had an interpreter with us who would not have it so, and insisted that it was all the Great Cataract.

As we proceeded, the glen became narrower, the mountains almost meeting at their bases, and shrouding us in a deeper gloom and solitude, the silence of which was broken only by the equal, constant murmuring of the river. We soon heard the sound of a rapid torrent which came breaking and roaring down the mountains to our left, and in a few minutes afterwards we could distinguish the dashing of the fall. I have already intimated that this does not precisely deserve its name, but, if it be not magnificent, it exhibits a very pleasing spectacle, set off by a very grand combination of accompanying scenery. The torrent precipitates itself in two falls, the highest of which is very insignificant from every point of view from whence we could see it. The other is, I imagine, at least seventy feet perpendicular: the stream is about four yards wide, and, being shallow and frothed in its passage over rough rocks before it arrives at the verge of the lower precipice, falls in its whole length in a sheet of foam. The face of the precipice and the broken rocks below it are perfectly black, and are finely contrasted with the cascade, and the hoary mist in which it rises on its rebound. When swollen with the winter rains, the fall, of course, would have more dignity, but we saw it under as flattering circumstances as can often occur in the summer season, for there had very lately been three successive days of rain, and a soaking shower was falling while we were on the spot.

On our return the rain increased, accompanied by a storm of thunder and lightning, which drove us for shelter into a shepherd's hut, standing in a most rude and lonely situation about midway up the glen. An abode so squalid and miserable we had never entered before, a bold assertion to make, after having acknowledged that we passed a night at Aberdaron. The hut was constructed with loose stones, very uncouthly piled together, and covered with a thatched roof, black and rotten, and full of hollows and holes. It contained but one low room, crammed full of indescribable furniture, huddled together in indescribable confusion, and among the mass were two loathsome beds, to be divided between a family of seven people. The floor was the bare earth, and its natural privilege of never being washed had, very evidently, and from a remote period, been extended to every part of the room, and every part of its furniture. The mother of the family, ragged and bare-footed, was toasting or rather smoking oat-cakes over a fern fire, and her daughter, a pretty, black-eyed, rough-headed, wild-looking girl, was vehemently, but vainly struggling to check the sports of two younger children, who were amusing themselves with alternately running into the rain, and rolling upon the beds. The father, with his boys, was tending the cattle upon the mountains. A woman (for woman is the responsible person in these matters), with any love of cleanliness, and any sense of the comfortable, might, with no better means, have made a much more cheerful cottage than the mistress of this filthy den; but there was a great deal of wretchedness springing from a hopeless and humbling poverty, which, though five of the family lent their hands to the work, they could not relieve. There is much of this wretchedness in the village of Aber, which struck us the more forcibly, as we had generally seen the people in this part of the country in decent circumstances.

circumstances. At Beaumaris the poor are all comfortably lodged and clothed, but here, at the distance of half a dozen miles, they are, in every respect, most miserably provided for, and yet both places are on the estate of the same nobleman, Lord Bulkeley.

The storm soon subsided, and we had a delightful walk back to the village, the glen opening before us into the sea. At its entrance on the western side of the river, there is a small artificial mount, on which formerly stood the palace of Llewellyn ap Jorworth, Prince of North Wales, and a more noble situation for a palace can scarcely be conceived. There is not a single stone to be seen on the mount, but, a few yards distant from it, there are some slight remains of a wall, which my guide, the village-clerk and cobbler, informed me, might, within his memory, be traced for an extent of nine yards. This detached building is supposed to have been the kitchen of the palace. While I was poring over these fragments, my guide suddenly left me, but speedily returned, in company with a very old man, who sat himself down at the foot of the mount, and related to me a tragical story, authenticated in its main facts by history, but more circumstantially preserved by the tradition of the village. Llewellyn in his wars with Henry the Third had the fortune to take prisoner William de Bruse, a powerful baron, and a man of very insinuating address, and great personal beauty. The prince, conciliated by his manners, treated him with kindness and courtesy, and, on the receipt of a proper ransom, restored him to liberty; but, soon after his departure, having reason to suspect, from the conduct of his princess Joan, that she had been somewhat too intimate with his handsome and accomplished guest, he determined to get him again into his power. For this purpose he sent him a friendly invitation to his palace, which De Bruse thoughtlessly accepted, nor had any suspicion of treachery till the prince's guards suddenly seized upon him at the conclusion of a splendid banquet, dragged him from the room, and, without further ceremony or explanation, hung him on a tree. This done, Llewellyn, to convince himself that he had made no mistake, as well as to give pungency to his revenge, despatched the harper of the palace to the princess, with orders either to say or sing to her words to this effect,—‘ Say, wife of Llewellyn, what would you give to see your William?’—The princess replied—‘ Wales, England, and Llewellyn, I would give them all to see my William,’—and, on this explicit declaration, the harper pointed out to her her lover in the hopeless state that I have described.

The old man now led me to the exact place where De Bruse suffered, which is called Wern-grogedig, The Tree of Execution. The tradition has outlived the tree, but I was careful to note that the spot may be seen very distinctly from the mount. It should appear that the prince, after sacrificing his rival, became appeased, and pardoned the princess, for, on her death, he raised a monastery over her grave as a tribute of respect to her memory. Possibly he may have discovered that she had not been quite so criminal as he supposed her to have been, or his testimonies of respect may have had some reference to her powerful relatives of England. He had reason, however, to remember her
with

with some real gratitude, for she had once proved a most serviceable friend to him in an hour of desperate need. In the year 1212, King John, with an overwhelming army, joined by the rulers of South Wales and Powys, invaded North Wales, and pressed so hardly upon Llewelyn, that, at length, finding he had no hopes but in negociation, he sent his princess to treat for him, and she 'being a discreet woman,' had art enough to check her father in his course of victory, and concluded a peace for her husband*.

We found a very comfortable little inn at Aber, which induced us to halt there for the night, and on the following morning we started for Conway. A fine level road leads for several miles from the village, through a delightful plain, bounded by Penmaen Mawr, which now became the grand object of our attention. On arriving at its base, I determined, while my friend proceeded to Conway, to ascend to its summit, in the hope of a prospect. An unpromising mist was before my eyes while my resolution was adopted, but, as this was the last mountain of Alpine dignity that I was to encounter in Wales, I was disposed to make the best of my opportunity, such as it was. I ascended on the southern side, which is the least precipitous, but very steep, and covered for a long way up with a grassy turf, sprinkled with brambles and stunted shrubs, and plentifully strewn with stones. This green slope forms a broad basement, out of which grows a stupendous mass of rock, diminishing towards the summit, which is five hundred and fifteen yards above the level of the sea. This second stage of the mountain, which is horribly rugged, and in many parts perpendicular, is called Braich y Ddinas, The Arm of the City, and was the site of an early British fortification, of which there are still large remains.

After a resolute tug, which advanced me to a great elevation, I turned round, and was gratified with a prospect that would have amply repaid the labour of a much more difficult expedition. To my right was the blue expanse of boundless sea, and in front the yellow sands, divided by a thousand winding streaks of water, and bordered by a lovely plain, spread out beneath my eye, and covered with corn and pasture, and tufted with wood,—a long stripe of meadow land of a brilliant green edging the sands, and the remaining surface adorned with a warm and blended colouring, that reminded me of the rich border of an Indian shawl. More directly under me lay a village, with a church, seated at the entrance of a pretty valley, hemmed in by the savage mountains, which, extending before me in a long range, formed, also, in its whole length, the sudden boundary of the beautiful plain. The mountains inclosing the glen of Aber appeared drawn round in a complete circle, the black and shivered summit of Llwt-mawr soaring above them all. I could distinguish the white foam of the waterfall, but it was too diminutive to have any effect in the great scene which my eye now commanded.

Continuing my ascent, I soon arrived at the verge of Braich y Ddinas, and was presently enveloped by a grey, close mist, which rendered every object invisible but the rock

* Powel, p. 191.

on which I stood. All traces of vegetation now disappeared, my path became exceedingly steep, and was entirely covered with loose stones, all in sharp-edged, angular fragments, over which, with some difficulty, and two or three falls, I made my way to the summit. I had a guide with me, but he was not well acquainted with the marks, and, confused by the mist, twice missed the track, protesting the whole time that he could find his way up blindfold. The summit shoots up in two protuberances of not quite equal height, on both of which are the remains of some rude works. On the lower one there is a circular enclosure about twelve feet in diameter, with a wall round it, built of loose unhewn stone, somewhat less than four feet high, and about three feet thick. Around this are several smaller circles, but their walls are overthrown, and lie in confused heaps. Near these remains there is a small well in the rock, which was now full of water, and which has never been seen empty in the driest seasons. On the higher peak there is an immense heap of stones, which I should have ventured to have called a *carne*, had not the spot been subject to the examination of more scientific inquirers than myself, who have never mentioned such an object. It seemed to me to be precisely like that which I had seen on the promontory of Holyhead, and was hollowed in the same manner at the top as if it had been opened.

While I was pondering over these matters, the mist suddenly parted before me, and through a small opening gave me a glimpse of the sea, and a green valley, sunk to a vast depth below me. There was something inexpressibly beautiful in this sudden creation, but the first exclamation of delight had scarcely passed my lips before the mist again collapsed, and all was blank. In a minute it opened again in various places, discovering a perplexing view of sky and sea and land, in spots and fragments, when it closed again, and again opened; and thus, for several minutes, a succession of these strange and transitory scenes played before me, as rapid as the changes of a magic lantern. Once or twice the opening spread broad enough to give me an unbroken and general prospect, but it was a prospect of a moment, and, at length, a dark cloud of great volume and density, which I had seen at some distance to my left, advanced and settled round me, involving me in deeper obscurity than ever. I now could not see two yards before me, and, as I groped about, it seemed as if every step that I took led me to the brink of a bottomless precipice. My guide pronounced this darkness to be quite hopeless, but suspecting him of selfish motives, I sat down upon the rock, determined not to give up the day without a patient trial. The situation struck me as very awful: I could see nothing but a few naked crags, and such was the gloom, and the utter stillness, that it was like being out of the world, and affected the mind with a sense of horrid loneliness.

I sat here for about half an hour, and had become chilled with the damp, and was growing very heartless, when I perceived a spot of blue sky to my left, which rapidly enlarged, and soon the whole body of the cloud appeared in motion, and floated majestically away, disclosing sky and sea, and field after field, and hill after hill, till the whole
prospect



Penman-maur, taken from near Aber, N. Wales



View of Conway Castle, Caernarvonshire

prospect was clear and expanded before me. My view was now of great extent, beauty, and variety. The atmosphere was most clear to the west and north, and I could see distinctly over all Anglesey and a sublime expanse of sea. The distance to the east was cloudy, but the view from the spot where I stood, over a rich hollow almost immediately under me, the crags of Sychnant, the Conway, and the hills of Denbighshire, was exceedingly bold and beautiful. Very far to the north-east I could perceive some misty forms of hills which I imagined to be the fells of Lancashire. The mountains to the south were not free from mist, and I was not high enough to see any greater length or breadth of the chain than I had seen from a much lower elevation.

I was now gratified with all that I had hoped for when I began to ascend the mountain, and I should have departed dissatisfied had this ultimate and full disclosure been wanting to my entertainment; but it was certainly less interesting than the partial and varying breaks and glimmerings by which it was preceded, not only from the fanciful aspects under which the objects were exhibited, but from the lively expectation kept up in the mind of something still to come. The wild and rapid eddying of the mist was almost as amusing as the capricious spectacle which it kept shewing and shifting before me, and the sailing away of the dark cloud, which moved off horizontally, unveiling the country as it passed, was the finest sight that I ever beheld.

Penmaen Mawr, itself, when perfectly unfolded, became an interesting object, both from the savage grandeur of its natural forms, and the rude monuments of ancient art which are scattered about it. The mountain bears a very ruinous aspect, not from the impression of any great convulsion, but the effects of slow demolition. Braich y Ddinas is almost entirely covered with an irregular bed of loose stones, in places three and four feet thick, and, where the rock rises up perpendicularly, it shews on its hacked and shattered surface the waste that it has suffered. The fortification in its present state is scarcely susceptible of exact and certain description. At a considerable depth below the summit there appears to have been two great dry walls, rising one above the other, but they are so confounded with the heaps of stones that have streamed from the rock above them, that I could not, with that allowance of attention and time which I thought it worth while to bestow upon them, ascertain their figure and limits. Within both the spaces which they inclose are numerous circular walls, like those already described on the summit, of various dimensions, many twelve feet in diameter, some eighteen, and many only five. In some of these the inclosures are cut in half by an inner wall, and in others divided by two intersecting walls into four compartments. The outer walls of them all are in ruins, and in many instances raised but little above the surface of the bed of stones by which they are surrounded, but their circularity is distinctly marked out by the inner spaces, which have been protected from the encroachment of the *débris*. Some of these were covered with a bright green turf, and had the appearance of gems incased in the rock. My guide called them all towers, and so, indeed, they have often been called before, and

decided to have been the habitations of the soldiers, but, in spite of this explanation, I could not exactly make up my mind about their meaning and use. Whether they were ever high enough to deserve the name of towers it is impossible to ascertain, the stones with which they were constructed being so mixed with others which made no part of them; and I hesitated in admitting them to be habitations, from the exceeding diminutiveness of some of the inclosures, for, in those which were divided into several compartments, and in those which were only five feet in diameter, a man could not lie down at his length. I observed no aperture in any one of them for an entrance, and there are no means of determining whether they were ever roofed.

This fortification is thus described in Gibson's Camden, from some notes of Sir John Wynn of Gwedir. "On the top of Penmaen stands a lofty and impregnable hill, called Braich y Dinas, where we find the ruinous walls of an exceeding strong fortification, encompassed with a treble wall, and within each wall the foundation of at least a hundred towers, all round, and of equal bigness, and about six yards diameter within the walls. The walls of this Dinas were, in most places, two yards thick, and in some about three. This castle seems, while it stood, to have been impregnable, there being no way to offer any assault to it; the hill being so very high, steep, and rocky, and the walls of such strength. The way or entrance into it ascends with many twinings, so that a hundred men could defend themselves against a whole legion, and yet it should seem that there were lodgings for 20,000 men. By the tradition of our ancestors, this was the strongest and safest refuge or place of defence that the ancient Britons had in all Snowdon to secure them from the incursions of their enemies. Moreover, the greatness of the work shews that it was a princely fortification *."

I venture to declare that this account is very inaccurate, though it has been very confidently referred to by several modern tourists in support of their own personal observation. I will not assert that the fortress was not guarded with a treble wall, though I did not make it out; but it is evident to the most careless eye, that the towers, as they are called, are not of equal bigness, and Mr. Pennant, though he premises that he found Sir John Wynn's account 'very just,' states in his own description of the 'circular buildings,' (and no one describes with more fidelity) that 'their diameter in general is from twelve to eighteen feet; but that some were far less, not exceeding five.' If it had been said that twenty thousand men could stand within the whole space included by all the walls, I know not that it would have been true; but to say that there are lodgings for so many in the circular inclosures, is a most unmeasured exaggeration. Admitting that there are a hundred of them, each eighteen feet in diameter, we shall be puzzled to find room in each for two hundred men, unless Sir John Wynn supposed that the towers were several stories high, a conjecture, which few, I imagine, will accede to who have seen the remains, for

* Gibson's Camden, Vol. II. p. 804.

in no single instance do the stones (and who would take such stones away?) lie in such heaps as can authorize us to conclude that they were ever more than five or six feet in height. But when we remember that, out of the hundred towers, one third do not exceed five feet in diameter, how many of the twenty thousand men would remain unhoused, allowing that the buildings were two or three or four stories high? It seems obvious to me that Sir John, in his anxiety to do justice to the ingenuity and magnificence of his ancestors, has been deceived into very hyperbolical measures and phrases, or he would not have applied the terms castle, towers, and princely fortification, to structures which, on the first sight of them, are so clearly the work of a people but just on the threshold of art.

At the remote period when these fortifications were thrown up, an army of twenty thousand men could seldom have been reduced to the necessity of hiding themselves upon a rock among the clouds, and, if pushed to such an extremity by an enemy superior in numbers or power, Penmaen Mawr, it appears to me, would not have been a well-chosen spot to retreat to, for, being an insulated mountain, an army confined upon it must either have submitted to starve or descend down to the plain for supplies. I presume that, as such a spot was not fit for the permanent habitation of man, it was, of course, never permanently garrisoned and constantly supplied with provisions for a siege. On the whole, I rather imagine that it was not designed for the shelter of large armies, but as a common place of refuge, to which the inhabitants of the country near it might fly with their property at a time when they were exposed to the sudden and short incursions of piratical invaders, and here a few might defend themselves against a multitude. I may mention, that the well, which is not filled by a spring, but by the vapour which hangs over the mountain, was not large enough to have supplied any considerable number of people even for a day.

This fortress, in its form and mode of construction, very much resembles one mentioned by Doctor Johnson in the Isle of Sky, called a Dun, or a Borough. He describes it as a circular inclosure about forty-two feet in diameter, encompassed with very thick walls, built with loose stones, and having within the great circle several smaller rounds of wall which formed distinct apartments. Mr. Macqueen, a gentleman well versed in such subjects, was of opinion that it was a Danish fort, but Johnson himself decided that it could not have been a fortress, as there was no provision for water.—“I am inclined to suspect,” he observes, “that, in lawless times, when the inhabitants of every mountain stole the cattle of their neighbour, these inclosures were used to secure the herds and flocks in the night. When they were driven within the wall, they might be easily watched, and defended as long as could be needful; for the robbers durst not wait till the injured clan should find them in the morning*.” The thickness of the walls, however, seems to declare that they were built as a defence against more serious attacks than the doctor has contemplated.

* Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 80.

Braich y Ddinas has been universally regarded as a place of strength, except by a single antiquary, Governor Pownall, who has treated with great contempt the statements of those who have maintained what he thinks so preposterous an opinion. The governor surveyed the work in person, and, unaccountably enough, did not remark the only very evident parts of it, the circular inclosures, and somewhat triumphantly declared, that they did not exist, and that it was very clear from the figure and disposition of every part of the structure which was really to be seen, that this was a consecrated high place of worship of the Druids. He was afterwards convinced, however, from the communications of Mr. Pennant, that the inclosures which he had overlooked were not merely the creation of fancy, and then found out that every one of them was a new proof of the Druidical origin of the whole, and proceeded to give an elaborate and very whimsical explanation of it in all its combinations and relations*. The general belief, nevertheless, is still in favour of the military character of the work. Surely, if this had been a grand sanctuary of the Druids, so well protected by its natural strength against invasion, they would have fled hither from the Romans, and not have left the fate of their sovereignty to be decided on the defenceless plains of Mona.

It is practicable, I believe, to descend down the northern side of the mountain, but I returned by the same path by which I had ascended, that I might not miss the celebrated road cut upon its face. My guide led me to a little hut not far from the foot of the mountain, of unpromising exterior, but in which I found a barley loaf, whose colour my walk up to the clouds had disposed me not to object to, and, thus recruited, I continued my journey. The pass over Penmaen Mawr ascends easily from its southern extremity, and the chief terrors of the traveller are centered in that part of the mountain which rises over his head. The precipice beneath him is guarded by a strong wall, but, if on horseback, or in a carriage, he is raised above this bulwark, and may cast his eye over it, and find full employment for his imagination during every moment that it can spare from the rocks above. The whole western front of the mountain strikes down to the sea with a very rapid descent, and the great mass of bare rock which forms the summit is, on this side, quite perpendicular. There is very little vegetation on this front, almost the whole surface being covered with loose stones, amongst which are many huge fragments, some lying in very alarming positions. Two of these of immense size, and not far above the road, had low walls built under them for their support, but so slight that they served rather to point out the danger than to give an assurance of its being guarded against. In the solid rock I observed the marks of recent falls, and in various parts of the wall there were considerable breaches made by large stones precipitated from the steep above. All these signs are more than sufficient to keep the nerves in play, if a man have any, and fully prove that an accident might happen, but I have not heard that any injury has been suffered on the

* Vide two letters in the *Archæologia* of the Antiq. Soc. Vol. III.

road by man or brute since its first formation in 1772. Falls are most frequent in the winter time, occasioned by the rushing down of torrents, and sometimes by thaws following severe frosts; but they occur at all seasons, and my guide pointed out two breaches in the wall which he did not recollect to have seen on passing over the road ten days before. The most terrific crash that is remembered happened during a violent thunder-storm, in the evening of the 31st of July, 1801, when a mass of rock, supposed to weigh several thousand tons, was loosened from its bed high up the side of the mountain by a sudden torrent, and tumbled down into the sea, bearing along with it a stream of stones which entirely blocked up the road. A woman with a horse had but just passed the spot before the fragment fell, and was near enough to hear it in its tremendous descent, and to feel, no doubt, a most thrilling sense of her narrow escape.

After having so lately clambered up to the summit of the mountain, I was not particularly struck with the road till I reached its highest point, where the eye, whether it turn to the right or left, is presented with a grand and really terrible sight. On one side is a precipice descending to the sea, a hundred and ninety feet deep, and on the other a wall of rock rises perpendicularly to a great height, when it juts out and overhangs the road, not in a compact mass, but split and rent into crags of all rugged forms, and projecting in various threatening attitudes. This is by far the most appalling part of the pass, and I here involuntarily quickened my pace before I could pause to calculate chances, and remember that I was on a turnpike road. It has been usual in describing this noted pass, to add the roaring of the sea to the other horrors which conspire to scare the traveller; but though I admit that such an accompaniment might much improve the general effect, yet truth, or the Lavan Sands, compel me to declare that there is not a sufficient depth of water along shore to produce a roar, certainly not a roar that can startle the ears of a person elevated nearly two hundred feet above it.

After passing a few paces down the northern declivity of the road, all possible danger ceases, and you descend slowly into a rich plain, chequered with corn fields and meadows, which are continued along the margin of the sea, till again suddenly cut off by the rugged promontory of Penmaen Bach. This little plain, fixed in a recess of the mountains, screened from every harsh wind, and open to the western sun, is blest with a most luxuriant fertility, and at this period its various vegetation appeared under its most pleasing colours. One might have paused to admire such a landscape wherever found, but a scene of such mild and placid beauty, amidst the rudeness and horror of these savage rocks, had an exquisite charm, and filled the mind with a delightful contrariety of images. The mountains which guard it describe a large segment of a circle, at the extremities of which stand the magnificent promontories of Penmaen Mawr and Penmaen Bach. The latter, though not near so lofty as Penmaen Mawr, is quite as rugged and more inaccessible, rising on three sides in sudden precipices, which render all passage over it impracticable. It projects further into the sea than the greater Penmaen, and is separated at its east end, from the
main

main chain, by a singular chasm, called Sychnant, or the Dry Hollow, which gives its name to a mountain that bounds it on one side. At low water you may here avoid all further hills by going along the sands, and rounding the western point of Penmaen Bach, may escape over a flat marsh to Conway: but at high tide this outlet is closed, and nothing remains for you but to make up your mind and your wind for the steep and laborious ascent of Sychnant, over which the road is carried. These Alpine roads, particularly the pass of Penmaen Mawr, have often moved the admiration, and called forth the praises of tourists, and, compared with the perilous path which they superseded in the same track*, they are well worthy of praise, and, intrinsically, indeed, are striking examples of what art and labour can accomplish. But they have not been laid out with a critical attention to the *capabilities* of the ground; difficulties have been subdued which it was not necessary to have encountered, and though the roads may be as easy and secure as it was possible to make them in the line that has been chosen, yet they are not near so good as they might have been, had they been made at a lower level, where they might have been completed too with less labour and expense. According to the plan now before parliament, for the improvement of the Holyhead roads, many alterations are proposed in the mountainous track through Caernarvonshire, and among them an entirely new line is recommended for Penmaen Mawr, leading along its base, a little above high-water mark, and continued at the same level as far as the marsh, to the westward of the town of Conway. This work is to be effected partly by removing fragments and cutting through rock, and partly by constructing breast-works, all of which operations are considered to be perfectly practicable, and objectionable only on account of the expense,—a consideration, truly, of no mean importance, though somewhat tardily introduced. If there had been the slightest feeling for it, when the first grant was accorded for the formation of the present road, the money would not have been so employed as to render a new charge necessary; but the style of management adopted in this instance is not altogether unusual in works that are paid for by the public. If the proposed plan should be executed, it will be much to the benefit of travellers, whose chief satisfaction is ease and speed, but tourists hunting after something to wonder at and talk about will pursue the old track as long as it is left open to them.

After having surmounted Penmaen Mawr, the road is continued along the edge of the plain before described, till winding round a projecting rock, that huge promontory is shut out from the view, and Sychnant appears before you rising from the verdant bottom of

* Mr. Pennant thus describes the state of the pass over Penmaen Mawr, previous to the formation of the present road. "In past times it was justly the terror of the traveller; extremely narrow, bad, and stony; and what added to his fears, for a considerable way the danger increased with his progress, by reason of the precipice gaining additional height. Generally it was without the protection of a wall to secure him in case of a false step; which might, in the loftiest place, precipitate him some scores of yards, either on sharp rocks or into the sea, according to the state of the tide. A vein of a crumbling stratum in one part so contracted the road as to excite new horrors."

Dwygyfylchi, more beautiful in nature than in name. This deep and lonely hollow is darkened with a wild thicket of wood, principally mountain-ash, through the midst of which runs a shallow, rapid stream, almost concealed by the intermingling branches of the trees, but cheering the solitude with its ceaseless music. At a short distance from the bridge commences the ascent of Sychnant, which, if to appearance a less dangerous pass than Penmaen Mawr, is more romantic and picturesque. The front of the mountain is dreadfully rugged and steep, and the road is continued up it to the height of five hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea. The wildness of the scene deepened around me as I ascended, and when I had nearly reached the top of the hill it became as desolate and horrible as any thing I had hitherto seen among the mountains. Vast rocks starting up in the most jagged and grotesque crags closed me in to the right and in front, and to my left was a tremendous precipice, which looked into the gloomy gulf called the dry hollow, not more than three or four yards wide at the bottom, from whence on the other side rose Penmaen Bach, almost perpendicularly, and covered with a sheet of loose stones, unrelieved by a blade of vegetation. At its highest elevation the road is cut very deep, and thrown into deep shadow by the dark and naked rocks which compass it on every side. Such a place in romance must have swarmed with banditti; and had I been thinking of romances, the sound of a horn and the trampling of horses, which I heard on a sudden as I paused here, might have startled me a little; but as I happened to be broad awake, I did not conceive for a moment that there was any thing coming but a stage-coach. Banditti would have been more picturesque, but this commonplace object was not without interest here, for in so rude a track it seemed to be travelling quite in a foreign element, and one looked at it with almost as much wonder as if one had met it at sea.

On descending a little down the hill you emerge from this gloom and confinement, and, standing on the last step of the great range of Snowdonian mountains, an altered and beautiful prospect bursts upon the sight—the towers of Conway and a bend of its fine river, backed by the green hills of Denbighshire, cultivated up to their summits. I had been surprised in the course of this day's excursion by many unexpected changes of scenery, but none was more impressive than this last view, thus abruptly disclosed, and the contrast of the smiling hills, which suddenly appeared before me, with the dark and savage mountains that hemmed me in on every other side. A continued descent of nearly two miles leads from hence to Conway, whose lofty walls and ranges of towers excite, as you approach it, high ideas of its dignity and consequence. I entered the town through a grand gateway, guarded by a double tower, in itself a castle, equal in size to most of those raised in Wales before it was subjected to the magnificent designs of Edward the First. After passing this barrier a minute's walk at once puts to flight all thoughts of pomp and pride, and all objects, streets, houses, and people, conspire to assure you that you are in one of

the meanest and filthiest of Welsh towns. There is a tolerable inn, the only thing in modern Conway that can gratify a traveller, and truly we felt in it all becoming joy and pride, well pleased, after so much painful experience, that in this instance we were not obliged to share all the dirt and wretchedness that we saw.

When seen from without, the appearance of the town is extremely beautiful and picturesque, the height of the walls concealing all its meaner parts, and all that the inhabitants have done and are doing to offend the senses, or that interferes with the simplicity of design, and regularity and compactness, which are characteristic of a military town. The walls are built, with some little irregularity, in the form of a triangle, guarded by twenty-four round towers, and entered by four gates. They are more than a mile in circumference, but the town does not near fill up the space which they inclose. They, as well as the numerous towers which flank them, are still quite entire, except about the battlements, and these, by being a little broken, have become more interesting to the artist, and more enticing to the eye of the antiquary. The base of the triangle borders the river, and at its south corner, high raised on a steep rock, stands the castle, without doubt one of the most mighty and majestic fabrics that this country can boast. Its form is an oblong square, defended by eight round towers of vast bulk and commanding height, whose fronts form an unbroken line with the face of the precipitous rock on which they stand. Four of these enormous towers are seen to the utmost advantage from the base of the rock, ranged in a line nearly in front of the river, and composing the finest masses of building that can be imagined—not remarkable for any beauty or splendour of architecture, but representing a most striking image of grandeur, dignity, and power.

It is supposed that this castle and the castle of Caernarvon were designed by the same architect, and it is difficult to decide which is most worthy of admiration, though the style and character of the two buildings are perfectly distinct. In that of Caernarvon we are most struck with the beauty and elegance of all its parts, and the admirable skill which in so massive a structure has preserved an effect of such graceful lightness; but there are none of these distinctions in Conway Castle, which is huge and ponderous without disguise, and has perhaps a more appropriate character than its rival as a military work, disdaining all petty graces, and awing the mind with its aspect of simple greatness and impregnable strength. Its situation on the verge of a perpendicular rock is exceedingly fine, and it is seen from various points of view in combination with some of the grandest scenery in the country. Indeed the three great castles of Edward in Wales are all very remarkable for the nobleness of their situations, but that of Conway made the greatest impression on my mind, nor will any one I imagine think that I have said too much of it, who has had a sight of this majestic fortress, rising abruptly from the brink of a broad river, with one front looking over to a line of beautiful hills, and another guarded by a range of tremendous mountains.

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The external walls of all the towers are entire, except of one, at the east end of the building, and this, in its present state of mutilation, forms, as a spectacle, the most interesting object about the castle. More than half of the front, the lower part of it, has fallen down, and the remainder now hangs suspended sixty or seventy feet above the ground, and projected at least thirty feet into the air. It has been in this state for nearly a century, and may continue in the same state for a century to come; but as you stand under it, and cast your eyes up to this tremendous ruin hanging over you, it is not easy to persuade the feelings that it will not come down upon your head. The back of the tower is strongly founded on the solid rock, and the broken front is held firmly attached to it by the strength of the cement; but when we consider the degree of its projection and its vast bulk, its long preservation in this critical posture is very singular, and to the eye it appears marvellous indeed. The ruins lie on the sands beneath in enormous fragments, preserving the whole thickness of the wall, which is eleven feet.

The fall of this tower is said to have been occasioned by the poor people of the place, who were in the habit of picking away slates from the rock beneath it, and the same mischievous experiment seems to have been begun upon the foundation of the tower next to it, though not continued to an extent that endangers its security. The broken tower is so curious an object that its damage may not be regretted, but one of the kind is really quite sufficient, and it is to be hoped that the owner of this noble work will guard it against any further injury from wilful violence.

As a place of defence this castle stood unrivalled by any other in the country at the time of its construction, but it is commanded by neighbouring heights, which render it quite open to the power of artillery. It is bounded on one side by the main stream of the Conway, on another by a creek, diverging from it, and is cut off from the town by a deep fosse, which was formerly passed by means of a drawbridge. All attack from the side of the river was guarded against by a curtain, terminating in a round tower, raised at each extremity of the lower face of the walls, and projecting a considerable distance into the river. There are still some remains of one of these, but the other has totally disappeared. There are two entrances, the main one of which leads from the town over the fosse, but it has nothing of grandeur about it, like the noble entrance into Caernarvon Castle, the skill of the architect having been here exclusively employed upon the great object of security. In the interior of the building there is little to notice but ruins, though in some of the apartments there are still some traces of former magnificence, which serve to give them a moral interest, and call forth meditation and melancholy. The Great Hall was a spacious and well proportioned apartment, a hundred and thirty feet in length, and thirty-two feet in breadth. The roof was supported by eight elegant arches of freestone, four of which are still remaining. It is lighted by nine windows, and at its east end is one of larger dimensions, and more richly ornamented than the rest, which is supposed to have belonged to a small chapel. We found some amusement in exploring every corner of this

silent and desolate building, in company with a very venerable and garrulous guide, but we saw little and heard little in the course of our scramblings that deserves to be mentioned. The four eastern towers, one of which is called the King's, are each crowned with a lofty turret, and are ranged round a small court, which opens into a larger one, through a strongly-guarded gateway, a precaution adopted no doubt for the more perfect security of the royal apartments. These bear the marks of far more costly finishing than those of any of the other towers, and they have fortunately suffered less from violence and pillage. In one of the chambers there is a beautiful gothic recess in the wall, with a vaulted roof, supported by intersecting arches, which spring from light pillars, ranged round the sides. It is lighted by three windows, which command a noble view down the river. This pretty closet bears the reputation of having been Queen Eleanor's Oriel, or toilet-chamber, a sanctuary once common in the house of every person of rank, and always ornamented with peculiar elegance, as became the graceful service for which it was reserved. We passed from this interesting spot into the broken tower, which our guide, God help him! thought far more worthy of admiration, containing, as it did, in un-reduced dimensions, the great garrison-oven. "Many a fine fat joint has come smoking from this cold, damp hole," said he; and he really gazed at the place with as much earnestness as if he had had the stomach of a regiment.

This tower is seen to more advantage from hence than from the sands below, for here the enormous thickness of the walls, said to be eleven feet, is more evident to the eye. You may advance a little way into the tower, till you find yourself at the brink of a perpendicular rock, more than sixty feet high, and from this station the huge, baseless bow, suspended over the precipice, has the most astonishing appearance that can be conceived.

The military history of this fortress is very barren, it being built immediately after the death of Prince Llewelyn, an event which, if it did not quite subdue the spirit of the Welsh, effectually destroyed their power of resistance. The unfortunate Richard the Second, on his return from Ireland in 1399, took refuge in Conway, with an intention of making a stand against the forces of Bolingbroke; but he fled in dismay, while the enemy were still at a distance, and the castle was not doomed to experience the honours of a siege till the reign of Charles the First. In 1642 it was garrisoned for the king by Williams, Archbishop of York, who had received in charge the whole of North Wales. He repaired the fortifications at his own expense, and being a man of great ability, and of a daring and energetic character, was looked up to with great confidence by all the loyalists round the country. Numerous families, alarmed at the precariousness of all property in those turbulent times, consigned over their plate and jewels to the archbishop, who accepted the trust, giving to every one a receipt for his goods, by which he acknowledged himself responsible for their security. A man of such great loyalty and popularity seemed to be admirably calculated for the station that he filled, but through some mysterious policy of the court he was not permitted to consummate his plans, but was suddenly superseded in his

his command, in May 1645, by Prince Rupert, who put Sir John Owen into possession of the castle, dispossessing the prelate of his authority with unceremonious violence, and refusing to give him any security for the private property that he had received into his custody. Such an outrage was sufficient to have exasperated a cooler spirit than that of this high-mettled Welshman, and had his duty to the king involved no other obligations than what are common between man and man, he might have given the reins to his resentment without reproach; but as it is to be hoped that he embarked in the royal cause as the one most promising to the good of the country, he could not, it appears obvious to me, make his wrongs an excuse for a breach of his allegiance. He, however, acted from a different persuasion, and has not wanted apologists for his conduct. In June, 1646, the king's affairs had become desperate, and at this critical period the archbishop could not resist the opportunity of making his peace with the parliament, and therefore went over to General Mytton, by whom his offers of service were readily accepted. Having a correct knowledge of the most vulnerable parts of his own works in the castle, he advised the general to carry it by storm, which was effected on the 15th of August, when the martial churchman proved his hearty co-operation in his new cause by assisting personally at the attack, in the heat of which he received a wound in his neck. Whether he may be said to have covered himself with glory by his exploits, I shall not pause to settle further: his baser interests at least were well served by his tergiversation. The parliament granted him a general pardon in consideration of his services, and General Mytton relieved him from all anxiety about the goods that he had made himself responsible for, by restoring them to their respective owners.

The cannon of Cromwell made sad havoc with most of the castles in Wales, but this grand fabric was by a special indulgence permitted to stand uninjured. What was spared however, even by the blind rage of war, was doomed to fall a more ignoble sacrifice to the greedy hands of cold-blooded avarice. The castle was granted by Charles the Second to Edward Earl of Conway, who conceived that he could by no means turn it to such good account as by stripping it of its lead, iron, and timber. Every man of taste and feeling in the country loudly remonstrated against so monstrous an act, but the earl justified it by representing that the materials were intended for the king's use, and carrying his barbarous design into execution, reduced the building to its present ruinous condition.

Conway has few other antiquities that deserve notice. A Cistercian Abbey was founded here by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, and endowed with numerous and distinguished privileges. Pennant describes some remains of it, but there is now not a vestige to be seen. In the town there is a large old house, called *Plás Mawr*, or the Great Palace, built by the Wynns of Gwedir, the last faded remnant of splendour left to remind us that Conway was once noted for its gentility. It has gained nothing in compensation for the loss of its former courtly character, no interest in manufactures or trade of any kind, but is altogether as wretched a looking place as any that we had visited in the whole principality.

A few

A few small vessels belong to the port, which carry away the produce of the valley, corn, oak-bark, and timber, to Scotland and Ireland. The river is navigable as high up as Llanrwst, twelve miles above Conway, but it has a bar at its mouth, and all the lower part of the channel is rendered extremely dangerous by shifting sand-banks.

Conway Ferry has called forth many a peevish paragraph from indignant tourists, but I shall not add my voice to the chorus, as there is a prospect of speedily seeing all cause of complaint on this subject removed by the construction of a bridge. A design for one has already been made by Mr. Telford the engineer, and approved of by the committee appointed to consider the best means of improving the Holyhead roads. Opposite to the castle there is a small rocky island well adapted for the foundation of piers; and over the space between this and the castle Mr. Telford proposes to throw a cast-iron arch of two hundred feet span. Behind the east abutment of this arch a channel is to be cut through the rock, wide and deep enough to admit the largest vessels that frequent the river; and over it is to be placed a drawbridge. The remainder of the island is to be crossed by three arches of fifty feet span each, and the road continued over the sands to the eastern bank of the river by means of a stone embankment. This plan is considered to be the most economical and practicable that can be devised, and not in the slightest degree prejudicial to the navigation of the river. The whole length of the road will be seven hundred and forty-four yards; and the expense of the work is estimated at 44,178*l*.

Crossing the river we continued our journey along its eastern shore towards the Great Orme's Head, where we had been promised a sight of some very grand scenery. About two miles down the river is Diganwy Castle, the seat of Lord Selkirk, who usually passes a month or two of his summer there, and with a truly liberal spirit supports the character of Welsh hospitality. His lordship's house is called after an ancient castle which occupied two points of a curiously serrated hill at a short distance from the shore. At what period a fortress was first founded here is not known, but Diganwy is often mentioned as the scene of action in the long protracted struggle between England and Wales. In the year 1211, King John lay encamped under it for some time with a great unwieldy army, for which he could never find an opportunity to act, though he waited for it till his men were perishing around him with hunger. The Welsh wisely avoided a general action, but occasionally descending from their holds in the mountains, harassed him by desultory attacks; cutting off his supplies of provisions, and finally reducing him to such an extremity, that he was compelled to make a disgraceful retreat, leaving the country covered with his dead. His successor, Henry the Third, suffered a reverse equally disastrous on the same spot, lying passive and impotent with an army far superior in numbers to that of the enemy, till, to avoid being starved in his quarters, he was obliged to retreat. An officer of rank attached to his army gives, in a letter to his friends, the following dolorous account of his sufferings during the term of this miserable encampment. "The king with his armie lieth at Gannock (Diganwy) fortifieing of that strong castell, and we lie in our tents thereby,

thereby, watching, fasting, praying, and freezing with cold. We watch for feare of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade and come upon us in the night time: we fast for want of meat, for the halfpenny loaf is worth fivepence; we praie to God to send us home again speedilie; and we starve for cold, wanting our winter garments, and having no more but a thin linen cloth betwixt us and the wind *."

Some traces of the castle are still visible, but they are not sufficient to give any idea of its form and extent. The sides of the two rocks on which it stood are very precipitous, and taper upwards, leaving very limited surfaces on their summits, so that the building could not have been of any great dimensions, but its position was exceedingly strong.

At a short distance from hence we entered upon the flat isthmus which connects the lofty peninsula of Llandudno with the main land. In the time of Leland, this tract was often overflowed by the sea, and had a causeway raised upon it for passengers; but the accumulations of sand brought down by the Conway and thrown up in banks around it, have long since invested it with all the privileges of terra firma, and it now yields excellent corn and grass. The vast promontory that bounds it, a disconnected mountain thrust out into the sea, has a most striking effect from every point of approach. On its east side is the little village of Llandudno, rude and romantic, lying at the foot of a precipitous hill, roughened with huge masses of grey rock, and sparingly sprinkled with coppice wood. Here we left our horses, as not safe companions among the rocks and precipices that we were about to explore, and proceeding by the shore along the south side of the promontory, came to Gogarth, the ruins of a monastery, which was annexed to the abbey of Conway. Fame had attracted us hither to see a picturesque ruin, but fame delights in amplification, and we gained nothing by our visit, but a new proof of the utter lawlessness of its reports. Enough of the edifice remains to shew that it was large and strongly built, but we could discover nothing more about it. It stands close to the shore, and some parts of it have been washed down by the sea.

The whole southern side of the peninsula is bordered by a narrow stripe of flat land, the only remnant left of a great plain which, according to tradition, once filled up the space between this promontory and the island of Priestholm. This narrow tract is extremely fertile, and was now covered with corn, whose rich golden colour was finely contrasted with the rude front of the precipice which rises above it to the height of four hundred feet. The whole mountain consists of limestone, which, on this southern face, breaks out in long lines of rock like walls, which, ranged one above the other, have the appearance of a fortification. We made our way to the summit from this side, by a heart-bursting path cut in traverses up the precipice, almost scorched to death with the sun, whose rays, reflected from the white limestone, came over us in blasts of heat that were

* Powel, p. 224.

scarcely supportable. We did not find a paradise at the top to recompense us for this purgatorial experiment, and might probably have hesitated to go through it again, even with the certainty of such a reward.

The peninsula is rather more than two miles long, and not quite one broad, bleak, naked, and unenclosed, but covered with a good turf, which yields excellent herbage for sheep. The surface of the summit is deeply waved by ridges and hollows, and rises at its highest point to the height of about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Our views from this eminence were inexpressibly fine. To the south were seen the windings of the Conway, the numerous towers of its town and castle, and in the distance the spiring summits of a chain of mountains. To the west lay the lovely bay of Beaumaris, and a long extent of the deeply indented coast of Anglesey; and to the north was the boundless expanse of the ocean.

We proceeded to the extreme point of the promontory, which opposes a most awful front to the sea, and very singularly broken. The face of the cliff, which is of solid rock, appears to have been violently rent asunder; and in front of the chasm a sloping bank shelves down to the sea with a very rapid descent, perhaps at an angle of sixty with the plane of the horizon. This bank is covered with a considerable depth of earth, and spread with short russet grass. On each side of it is a tremendous precipice, striking to the sea in three or four vast steps of rock, the face of each step smooth and quite perpendicular, and the highest at least six hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the summit of each of these grand terraces, excepting the lowest, there is a level space broad enough to walk upon with security, where, without more alarm than is sufficient to give interest to the situation, you may look about upon the great expanse of the ocean. The summit of the last step, which is about three hundred feet perpendicular, is only a narrow ledge, not more than a yard wide, but, singularly enough, covered with a fine green turf. To this frightful path some sheep, alarmed at our voices, had fled for safety, and even here exhibited some symptoms of alarm about us, though they looked down at the terrible abyss beneath them apparently without concern. We had a guide with us, who proposed to prove himself not less fearless than the sheep by following their steps; but we dissuaded him from the enterprize, feeling less interest in the strength of his nerves than the weakness of our own.

On the face of the steep bank which intersects these immense walls of rock a zig-zag path has been cut, which formerly led down to the bottom of the cliff. Here, we were informed, there is a remarkably pretty cavern in the rock, furnished with a table and seats of white marble for the accommodation of tea parties. This little grotto at the foot of this magnificent precipice, and looking out upon a fine deep sea, must have a very striking effect, and we wished very much to gain a sight of it, but tried without success. We descended down the bank to within about eighty feet of the sea, when we found our progress

gress checked by a perpendicular precipice—the consequence of some recent fall of the rocks. Our view from hence upwards of the cliff above us, its dreadful height, and the enormous masses of solid rock of which it is composed, was perfectly sublime.

The whole northern coast of the promontory is not quite so lofty as its western point, but of the same character, the vast strata of rock being piled in a similar succession of terraces, and broken at intervals by sudden chasms, each faced with a green sloping bank. It composed altogether the most extraordinary and romantic piece of coast scenery that we had seen; amazingly grand and fantastically varied, the grey weather-beaten rocks alternating in striking contrast with the smooth verdant banks, which occasionally breaking the huge wall, gave us glimpses of the white foam of the sea beating the shore at an awful depth below us.

In the breeding season these cliffs are the haunt of myriads of sea-birds, principally Guillemots and Razor Bills, but they had now all disappeared. We had been forewarned that we should not see a single bird, having deferred our visit to the 14th of August, the day after that which these birds invariably select for their flight to other regions. Our reporter, and we had no reason to question his veracity, declared that he had ascertained the fact through several successive years by actual observation, and was therefore firmly persuaded not only that the birds to a single individual all departed on the same day, but that the day was regularly the 13th of August. Our own experience on this weighty matter does not confirm the whole of his statement, deciding only that no birds remained after the fourteenth of the month, but not proving that none flew away before the thirteenth.

On our return along the north coast our attention was arrested by a structure which, on a very near examination, we discovered to be a church, standing in a most cheerless situation; the only building in the whole of this wild waste. It is in the artless style of ordinary Welsh churches, resembling a long white-washed barn. A small window at one extremity throws a feeble light upon the pulpit standing near it, but every other part of the interior is as dark as a dungeon. On a tablet in the wall, with an angel's head and wings over it, is seen in unequivocal characters—"Roger Williams, his seat;" the only inscription that I noticed.

From hence we were conducted to the top of a hill, called Dinas, at the east end of the promontory, to look at a famous *rocking-stone*, known by the name of Crýd Tudno, St. Tudno's cradle: it was of enormous size, we had heard; but again Fame proved untrue, representing the object of our curiosity as four times larger than we actually found it. But this was not all that we had to complain of: some bungling experimentalists, in their ardour to discover the principle of motion in the stone, had altered its position, and rendered it almost immovable. This Dinas was one of the rude hill-forts of the ancient Britons, and some obscure traces of the works are still to be seen, though I know not that to an inexperienced eye, or a judgment unprepared by previous report, they would appear to bear any marks of man's ingenuity. I think, however, that I made out here and there

something

something like round walls, well known to the learned as the mystic circles of the Druids, but which the vulgar here call Irishmen's houses, it being certain that those adventurous pirates, in days of old, encouraged by the facility of the voyage, made frequent attacks upon this coast of Wales. There can be no reason, then, for denying that the houses belonged to the Irishmen:—But were they houses? This is really more than I can presume to say.

We now descended into the plain, and continued our journey along the shore across the pretty bay of Llandudno, bounded at its eastern point by the Little Orme's Head, a bold and lofty cape, which we might have paused to tremble at a little, had we not so lately come from its more formidable namesake at the opposite extremity of the bay. Rounding this point, an expanded prospect opened before us, unobstructed by rocks and precipices,—a capacious bay bounded by a low shore, the land rising gradually from it, and richly spread with ripened corn. We were now to take our leave altogether of the Welsh mountains, and had quite done with climbing, and scrambling, and jumping, with crags and bogs, and all the accidents of Alpine journeys. We were certainly to be no gainers in the picturesque by the change of scene that was before us; but after travelling so far in a wild and rugged region interspersed only with spots and patches of verdure and fruitfulness, there was a great charm in the first sight of a wide extent of country blessed with an uniform fertility, and yielding in every part of it something for the use and enjoyment of man. After passing for a few miles through a country recommended by such cheerful circumstances of interest, we arrived at the foot of a long hill which juts out into the sea, and forms the promontory of Penmaen Rhos. From its summit we had a lovely view over the fertile tract that we had just passed. The distance was marked by a range of hills well covered with wood, and girding in the figure of a crescent a plain which was all a garden, and terminated in a wide bay filled with a smooth and brilliant sea. Nothing could be more elegant than every feature of the prospect, and nothing more warm and various than its colouring, heightened as it was by the glow of the sun, which was sinking low in the west, and shed over all a rich and yellow light. Opposite to us, in the remote distance, were seen the tops of the Caernarvon mountains; but they were mellowed by a soft blue tint, and rather improved than disturbed the harmony of this graceful and placid landscape.

Continuing our journey for a few miles further, still through a fertile and pleasing country, we arrived at the village of Abergeleu, once noted only for the large cattle-fairs held at it, but now distinguished also as a bathing-place; its street of ancient hovels and public-houses, abodes such as drovers love, having been lately flanked by a good inn and a few decent lodging-houses. It stands on the skirts of a large tract of level land, called Rhuddlan Marsh, supposed to have been formerly of much greater extent, and reduced by the depredations of the sea. The advance of the sea is attested by an epitaph in the churchyard of the village, which has neither name nor date, but simply records, that in the churchyard lies a man who lived three miles to the northward of it; and if the assertion

be

be true, the sea must have advanced two miles upon the land. Objections may be raised to this loose record, given perhaps on the evidence of an old man anxious to report something extraordinary, and not careful to measure his miles with precision; but that the sea has gained very considerably upon the land is proved by the appearance of a long extent of clayey soil, filled with the trunks of oak trees, stretching out as far as low-water mark. The land for many leagues to the eastward of Abergeleu is bordered by a very low shore, but is apparently, in some degree, secured against further injury by banks of sand and a bed of beach. The marsh is a dreary naked tract, inclosed, and producing some corn, but generally laid out in pasture, brown and bare, and without a tree or a bush to relieve the uniform flatness of the surface. In the year 795, this plain was the scene of a dreadful battle between the Saxons and the Welsh, which ended in the total rout of the latter, with the loss of their Prince Caradoc. The pretty plaintive Welsh air, known by the name of *Morfa Rhuddlan*, is supposed to have been composed as a lament for the heroes who perished in this disastrous fight.

From Abergeleu we proceeded to Rhuddlan, situated on the banks of the small river Clwyd, a dirty ragged town, combining in one street all the abominations that I have recorded of all the worst towns in Wales. It is rendered of some consideration, however, in the eyes of a traveller, by the remains of a castle, though positively we had become so familiar with towers and bastions, that nothing less than the ardour of my uncle Toby could have made us regard them now with any lively interest. Rhuddlan was fortified at an early period, and being near the frontier of the kingdom, was considered a post of equal importance to the Welsh and their invaders, and was knocked down and rebuilt somewhat oftener than is worth the telling, as the various fortune of war banded it from one restless possessor to another. It was last enlarged and strengthened by Edward the First, who made Rhuddlan his general magazine of arms and provisions for the army which he had collected for the conquest of Wales. During the short struggle that was made to oppose him, this castle was attacked by David, the brother of Prince Llewelyn, but without success; and it was permitted to stand uninjured till the reign of Charles the First, when it was taken by General Mytton, and by him dismantled. At the conclusion of his last campaign in this country, Edward the First held a parliament here, to take into consideration the best means of reclaiming his new subjects, and introducing among them the authority of regular government. In this council was framed the statute of Rhuddlan, in which were included many excellent provisions for the regulation of the country; but from the evil administration of the officers appointed to enforce them, and the stubborn turbulence of the people, they proved altogether ineffectual, and Wales remained, for some centuries after its conquest by England, in a state of barbarous riot and confusion.

The castle was surrounded with a ditch faced with stone, and towards the river was defended by a strong and lofty wall flanked by three square towers: one of these is still

standing, and tolerably entire; the others are overthrown, and lie in awful heaps of ruin. The body of the building is a square, with a double tower at the east and west corners, and a single one at each of the others. There are two entrances, one between each of the double towers, which were defended by portcullises. The front facing the river is externally well preserved, but the other parts are very much injured, though the whole structure still retains much of its ancient majesty, and, with its weather-worn walls hung with ivy and broken by huge chasms which discover their enormous thickness, composes a very grand and picturesque ruin.

From the top of one of the towers we had a partial view of the celebrated vale of Clwyd, which here opens into Rhuddlan Marsh. It is looked upon as quite the Eden of Wales, and has been supposed to put our valleys of England entirely out of countenance. A tourist, well acquainted with the scenery of both countries, has said of the vale of Clwyd, "Cambria here lays aside her majestic air, and condescends to assume a gentler form, in order to render less violent her approaching union with her English neighbour. It were to be wished she had acted with more moderation, and not outshone it at the rate the most partial Saxon must allow it to have done*." I saw but a limited portion of this superlative region, and was not particularly struck with it, though I am not aware that my Saxon blood gave the lightest bias to my judgment and feeling. Other tourists have written (but they were Saxons) that the tract in question, though possessing many charms, is somewhat too trim and uniform, and that an artist might complain of it, that it is rather dressed out in the formal modes of good husbandry, than the graces of picturesque beauty. All accounts at least agree that it is exuberantly fertile; and from many points of view, from whence a great extent of it may be seen, exhibits a very exhilarating scene,—a land teeming with abundance, and enlivened by a numerous and thriving population. It is stated to be more than twenty miles in length, and to vary from three to five miles in breadth. It is bounded on each side by a range of low hills, and is watered by the river Clwyd, though very scantily, for the river is little more than a brook, and is quite lost in the wide flat through which it winds. At Rhuddlan, two miles from its junction with the sea, it expands a little, and becomes navigable for vessels of a hundred tons.

On leaving this place we turned to the sea, and continued our journey along the shore, having a dreary waste of sand to our left, and a barren moor to our right. Nothing occurred to relieve the dulness of our way till we arrived at the point of Air, the farthest projection of the marsh into the sea. Here there is a lighthouse, which has two windows in the light-room, one shewing a light to the eastward into the river Dee, and the other pointing to the W. N. W. as a guide over Chester Bar. The navigation of the Dee, and of the channel in every line of approach to it, is exceedingly intricate and dangerous. Vessels sailing to it from the westward pass over Chester Bar through a narrow channel

* Pennant's Tour in Wales, vol. ii. p. 29.



The Light-house on Point of Air, Flintshire



View near Hoyle-lake, Cheshire

lying between the land and the Hoyle Sands, a long bank running parallel with the shore for an extent of ten or twelve miles, and lying directly across the mouth of the river. This is a most formidable obstruction to vessels; but if it interrupt the free use of the sea, it acts as a serviceable barrier in defence of the land, which has already very evidently been greatly encroached upon. The Hoyle Sands, now nearly two miles from the shore, are not unreasonably supposed to have been at no very remote period a part of the land; and there is a tradition fresh in this part of the world, which boldly declares that the marsh, bordering the shore as far as the mouth of the Dee, formerly extended so far to the eastward, that people standing on the Welsh coast of the river could converse with others on the opposite bank. The channel is now at least five miles across, but at half ebb, except in the bed of the river, it is quite dry. Whether these exact limitations of the mischief are quite correct is doubtful; but it is certain that the land on this coast has suffered largely from the ravages of the sea, and the consequence has been the extension of those numerous banks along the shore which so seriously obstruct the facility of access to the Dee and the Mersey.

As we stood at the foot of the lighthouse we were much struck with the dreary aspect of this dismal shore, and we saw it under circumstances peculiarly favourable to its dreariness. The sea had ebbed far out, leaving exposed a desert of sand, at least a mile in breadth, and extending in length as far as the eye could reach. Over this melancholy waste a low cloud of loose sand, forced up by a strong wind, was driving to the land, spreading destruction before it; and on the banks at sea were seen and heard long lines of breakers. On the sands were strewed about pieces of wreck and heaps of stranded fish; and not far from us lay the whitened skeleton of a horse, which looked a huge strange thing, and had a good effect in this picture of desolation. An iron-bound coast, with the horrors of its gulfs and precipices, has more of grandeur and magnificence, but never excited in our minds a stronger impression of the gloomy and terrible than this wild, exposed, and cheerless flat.

After proceeding about two miles further east, we arrived at the broad estuary of the Dee, now a plain of mud. We were here thrown into a momentary puzzle about our mode of progress, finding, contrary to the positive assurance of our guide, that there was no road along the shore within the estuary, and that had we attempted a pass in that line, we should undoubtedly have been consigned to a muddy grave. There would have been something very preposterous and inexcusable in such a destiny, and we were careful not to advance nearer to it than up to the knees. We could not escape to the road over the marsh, for it is here an open swamp, and had the sea been advancing, we might have been reduced to a situation of no insignificant peril, considering that we are but home travellers. Fortunately, however, we were here at a most propitious hour of the tide, which allowed us deliberately to retrace our steps to the lighthouse, from whence we made our way over a part of the marsh lately inclosed, and so effected our retreat to the road. Even here,
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when we had passed beyond the protection of the inclosures, we were obliged to proceed with some caution over a track diversified by heaps of loose stones and pits of water, and occasionally of mud left by the sea, which, at high water in spring tides, flows over the road. Immediately to our right our view was bounded by a high rocky bank, a firm barrier against the further depredations of the sea. This bank, broken by many small bays and projections, and shaded with wood, forms a pretty boundary to the water, when it pleases the water to appear; but there was none now visible, except here and there in a pool or a gutter on a dull expanse of mud. We splashed and stumbled along for about three miles, when the marsh appeared again to our left, covered with a short bright grass, which, though occasionally overflowed by the sea, is very willingly eaten by sheep, and renders them very fit to be eaten. Here our road became firm, dry, and infested by turnpikes, and we hurried on, without any more extravagant causes of complaint or admiration, till we found ourselves at rest for the day in a comfortable inn at Holywell.

This is one of the largest and most opulent towns of Wales, raised within a century from a village of a few huts, by the introduction of manufactures. It is irregular, and inconveniently situated on the sides of a steep hill; but the streets are spacious, and the houses generally very respectable: it is crowded with people, and altogether wears the appearance of a busy thriving place. But its leading object of curiosity to strangers is its celebrated well, which, by its miraculous powers, gave to the town in former times all its fame and dignity, and which contributes very materially to the support of its present importance, by supplying the principle of motion to the machinery of its numerous and various manufactories. The spring rises from a rock at the bottom of a steep hill, and is covered with an elegant gothic shrine ornamented with a profusion of sculpture. The water boils up with amazing force, and is first received into a polygonal well within the shrine, from whence it flows into a large bath in the open air, which once washed away the sins and sorrows of as many as had faith enough to make a trial of its waters, but had now, I could perceive, a coat of mud at the bottom, of some months' growth, which had evidently never been disturbed by the foot of a believer. A few years ago there were some devotees to be found who had not learned to despise the powers of these consecrated waters. Mr. Pen-nant states, "In the summer, still a few are to be seen in the water in deep devotion up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well; or threading the arch between well and well a prescribed number of times. Few people of rank at present honour the fountain with their presence. A crowned head in the seventeenth century dignified the place with a visit. The prince who lost three kingdoms for a mass, payed his respects on August 29, 1686, to our saint, and received as a reward, a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary Stuart, lost her head *."

* Tour in Wales, vol. i. p. 51.

A few crutches, the offerings of restored cripples, are still to be seen in the shrine, but they have been there so long, I believe, that they are now not regarded with any degree of wonder, and there are lame people in this very town who resolutely keep their crutches under their arms. Two ancient maidens attend at the well to distribute the precious draught, and explain its virtues to strangers, which they do with great seriousness and devoutness; though the solemnity of the shrine was shockingly scandalized, when we were there, by the jarring tongues and pails of a profane mob of cooks and scullions, who dipped their unpurged hands into the well, dreaming as little of miracles as though St. Wenefrede had never been.

This spring had a very extraordinary origin, connected too with a most wonderful event in the life of the illustrious saint who presides over it. Wenefrede, who lived in the seventh century, was born of noble parents, and was a lady of rare endowments and singular beauty. She resided here under the protection of her uncle, St. Beuno, till the peace and happiness of her retirement were interrupted by the invasion of a lawless lover of high rank, called Cradocus. This intemperate man might perhaps have been forgiven for loving a lady of such attractions as the fair Wenefrede, but he had the unpardonable boldness to declare his passion to her, and shock her with proposals for its gratification. The indignant virgin, at the first hint of such an outrage, made a violent attempt to escape; but the ruffian pursued her, and, in a transport of rage and disappointment, cut off her head. He had scarcely struck the blow when he fell dead; whether the earth opened to receive him, or the devil, by some unseen slight, got hold of him, is not quite clear, according to the legend; but it is altogether certain that he never made his appearance again in this world alive or dead. In the mean time Wenefrede's head proceeded down the hill and stopped at the bottom, when, from the spot, the spring instantly gushed out clear and copious as we now behold it. A moss, fragrant with perfume, lined its sides, and the rock sprinkled with blood ever after retained the stains.

“ The lifeless tears shee shed, into a fountaine turne,
And, that for her alone, the water should not mourne,
The pure vermillion blood that issued from her veines
Unto this very day the pearly gravel staines;
As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheekes,
And that one part of her might be the other like,
Her haire was turned to mosse, whose sweetnesse doth declare,
In livenesse of youth the natural sweets she bare*.”

There are who venture to affirm that this scented moss, which still grows in abundance on the sides of the well, was not unknown to Linnæus, and that it is frequently found in many other springs in our own country. They assert, too, that the stains on the rock are

* Drayton's Poly-Olbion.

not blood, but purely vegetable matter. Of this, however, there is nothing hinted in the legend.

I have said that St. Beuno was the protector of Wenefrede, and though, as it may be supposed, he was too old and feeble to interpose with effect in the first tumult of this sudden tragedy, yet he came forward in time to be of very signal service. When Cradocus disappeared, this provident saint took his way after the restless head of his unfortunate relative; and finding it at the spring, carried it back to the body which it had deserted, and as nicely as he could, placed it where it ought to be: the dissevered parts immediately and closely united again like old friends, and Wenefrede breathed again, retaining no mark of her decapitation, except a small white line round the neck. She survived this astonishing adventure fifteen years, but it does not appear that her life, during this interval, was distinguished by any extraordinary circumstances. She died at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, and was buried there, but was afterwards removed to the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul at Shrewsbury, where her shrine became the scene of an infinity of miracles.

Though the spring has lost the reputed charm which made it a panacea for all kinds of disease and affliction, it is still turned to uses which might atone for the loss of St. Wenefrede's head, even had it not been fated to resume its station. It discharges twenty-one tons of water in a minute, and rushes with great impetuosity through a narrow valley, about a mile in length, when it discharges itself into the estuary of the Dee. The banks nearly in its whole course are crowded with factories, many for the manufacture of copper and brass, and several cotton-mills and corn-mills, the works of all of which are set in motion by the single power of this valuable stream. The cotton spun in these mills is esteemed for its uniform texture and quality, produced by the regular and unvarying force with which the water acts upon the machinery. The course of the stream is so short, that no diminution ever occurs in the quantity of water; and the rapidity of the current keeps it from freezing in the severest winters.

We proceeded from Holywell five or six miles higher up the Dee to Flint, with none but disagreeable objects to remark by the way. Our road skirted the marsh, and was flanked on each side by smelting-houses, vomiting forth clouds of suffocating smoke, and sullyng the whole face of nature. The lead procured from mines in the neighbourhood of Holywell is smelted in these works, which afford support to a numerous population. The country was thickly peopled by villages, but all of the same deplorable description, black and ragged, and distinguished by all the filth and wretchedness that is inseparable from the disgusting modes of industry in which the people are employed.

Flint is most unpleasantly situated, exposed to the unwholesome damp rising from a swamp, and poisoned with smoke from lead-works in its neighbourhood. The town has the air of a deserted place, and of having once known better days. It consists principally of one long street containing some decent houses, or houses that have been decent, for
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they are now ruinous and neglected, and seem to be inhabited by the same dirt-despising order of people who own the beggarly hovels which interrupt them. The street is of good breadth and well paved, but so little frequented by passengers, that grass grows between the stones. At one end of it is a neat jail, with an inscription in front, which informs us that it was erected in the twenty-fifth year of the present reign, at the expense of the county, aided by private subscriptions, in the place of a loathsome dungeon which formerly stood on the same ground. We went over every part of the building, and were pleased to observe its extreme cleanliness, and the admirable attention that is paid to the comfort and accommodation of the prisoners. The county sessions were formerly held here, but they have for some years been transferred to Mold, and this may be one of the causes of the decline of the place.

There are the remains of a large castle here, situated on a low rock washed by the Dee. The building is a square, with a round tower at three of the corners; and, a little detached from the fourth, a tower of much larger dimensions than the others, called the double tower. This was the keep, which had a communication with the main building by means of a drawbridge. Henry the Second is supposed to have first founded a fortress here; but the present building was principally the work of Edward the First. In the year 1332 it was granted by Edward the Third, together with other castles, to Edward the Black Prince; and in 1385 was bestowed by Richard the Second upon Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford. Fourteen years afterwards it came into the possession of Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who, betraying his unfortunate master, delivered him up a prisoner here to Bolingbroke. The following dramatic account of the king's interview in this castle with his powerful enemy is given by Stowe. "The next day, after dinner, the Duke of Lancaster entered the castle all armed, his basenet excepted. King Richard came down to meet him, and the duke, as soon as he saw the king, fell on his knees, and coming near unto him, he kneeled a second time with his hat in his hand: and the king then put off his hood and spoke first: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, answered, 'My Lord, I am come before you sent for me; the reason why I will shew you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, ruled them very rigorously; but if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern better.' The king answered, 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well!' The duke then, with a high sharp voice, bade bring forth the king's horses, and two little naggies, not worth fortie franks, were brought forth: the king was set on the one and the Earl of Salisbury on the other; and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Chester."*

We concluded our tour in Wales at this place; for though we might have proceeded up the Dee, perhaps, as long as the water continued brackish, without going beyond the

* Stowe's Annals, 321.

limits of a coast voyage, yet as we had reason to believe that there was little to gratify curiosity by the way, we declined the experiment. We had entered the principality with high anticipations of delight from the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, and, upon the whole, we had certainly been amply satisfied, though our route did not include many parts of the country, which have been decided to be pre-eminently interesting by the full chorus of former tourists. Our curiosity too had been somewhat quickened by expectations of greater novelty than any former part of our tour had presented us with, for Wales had appeared to us in some degree like a foreign country, and we had prepared ourselves for an occasional discovery of something peculiar and unfamiliar in the manners and customs of its inhabitants. These were rather daring dreams for two travellers adventuring themselves over regions so near to home, and from the few notices that I have made on this subject during our course, it may be surmised that they were not exactly fulfilled. In fact, when our ears had grown familiarized with hearing people speaking about us in a language that we did not understand, we watched in vain for any other essential peculiarities, and on arriving at the border, after our passage through the country, were **struck** by not many or very palpable changes, observing only that the women began to wear bonnets instead of hats, and did not so generally despise shoes and stockings. At a very early period of our travels, indeed, we noticed in the personal appearance of the people, and in every circumstance of their external condition, some very broad distinctions, which were quite sufficient to assure us that we were not on English ground; but these were so universal and so little varied, that they soon ceased to strike us as new, and they certainly never affected us as agreeable. Dirt, I am sorry to say, was a sign so widely manifested, that we seldom lost sight of its unseemly face from one extremity of the principality to the other. The people, particularly the women, appeared dirty, and rough and slovenly in their clothing; their habitations were dirty, and all the forms of their domestic life odiously dirty. This is a very comprehensive account, and many reservations, no doubt, may be made in it, in favour of individuals and even classes of individuals, but I fear that the great result cannot, by any fair process, be very materially reduced. I have in my own recollection some images of neatness and cleanliness which might certainly have been recorded on a fairer page, but they stand like insulated spots, and are not sufficiently numerous and prominent to redeem the general dinginess of the great national picture that I am drawing. On a first view we were inclined to believe, from the beggarly and wretched aspect of the villages and their inhabitants, that there was a far greater degree of poverty in Wales than in England; but a longer course of observation did not confirm this opinion, for we noticed the same external marks of poverty in very many of the people who were obviously not ill provided with all the substantial necessities of life, and who could certainly afford to be clean.

There is a fashion in the country which might deceive a traveller content to make his notes from his chaise window into quite opposite conclusions from those which more intimate

timate enquiries brought home to our acknowledgment. The cottages are generally white-washed on the outsides, and though in this guise they may not be agreeable to the eye of an artist, they excite flattering expectations in the lovers of tidiness and cleanliness. But oh, the insides! the floors, the beds, and all the living nuisances, chickens, pigs, &c. who that has seen these things can be pleased with the white walls of a Welsh cottage? Pigs and chickens, I must confess, are not invariably met with as inmates of the house; but children, whose artless habits and propensities are fearlessly permitted by fond mothers to expatiate freely, with all the looseness of nature, will fill up my picture with more than equal effect. I may be thought to dwell too long on such matters, but they are really points of serious consideration in the domestic condition of the people, and I hold them up, not only as subjects for ridicule, but remedy. More ale and better food, would perhaps be the cry of these poor people themselves, were it proposed to them to form a wish, and the cry, I dare say, would spring from right feeling; but I am convinced that he would confer no mean benefit upon them, who could teach them to covet mops and brooms, and shame them into some little respect for the external decencies of life. It is true they appear to be very ignorant that dirt can in any degree interfere with their comforts, and, content with their habitations as merely places of shelter, never dream, when the wind and rain are completely excluded, that neatness and order can be of any value. Yet unmoved as they are, one would rouse them from this state of stupid quiet and unconsciousness, and give them a sense of pains that are so readily to be relieved, and of enjoyments that are denied to none who desire them. That is not the most enviable state in which least is wanted, or why was man ever persuaded to put on breeches. There appears to be something ridiculously solemn in averring that these remarks have a reference only to the lower orders of the people, and yet I must make so serious a protest, for there may be here and there one with dulness or ill-nature enough to misunderstand or misapply my meaning.

In the moral habits of the people we noticed few peculiarities that deserve to be described as essential traits of national character. Every one knows that the Welsh have always been considered as remarkable for the irritability of their tempers and their pride of ancestry, and it will hardly be supposed, that a man, primed for observation, could travel through the country without witnessing some indication of these characteristic distinctions. But, in truth, I do not believe, and I certainly did not remark, that the Welshman is at all quick and fiery, and did it not seem too audacious an opposition to a commonly received opinion, should rather decide that he was somewhat slow and phlegmatic in his temperament. It may be imagined that we did not seek occasions to call forth his anger, and that he would be anxious to conceal this rugged quality of his nature before strangers; but if such considerations could enable him to govern himself with so much prudence and propriety, the charge against him of any extraordinary irascibility must fall to the ground. He has certainly none of that hurry and bustle and earnestness in his general manner,

which, as in the Irish, result from a quick and impassioned disposition, but is an honest, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact creature, who makes no bulls, and is not apt to sparkle into repartee. He may be worked into a passion, no doubt; but were his blood always fermenting under the excitement of that extravagant heat that is imputed to him, his ordinary behaviour would not be quite so cool and calm.

That the Welsh are distinguished by a very lively pride of ancestry is more unequivocally true, and there are few among them so humble in their present condition, as not to feel some little elevation of spirit reflected from the crowd that has gone before them. Nor is it alone the dignity of his individual pedigree that swells in the bosom of every one: it is glorious enough, to be sure, to see one's name carried back to the flood by an endless chain of undisputed *aps*; but the Welshman is also ennobled by a feeling more enlarged and patriotic; he prides himself on the purity of his British blood; he has no spice in him of Roman, Saxon, Dane, or Norman, and still speaks the earliest language that was heard among the hills where he was born. I have no doubt that all ranks of the people are inflamed by this pride in the long-preserved integrity of their race, but the more uneducated and unpolished part of the community will very openly avow it, and not hesitate to express their contempt for strangers like ourselves, who have permitted their blood to become so shamefully mixed, and their language so perverted and confounded, since the wanderings of Japhet. One may smile at such feelings of importance, and an indifferent witness would not be disposed to do any thing more serious than smile at them, but they are not altogether harmless, as they affect the people whom they control. They tend to perpetuate certain prejudices, and keep alive an absurd dislike to innovation, which, of course, must sometimes oppose the introduction of useful knowledge and improvement. They who are so proud of their ancestors, are obstinately attached to every thing that descends from them, and will not readily permit the venerable line of their hereditary practices to be interrupted by changes, however plausibly recommended. They will not willingly allow that usages are bad, which they can prove to be old, and they certainly will not be convinced that they should be altered. I cannot pause to state instances in which this subservience to precedent operates thus perniciously, but he that travels through Wales, and is studious to see as much of the domestic economy of the people as we saw, will not fail to observe very many abuses of the remotest antiquity, remnants, I imagine, of man's habitudes when he lived a savage in the woods, as religiously preserved as they might be easily reformed.

In the familiar and every-day occurrences and occupations of their lives, there is nothing in the manners of the Welsh to distinguish them from the English, but they have certain customs reserved for extraordinary occasions, that are peculiar to themselves, though most of these are now rapidly sinking into neglect and disuse. In parts of North Wales we may still occasionally meet with some of the mummeries of the Catholic religion, and in some obscure corners may find a saint or two, long grown obsolete in general estimation,

estimation, still working miracles amongst a few staunch devotees, who will resolutely maintain their faith as long as they have agues, scurvy, and other maladies to be cured, and no better doctors to apply to. The saints, however, have been nearly all rooted out, even in the remotest recesses of the country, by the interference of a modern and very active sect of preachers, who do not exactly set their faces against miracles, but will not allow them to be performed by any but themselves.

In their marriages the Welsh formerly got up a kind of drama that was really quite romantic, and the poorest of the people observed the ceremony. The bridegroom, on the important morning that was to make him happy, always repaired to the house of his bride with a posse of assistants, for the lady was invariably supposed to be hostile to his designs, and was not to be taken but by force. She had accordingly her troop of defenders, and various stratagems and evasions and poetical parleys occurred in the course of the contest, till the bride, no longer able to resist or to run, was compelled to yield to her conqueror. We did not hear that any custom of the kind prevails at present, and I believe that the men are now content to take quiet possession of their wives, after the direct and common-place manner that is adopted in England.

I cannot pass over the ceremony of *bundling*, a mode of courtship that is still in full force in many parts of Wales. It is generally known, I believe, that bundling signifies the admission of the lover into the bed of his mistress; all scandal being hushed, not only by the universality of the practice, but by the prudent precaution adopted by the parties in keeping their clothes on. Unpleasant, and not wonderful consequences, nevertheless, do sometimes result from these very familiar conferences, and lovers have been known to rise from their mistresses beds, who could never be prevailed upon to lead them to church. But the situation of a lady, under such untoward circumstances, is not regarded with much harshness, and she may still hope for a husband. It is not uncommon for female servants in England to insist, as a condition of their service, upon their right of followers, and we were informed by a gentleman at Holyhead, that all his maids had stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, upon this primitive immunity of bundling. It were to be wished that the sex could be induced to abolish so dangerous a custom, but in addition to its agreeable nature, it is recommended by ancient use, and this has such weight in the principality, that I know not by what force of reasoning or art of persuasion it could be attacked with any hopes of success. I beg to say, before I quit the subject, that the Welsh-women, in spite of the freedom of their system of courtship, are not to be reproached with any general laxity of manners; they may be very indulgent in their secret conversations with their lovers, but it is not from their open behaviour that a stranger could decide upon the evils of bundling.

A strong predilection for cheese has usually been attributed as a national taste to the Welsh, but the charge rests on no good grounds that I could discover, and, at all events, the taste is perfectly harmless. That they are cordial lovers of ale is not to be doubted,
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and it were to be wished that they could indulge this partiality with as little injury to themselves as they may apply themselves to their reputed luxury of cheese. On festive occasions the common people often give way to a desperate riot, which they call a *terming*, that is, a meeting of a party over a barrel of ale, which they make it a merit to empty before they separate. It matters not what is the size of the barrel; if they cannot drain it in four and twenty hours, they may succeed perhaps in eight and forty, and such an interval, spent in alternate fits of drinking and dozing, does not, in their estimation, exceed the limits of a moderate holiday. He that has the strongest stomach and the stoutest head has the honour of the last draught, and reels away with the vent-peg.

The women do not love ale, or at least they use it with moderation; and in atonement for the freedom of my remarks upon their devotion to bundling, I must give them full credit for sobriety, and many other excellent qualities. They are singularly industrious, and we have often had occasion to admire their cheerfulness and alacrity, when engaged in modes of drudgery very ill suited to their sex. A traveller very soon forms a high opinion on this serviceable part of their character, for nothing is more common than to see the women trotting rapidly to market, with a most unconscionable load upon their heads, and with their hands, as if they were doing nothing else, actively and incessantly employed in knitting. In their persons they are not generally distinguished for beauty, though he would be an unreasonable critic who should presume to reproach them with any very inexcusable plainness. They have mostly a fresh, clear, florid complexion, which gives them a great appearance of health, and health with youth is beauty for the multitude, however the case may be laid down in poetry. In their figures they are short and broad, with arms and legs made for much more useful purposes than to write verses upon. I would just whisper to them, at parting, a word or two in favour of the virtue of cleanliness, against which they sin more prodigally than would be quite safe even with damsels on whom nature had employed a more cautious and delicate hand. A round face or a long face, a brown one or a fair one, may be pleasing according to the various tastes of various men, but all are agreed, I fancy, that whether round or long, or brown or fair, a face should be clean.

If there are few peculiarities of manners and habits to separate the lower orders of the Welsh from the same class of the English, still fewer national distinctions can be discovered among the higher ranks. This conformity of character has been effected, not only by the long confirmed union of Wales and England, but by some circumstances in the condition of this country, which distinguish it from other parts of the British empire, in which a community of government and laws has not produced a similar harmony of disposition and feeling. There is not in Wales, as in Scotland and Ireland, any great metropolitan town, the seat of an university, where learned or polished societies can assemble to stimulate national pride, by the hope of rivalling or outdoing other capitals. The gentry are scattered over the country, and have no grand haunt where they can meet to quicken their common prejudices by mutual encouragement, to modify peculiar habits of life,

life, and digest an exclusive code of manners, which might distinguish them from their neighbours. In Dublin and Edinburgh the people live surrounded by much splendour of their own creation, and constituting extended societies, regulated by their own government and institutions, are very ready to feel and maintain, that Irish and Scotch are not English; but Wales has no bed for nationality to grow in, and the plant has either perished or changed its nature in a foreign soil. There is not, I believe, a single school of any eminence in the whole principality; the children, therefore, of the higher orders are all sent to England for their education, and of course acquire the manners and opinions of those with whom they associate. A Saxon might yet not be considered a desirable companion among the multitude in Wales, but I hope that the bitterness of ancient animosities is sufficiently appeased, for a Welsh gentleman to admit, without repugnance, that he is, in every essential point of character and manners, an Englishman.

In adverting to the customs and habits of the people, it would be an important omission to pass by the present state of religious feeling and worship among them; for religion, perverted and degraded as it is, by the ignorance and audacity of those, to whom they have been persuaded to consign the cure of their souls, seems likely to break down all the frank spirit and honest hardihood by which they were once distinguished, and of which they were once proud, and to reduce them to a nation of mere drivellers. The Methodists have no where made more extensive progress than in Wales, and no where have the trash and nonsense of their faith assumed forms and attitudes of more outrageous extravagance. Excepting in some of the principal towns, the established church is absolutely deserted, more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the country being sectaries, who are content to receive all their religious instruction from the same people who mend their shoes, and who, without taking off their aprons, become preachers with far less study and preparation than fitted them for cobblers. There are four denominations of Methodists here, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Wesleyans, and Dissenters, of whom the first are the most numerous and powerful. The Dissenters, though the first established, have now the fewest adherents, but they still retain some of the privileges of their priority, and have a permanent minister attached to every chapel. The ministers of the Wesleyans are chosen annually, and those of the two other orders itinerate and pick up a congregation where they can. The industry of these people is indefatigable, and they work their way with as much ingenuity as perseverance. Their whole system of operations is admirably well combined and connected, and they advance in their great business of conversion with alarming rapidity, and yet with so little bustle and noise, that one wonders to hear of the extent of their encroachments. Each of the sects in Wales holds a grand annual meeting in every county, which lasts two days. The first act on these solemn occasions is a private consultation among the ministers, when each delivers in his account of successes and abuses, of extraordinary cases of conversion, of miraculous experiences, and manifestations of grace, &c. &c. and a general review takes place of the state of the sect, and the best means of extending

extending its numbers and power. When these matters are arranged, the members adjourn to a field, to preach to the anxious multitude, collected even from the extremities of the county to hear them. Only one sermon is delivered on the evening of the first day, but the last day of the assembly is given to preaching in serious earnest. The first sermon commences at six o'clock in the morning, the next at ten, another at two, and the last at six in the evening, after which the crowd disperses, quite full of grace, and expressing it by some very whimsical signs and gestures. We may form some idea of the amazing increase of methodism when we hear, that on the great field-day, held at Caernarvon, on the 29th and 30th of September, 1814, there were collected together more than twenty thousand people. Some of these joined the crowd merely from motives of curiosity, and some to see their friends, but by far the greater proportion went duly prepared to listen and learn. The voice of the preacher of course could not reach every part of this unwieldy congregation, but the benefit of his exhortations might be transmitted to the extremest parts of the ring, whatever were its circumference, by the contagion of groans and gesticulations received hot from those who were near enough to hear. The whole company, it was stated to me by a person who was present, behaved with tolerable decorum and sobriety during the morning services, but in the evening their passion was no longer to be controlled, and all was jumping and confusion.

All methodists are in the habit of manifesting their frenzy by strange gestures and contortions of body, but this fancy for jumping is peculiar to the Welsh. It is not true, as has been said, that there is a distinct sect denominated Jumpers; all the sects, whatever may be their differences in other points, are agreed as to the efficacy of this laborious practice. The women are most inclined to this restless kind of devotion, and being very able-bodied and long-winded, they persist in it with a most determined activity and perseverance. They will not only keep up the game during the whole time that they are before the preacher, but in their way to their homes, in the open air, and before cool and unsympathising spectators, are often seen howling and rioting like a set of jovial fellows broke loose from a bout at *terming*. They suffer so much agitation of mind, as well as body, under the ardours of this boisterous devotion, that on the recovery of their senses they are left in a state of debility and melancholy, as if just risen from sick beds.

The ministers do not in direct terms insist that their congregations shall jump, but they do not restrain them, nor give them reason to believe that they can put forth any surer or more becoming manifestations of the liveliness of their faith. Jumping is not an established article of practice, which *serious persons* are compelled to comply with before they can be ranked among the number of the elect; but he that could keep his feet to the ground under the stimulus of certain sermons and certain preachers, would be looked upon by his brisker brethren as in a most suspicious and perilous condition. The majority of the silly deluded people who are fooled or frightened into these excesses adopt them merely as ceremonies, but very many are hurried into them by actual feeling,
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of what kind it cannot much interest persons of sane minds to enquire. Sometimes a passion unexpectedly seizes upon a particular neighbourhood with the violence of a plague, and during the term of its influence, no religious meeting takes place, either in a chapel or private house, for any other purposes but those of jumping, tumbling, and roaring, as if there were no other means of salvation, and there was not a moment to be lost. Under ordinary feelings of hope and fear, a congregation of Methodists will require a very pathetic or intimidating sermon to put their legs in motion; but during the season of this overpowering excitement, the first note of the preacher's inspiring drawl, or a single glance at his mortified, sallow, sanctified countenance, is sufficient to set them a-going, nor can any thing short of absolute exhaustion bring them to a stand. The disease is terribly contagious; a man suffering under it, meets a friend in health, and the conference ends in a *pas de deux* to a certainty. Unbelievers and scoffers who have attended at meetings, with the irreverent intention of laughing at the gambols of these frisky Christians, have been suddenly and irresistibly drawn into the dance, in which they have performed their parts with intuitive precision, retiring to become sound believers and orthodox jumpers for the remainder of their lives. In cases of sudden reformation, the first important symptom, even where a man is not reminded of what he is to do by the example of others, is frequently this restlessness of body. A sinner feels himself somewhat out of order, and growing serious and melancholy, sheds a profusion of tears, and groans heavily: he then begins to clap his hands, and the crisis of his redemption speedily explodes in a vehement sally of jumping, which is continued till the patient falls breathless to the ground. A few bouts of this salutary exercise are sufficient to shake him into a new life and make him a serious person.

At the meetings held in the neighbourhood of Bala Lake, in Merionethshire, the people had a singular mode of exhibiting the intensity of their feelings. As soon as the preacher's voice was heard, the congregation fell prostrate on their faces, and there they lay till they had recovered the breath which they had lost, or supposed they had lost, when they all rose again, and signalized their reanimation by an earnest set-to at jumping.

On one of these occasions a man working in a hay-field was seen suddenly to fall to the ground with his scythe in his hand: several people immediately ran to him, and found him motionless and senseless; and though various means were employed to rouse him, he lay without betraying any symptoms of life for fifteen minutes, when he began to kick a little, and so recovering the strength of his muscles and the suppleness of his joints, sprang upon his feet, and instantly began to jump with surprising animation, justifying and encouraging himself all the while by adverting to David's dance before the ark of God. Now this case was mentioned to me as a striking proof that these fits are not always induced by the workings of a man's imagination, or by any feeling of his heart that can be defined and reasoned upon, but that they are produced by direct inspiration from above, sent to reclaim sinners,

or, what is the same thing, to add converts to methodism. This man had not been reformed under a sermon, for he had always been extremely loose in his religious opinions, and was altogether a sad profligate fellow: he had gone to the hay-field simply to mow as other mowers might, and without being conscious that he should be at all better employed by joining the devout company capering within his view, when he was seized by the paroxysm that I have described, which entirely changed his dispositions, effectually jolted away all his bad habits, and confirmed him a true friend to the tabernacle for the remainder of his life.

I ventured to ask an old practised jumper, if he could explain to me the nature of the sensations which manifested themselves in these transports of the limbs, and what were the peculiar topics of religion that were most apt to inspire them. He was rather pleased than otherwise to unfold himself, and did it with the high tone of one secure that right was on his side; but he did not succeed in justifying to my understanding the merit or meaning of his feelings, and quite failed to convince me of the reasonableness or necessity of his riotous mode of expressing them. The boundless love of Christ, he observed, and the certainty of salvation, through his intercession, for all who had faith, were the subjects that awakened all his enthusiasm; and there are few, I trust, who could meditate on truths so consoling without the deepest and sincerest interest. But it is not the love of Christ, interpreted with sober reason, and anticipated with humble hope, that provokes the extravagancies and antics of these romping sectaries. The majesty, the sublimity of the awful Being through whose mediation only we can be saved, could not, it might be supposed, be ever absent from the imagination, even in the contemplation of his mildest attributes of love and mercy; but, with the Methodists, Our Saviour is described in terms of endearment of the most familiar description, and his love clothed in the dress of human sentiment, and, worse, of sentiment as it exists and exhibits itself only in disordered and enfeebled minds. In short, it is made to assume the exact likeness of that puling, mawkish, crazy passion, with which they presume to return it; and without such a communion of such love, a man, they maintain, is not a Christian, and cannot be saved. It is when they feel themselves blessed with a more than ordinary share of this love, that in a delirium of rapturous acknowledgment, they begin to jump, and while in this state of agitation, they profess to have a foretaste of those heavenly enjoyments with which they are to be rewarded in a future life. That they really have a very lively satisfaction in the exercise may be ascertained from the fact of their sometimes persisting in it, with occasional pauses, of course, from the rising to the setting of the sun.

So various are men's minds, so vast is the amount, and so motley the complexion of human infirmity, folly, and vanity, that in the great crowd of society we expect to see many odd freaks, many strange apostacies from common conduct and manners, and behold, without surprise, little clusters of people uniting to establish all kinds of anomalies and absurdities in the principles and practice of every calling and profession. But that there

there should be a nation of Jumpers, that in a civilized country, twenty thousand people could be collected together, all, under the impression of religious feelings, equally besotted, and agreeing in one wild act of buffoonery, is truly astonishing. It has been usually supposed that people of feeble bodies are most liable to such accessions of infatuation; that those with weak stomachs and irritable nerves, who have no participation in the plain beef-and-pudding predilections of men with happier appetites, are very apt to become equally depraved in their moral tastes, and turn with a sickly disgust from the simple lessons of truth and common sense, to dote over the monstrous dreams and revelations of their own disordered imaginations. But here is a plump, ruddy-faced people, who eat, drink, and sleep with the unbroken energy of nature, and yet have turned epicureans in religion, and deserted the church of their fathers to try inventions of devotion, as if they had lost all relish for every thing obvious, familiar, and natural. The moral diseases of the dyspeptic and hypochondriacal may admit of some relief as long as medicine has any effect upon their bodies, and we may reasonably expect to see the powers of their minds restored to their just and proper balance, by the same course of treatment that improves the strength of their digestive organs, and gives firmness and elasticity to their solids. But the case of these sturdy sentimentalists seems to be particularly hopeless, and to defy all the resources of human art. If any thing could be done towards their relief through the medium of their bodies, the fulness of their habits, and floridness of their complexions, appear to demand a very different plan of management from that applied to less jolly and hungry patients; but their minds discover symptoms of imbecility and decrepitude, as drivelling as if they had no stomachs at all, and discourage the use of any mortifying regimen. One should expect at least something of boldness and energy in the errors of such well-fed visionaries, but they are altogether as sneaking and snivelling as though cheese had no temptations for them, and ale no charms.

I question whether a system of moral discipline would have any beneficial effects, and it would certainly be a task of most extreme difficulty to dispose these refractory people to submit to a trial of it. The clergy of the establishment have been called upon to exert themselves with more earnestness and animation; but the time for their interference with any chance of extensive success, it is to be feared, is gone by. Possibly by a more zealous employment of persuasion and authority, they might have succeeded in preserving their flock staunch and steady, while they were yet accessible to their exhortations and untempted by the arts of the new faction; but there seems to be little probability of their being able to reclaim them from the quacks and mountebanks, who now find it so much to their account to control them, and who, by unnatural stimuli and monstrous indulgences, have enfeebled the proper tone and excitability of their feelings, and rendered them quite incapable of finding any enjoyment in the simple consolations and sober promises of rational religion. A man accustomed to highly seasoned meats and strong liquors will not very readily be persuaded to feel that there can be support or comfort

in plain food and pure water; and I believe that the mind will not be found more tractable than the stomach, and that a religion recommended only by sound and wholesome doctrines would be utterly insipid to an imagination inflamed by the spices and drams of methodism.

The inefficacy of persecution in repressing the activity of sectaries has been clearly ascertained, and if toleration were not a measure of common justice, it should be encouraged as one of common policy; for the history of ages has proved that penalties and proscriptions tend to increase the evils which they were designed to remove, and give new energy to the passion, and violence, and clamour of those whom they were meant to intimidate and silence. No; the Methodists are infinitely too far gone in folly to be reasoned down: it would not be possible, were it excusable, to knock them down, and I know not that there is any very flattering chance of laughing them down; but I think that, if they are to be put down at all, it is most likely to be done by the broad laughter which their tricks and absurdities are so apt to provoke. They have themselves, indeed, a very dull sense of the ridiculous, and go through the most farcical acts of their righteous sports, with countenances so sedate, that we can hardly expect to bring them to the decency and virtue of laughing at themselves; but we may succeed, nevertheless, in shaming them into some feeling of mortification and abasement at the general merriment of which they are the subjects. I may have mistaken the best style of attack; but the goodness of my intentions will not be called in question, from the gay manner with which I have ventured to treat a subject certainly of deep importance, and connected with topics which it would be worse than folly to think or speak of with levity. If I were to be judged by a methodist, I should naturally expect no mercy; but it will be obvious, I hope, to common sense and candour, that it is not religion, but the abuse of it, by a growing host of fanatics, that I would hold up to ridicule and scorn.

A packet-boat sails regularly, when the tide permits, from Flint to the opposite shore, and in this we took our passage, together with a crowd of other passengers, being packed and crammed into our places with as little regard for our ease in such a state of stowage as though we had been a dead cargo. It was proposed to us, as some comfort to know, that there was quite as much room on the present occasion as we should have found on any other day, and that nobody had ever made the passage with less reason to grumble. There are but two boats, and they can only ply for about two hours of each flood; it is necessary, therefore, to load them at once, with as many as will consent to go together. You may cross the sands on foot, and ford the river, when the tide is out; but the sands are always so wet and muddy, that it is only the hardy and heroic few, who can walk in mid-day without breeches, that would attempt such an expedition.

We were much pleased with the views which were unfolded as we receded from the land. All the mud, and swamps, and marshes were now concealed, and the whole bed of the estuary was filled with a fine sheet of water, five miles in breadth. It appeared
bounded

bounded on the Welsh side by a country eminently beautiful, a long line of lofty hills sloping down to the Dee with an easy declivity, varied with corn, and pasture, and woods. The lead-works, smelting-houses, and other nuisances (so the eye at least adjudges them) that line the water's edge, were now too far distant to be offensive, and the columns of black and pale red smoke that rose here and there had no bad effect in the landscape. This border of Wales is certainly liable to the charge that has been imputed to it, of eclipsing most unmercifully the English frontier opposite, which has an aspect as dreary and uninviting as can well be conceived. It is somewhat enlivened, however, an Englishman may be proud to say, by the little town of Parkgate, whose single row of houses, gaily dressed in whitewash and red ochre, may be seen and admired from afar. We landed again in our native land at this place, and in our walk from the boat to the inn had an opportunity of seeing all that it holds out to the curiosity and amusement of a stranger. It was built solely for bathers, but has the misfortune to be in the worst situation that could be devised for their accommodation. We are generally content in these kinds of establishments to give up all other conveniences for the sake of the salt water, but here that is given up too for two-thirds of the day, and, in exchange for it, one has the satisfaction of seeing from every window of his house a dismal waste of sand, and that too so soft, and so intersected by deep furrows, that it is not passable with comfort or safety by man or horse. One may reckon, indeed, with certainty upon a dip every day; but it is annoying to be every day remodelling your engagements and inclinations, according to the irregularity of the tide's attendance. Ennui is not altogether a stranger at the best-conditioned watering places, but who does not know what it is to be dull and fidgety that has suffered a week at Parkgate? The condition of the visitors, at low water, is truly deplorable; but having lingered through the full penance of the ebb tide, their spirits rise with the flood, and at high water there is a general burst of business and animation. We arrived at just such a juncture; when the beach was all alive, and discovered a spectacle which a foreigner might have moralized upon with more seriousness than we of this free country can be permitted to do. Few of either sex thought it necessary to hide themselves under the awnings of bathing machines: posts, with ropes fastened to them, are fixed into the sands, and these were taken possession of by numerous groups of women, six or seven in a row, jumping, ducking, laughing, and screaming, evidently as careless of being seen as of being drowned. He would be a fool, and worse, who accused them of any intentional indelicacy; but I do think it would be as well were they not to despise bathing machines, for the few plain reasons that induce so many to use them.

Having experienced the pleasures and penalties of a day's tides here, we took our departure, and sailed down the river. The channel is exceedingly intricate, obstructed by numberless banks, and by a very dangerous reef near the mouth, called the Oldskey rocks. We found a heavy overfall upon this reef, but our men, by very dexterous management, contrived to bustle though it, in their little boat, without shipping a drop of water, or, to
speak

speak to the very letter, not more, as they begged us to note, than they could drink, were it grog. Small boats, they observed, managed by skilful hands, or without hands at all, will go through almost any sea, but awkwardness may sink them in a mill-pond. The value of skill they had proved to us, and it is certain that small boats have broken adrift from vessels in gales of wind, and been picked up still buoyant on the return of fine weather: the danger of bunglers need not be confirmed by instances.

At the mouth of the Dee, off the Cheshire shore, are three small islands, which it was our object to see. They are small scraps saved from the general waste committed on this coast by the sea, in consequence, I imagine, of being a little more elevated than the land by which they were surrounded; but they are gradually falling away, being all composed of sandstone, so soft that it may be crumbled with the fingers. We landed on the largest and most remote of them, called Hilbre Island, which is about half a mile in circumference, and lies distant a little more than a mile from the mainland. Upon it there is a public house, the only habitation, and a few rabbits, the only quadrupeds, to which nature supplies a very meager provision, only parts of the island being covered with a scanty sprinkling of grass. It is most important as a station for two beacons, which are raised upon it, as guides to vessels through the *Swash*, a channel between the Hoyle Sands, leading into Hoylake, an admirable roadstead for ships of six hundred tons burden. There is another entrance into this road; but with the wind in any degree from the eastward, the Swash is the only outlet by which vessels can escape to sea.

The approaches to the land, between the mouths of the Dee and the Mersey, have a most formidable aspect, and a stranger casting his eye over the puzzling confusion of banks which break the sea would scarcely believe that these dangerous passes are avenues to the great port of Liverpool. The land is covered with lighthouses and beacons, and all means have been tried to define the channels with certainty and precision; but the banks are so apt to vary in their positions, that a vessel may be guided to her ruin by beacons set up for her safety. The view of this strangely intersected sea from the island, at low water, was very singular: it had the appearance of a boundless plain of sand, diversified by numerous rivers crossing each other in all directions. Nothing could be more wild and dreary, and the eye was not relieved on turning to the land, which was also sand, with something of vegetation but not of verdure upon it, and without a single tree.

A heavy rain drove us from the contemplation of this dull prospect into the public house, where we had an opportunity of seeing all that society has to recommend it on this small island. A man and his wife are the only permanent inhabitants, and they are said, by various arts of industry, to have amassed immense wealth, not less, fame has ventured to assert, than a thousand pounds. The crews of some small vessels, which find a harbour under one side of the island, are the great customers of their tap-room; but their riches have been gained principally by wrecking, for which business their
situation

situation here is said to be admirably calculated. The woman was a singular character. She was an active partner in the miscellaneous business of her husband, having hardihood enough to despise the privileges which of common right she might have claimed for her petticoats. Accustomed to little communication with her own sex, and being mostly in the company of seafaring men, she had acquired great roughness of manners; and none of her guests, of whom we found a considerable party assembled, seemed to think it at all necessary to make any abatements or exceptions in their remarks on any subjects, from respect to the presence of the lady. By a long course of experience she had become extremely learned in every thing relating to shipping, talked of schooners, brigs, and sloops, with the greatest fluency, being at no loss for names in any part of the hull or rigging of each, and seasoning her whole conversation with a dash of the true sea-slang, which, in the mouth of a woman, had a very novel effect. In the absence of her husband she had taken the command of the spy-glass, which she frequently directed towards the offing, defining with the utmost confidence, and in unexceptionable language, the character, rig, trim, course, &c. &c. of every vessel that she saw. Some of the men ventured occasionally to contradict her on some points, but she always silenced them with a ready volley of reasons and proofs in her own favour, and clearly convinced us that she was a better judge of such matters than any of them. Her size and strength were far beyond those of the generality of women, and she wanted nothing but a jacket and a pair of trowsers to make her as good a foremast man as any in the room. Women have various charms, and we admire them for many kinds of excellence; but where could a man, doomed to gain a subsistence on Hilbre Island, have found a more perfect model in a helpmate than this?

The retreat of the tide enabled us to return to the mainland on foot; but though the water had gone from under us, it still continued in a deluge over our heads. Half an hour's walk brought us to Hoylake, where there is a large boarding-house established for bathers, somewhat more famed for the excellence of its accommodations and the selectness of its company than Parkgate. We found it entirely full, and could get no better terms from the landlord than a dinner, and a promise of being turned out into the rain at night to find a lodging where we could. It is amazing how very general is this passion for sea-bathing, that has burst out amongst us within this half century. In this period our coast has assumed quite a new aspect, and instead of here and there a seaport town, or a hamlet of fishermen, where a harbour has been secured, is peopled, almost at every league, with gay towns and villages, and detached hotels and clusters of marine cottages, wherever there is access for a bathing-machine. The house at Hoylake is in a miserable situation, being completely surrounded by sand, which, in dry windy weather, is so obtrusive, that it has been found necessary, rather at the expense of the prospects, such as they are, to block it out by a high wall. The bathers have as much reason to complain of the tides here as at Parkgate, but the sands are firmer and cleaner, and the
pursuit

pursuit of picking up shells and weeds every day is something to help on existence between breakfast and dinner.

A new day bringing finer weather, we started again on our journey, and crossing the dreary peninsula of Wirral, arrived at Seacombe Ferry, on the western bank of the Mersey. Liverpool appeared to great advantage on the opposite coast, with such a grove of masts extended before it as could be seen, perhaps, London excepted, in no other port in the world. Behind the shipping rose a range of vast warehouses, which concealed from us the great body of the town, but its extent was indicated by its wide-spreading atmosphere of smoke. This was certainly the most noble and animating sight that we had seen during our tour, not only grand and picturesque, but possessing a high moral interest, as it brought before our minds the country in the pride of its industry and enterprise, and under the most striking signs of its wealth, consequence, and power.

During a week which I passed at Liverpool, my time was very fully and agreeably occupied in rambling about the town, seeing sights and asking questions; but it would be useless and tiresome to give a very particular account of a place so generally known, and whose history and present state have been copiously set forth by more than one guide already published. A few remarks on its general appearance and condition, its public buildings, and the extent and variety of its trade, will be as much, I imagine, as the reader will be willing to tolerate. In point of size and population, Liverpool, I believe, is second to Manchester, but, after the metropolis, it is undoubtedly the most beautiful town in England. Considering, however, that it is the growth of not more than a century, one might have expected to see something more of the regularity and fitness of one great design, and in admiring many of its parts, has too often to regret that so little judgment and taste have been employed in determining their relations with each other. There are no fine squares, and no one magnificent street for me to describe; but there is a great division of the town which wears a very courtly aspect, being quite uninterrupted by shops, and giving a stranger, in one view, a just and impressive account of its numerous opulent inhabitants. The houses have an appearance of peculiar smartness and freshness, looking as if but just finished, and the streets being spacious and laid out on elevated ground, are all airy and healthy. The eye is immediately struck with one deformity and inconvenience that pervades every part of the town: none of the footpaths are flagged, but are all paved with the same kind of stones as the middle of the streets, only that they are smaller and more unpleasant to walk on. One should not have expected such a want of finishing in a town whose inhabitants are so distinguished for their contempt of expense in all matters of public convenience.

Great neatness, cleanliness, and liveliness of appearance, characterize the greater part of the town in its fashionable and most busy quarters; but there is a considerable proportion of close and filthy alleys and lanes to be seen, though so situated that they need not be found out by one walking to admire only the most agreeable objects of the place



The Towns-end Mill, Liverpool



Seacombe Ferry, Liverpool

place. It is complained of these obnoxious members, that almost as much money has been wasted in fruitless attempts to make them decent and wholesome, as would have been sufficient to remove them altogether, and fill up their places with entirely new parts. There are several excellent streets occupied by shops, which, from their size and equipments, indicate the rank and prosperity of the town; but it is from a visit to the docks that a stranger can best appreciate its opulence and the magnitude of its resources. The wet and dry docks, and various basins, cover thirty-five statute acres of ground, and the whole of this space is generally completely filled up by vessels, whose masts and rigging, confounded together, raise an idea of numbers even more considerable than really exist. The Old Dock, the first constructed, is advanced so far into the town, that it appears to be quite shut out from all communication with the river, and nothing can be more singular than the effect of the crowd of vessels with which it is filled, surrounded by shops and warehouses, and all the bustle and confusion of the very busiest part of the town. The ranges of immense warehouses along the quays are very imposing, far more vast than any thing of the kind that the metropolis can boast. They are, if I remember rightly, nine stories high, but are on a less scale than others which formerly stood on the same ground, and were destroyed by fire.

The docks are all admirably constructed, complete in their accommodations, and under the best possible system of management. Each dock is regulated by a dock-master, with a salary of £105 per annum. His time is fully employed in superintending the docking and undocking of ships, appointing their situations, and adjusting their rights of precedence in receiving and discharging their cargoes. The mud and rubbish that accumulate in the docks are removed every year by a plan which is said to be of late invention. All the docks communicate with each other by means of large tunnels under ground, through which each may pour its water for the purpose of washing out its neighbour. When a dock is to be cleaned, the water is drained from it as the tide retires, and the sluices are opened into it, when a number of men shovel the mud into the currents, and this operation renewed every tide for twelve or fourteen days, scours out a dock more effectually than any other means that have yet been tried.

These docks, however, though nicely contrived in all their uses and conveniences, are by no means spacious enough for the reception of the vast concourse of vessels continually trading to the port. The ships are frequently so closely jammed together, that they fill up a dock in one solid mass, and in such a state those which are farthest advanced into the inclosure, and may be first ready to depart, have no chance of being extricated, till some of the latest comers, at the other extremity, have made way for them. Such an obstruction is sometimes most seriously injurious, for the delay of a few tides may, in certain vicissitudes of the wind, make a difference of months to a vessel, in the completion of her voyage. If a vessel be not actually blocked in, it is never certain that she can escape without damage, and it sometimes happens that, when perfectly equipped

for her voyage, she must, after forcing and tearing her way through the dock, be again refitted for sea. We had the luck to be present when two hundred sail, principally West-Indiamen, were undocked in a single tide, and they made their way amidst such a confusion of obstacles, such a conflict of commands and opinions, such peals of swearing, such showers of blocks, snapping of ropes, and cracking of bowsprits and quarter-boards, that it was really astonishing to us, to see them, in the course of an hour, all safe and afloat in the river. The day was very bright and calm, and the fleet, with all their sails set, loitering in columns and clusters upon the smooth water, presented a most beautiful, gay, and animating sight.

It has been long in contemplation to supply all the deficiencies that are complained of in the docks, but it is a question whether the resources of the corporation will be adequate to the immense expenditure that the required improvements will demand. According to the opinion of a surveyor, it will be necessary, by enlarging the old docks and forming others, to extend the dock-room, which is at present thirty-five acres, to sixty-three acres, and that with no view to any extension of trade, but simply for the perfect accommodation and security of the vessels which now frequent the port. £800,000, it has been calculated, will be required for the completion of these various alterations and additions—a tremendous sum, and formidable indeed at the present period, when Liverpool is tottering under the pressure of greater difficulties than, perhaps, ever tried her strength before. The annual income arising from the dock-duties is now about £70,000, but old debts and encumbrances will, I believe, make large deductions from the amount before it can be applied to new expedients. We found a great deal of gloom and despondency among the people here, with very little ardour for projects of improvement, and it may be feared, when we consider the deep and general embarrassment of the country, the state of its internal resources and foreign relations, that the accommodations of this port will be made sufficient, not by the extension of its docks, but the reduction of its shipping.

The public buildings of Liverpool are striking monuments of the liberal and munificent spirit of its inhabitants. Here are no appearances of meanness and parsimony; every building is quite complete, and fully adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, with an addition of embellishment, which shews that the founders were not only ready to do all that was required, but to do it in the handsomest manner. By an exertion of extraordinary industry and enterprise, the port was very suddenly enriched; and the people, full of spirits and high expectations, felt great pride in raising their town into consequence, and supported with eagerness every plan of improvement that could add to its convenience, beauty, or dignity. We may appreciate the energy of this liberal disposition, when we learn, that there is scarcely one of the numerous public buildings to be seen here that was not raised within the last half century.

The Town-Hall, and the New Exchange, are costly and splendid structures, unrivalled perhaps

perhaps by any buildings designed for similar uses in the kingdom. They stand in an excellent situation, at the head of one of the handsomest, busiest, and gayest streets in Liverpool. I am sorry to interrupt this strain of praise, by stopping to observe, that this fine street is blocked up at the other end by the litter of the vegetable and fruit market, which is allowed to be held here, though (without mentioning how much of beauty and effect is spoiled by the nuisance) it is one of the most crowded thoroughfares in the place. I am not the first who has written against this inconvenient and unsightly obstruction, but my ambition is that I may be the last.

The Town-Hall is built of stone, in a pure style of Grecian architecture. The form is an oblong square, with a very magnificent portico in one front, and surmounted by a light and elegant dome. Along the fronts are ranges of Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting a pediment, with well-proportioned windows between them, which have circular heads, resting on columns, and pilasters of the same order. Between the capitals of the columns are tablets, richly sculptured with various devices emblematical of commerce. The dome is crowned with a grand colossal figure of Britannia; and on the pediment is a range of well-executed statues, all allegorical personages, whose characters and actions are too long to explain, and have the misfortune too to be somewhat doubtful. The offices of the interior are all very handsome and complete; and on the principal floor is a noble suite of rooms, designed for the gala days of the mayor and corporation. Some of these are as yet but imperfectly furnished; and one can admire nothing but their size, which is very imposing. The great ball-room is ninety feet long, and forty-two feet wide; and there is a smaller one sixty-six feet long, and thirty wide.

The Exchange-buildings are of stone, of the same order of architecture as the town-hall, but less richly decorated with sculpture. They form three sides of a quadrangle, each of which has a piazza for the accommodation of the merchants in rainy weather. The area of the square is a hundred and ninety-seven feet two inches from north to south, and a hundred and seventy-eight feet from east to west; being more than twice as large as the area of the London Exchange. The façades of the east and west sides are composed of a rustic basement, which supports a range of Corinthian columns and pilasters, surmounted by a balustrade. The north front is of similar design, with the addition of a portico in the centre, consisting of eight coupled columns, twenty-five feet in height, each of which is composed of one entire stone. This portico corresponds with a similar one on the north front of the Town-Hall, which partly fills up the fourth side of the quadrangle, but the openings on each side of it are so wide, that it scarcely appears connected in design with the Exchange, and the quadrangle, if it cannot be said altogether to want a side, has one which materially injures the beauty and simplicity of its effect. This is the only defect to be observed in the design, and it is an important one; but the whole building is so magnificent, so costly in its materials, and elegant in its architecture, that it has been said, and

it is perhaps not too much to say, that it is one of the finest works of modern art in the country.

In the centre of the square stands a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson, after a design by Mr. M. C. Wyatt; an enormous mass of bronze, more creditable to the patriotism of the town than the talents of the artist. The weight of bronze is more than twenty-two tons, and the expense of the work amounted to £9000. For such a sum, the subscribers had a right to expect something more deserving of immortality than this tame and ponderous production. The design includes the usual mixture of nature and allegory; the one without spirit and expression, and the other harmonizing with it, and without any other merit. Nelson is represented naked, and gigantic in all his proportions; but there is neither dignity nor pathos in the action of the figure. One foot rests on a cannon, and another on a fallen enemy; a position certainly expressive of any thing but magnanimity. This enemy is not an allegorical figure representing a nation, or some monster of wickedness and tyranny; but a poor individual sailor, whom it was scarcely worth while to have made the footstool of the conqueror. Victory and Britannia are placed at the head of the hero, the one putting a wreath round his sword, and the other mourning for his loss. On one side of him stands an enraged seaman, rushing forwards to avenge him, with a countenance preposterously at cross purposes with his intentions; and on the other side squats Death, peeping out from under some drapery, and with an arch look fixing his bony fingers upon his victim. The familiar personages of allegory have grown very vapid and uninteresting; and we may reasonably complain of the tiresomeness of looking at the ready-made Britannias and Victories, and the whole formal tribe of Virtues, Vices, &c. which load the designs of modern sculpture. There would be nothing to regret, I think, if nearly all of these were abolished, and their places supplied with creatures of nature, which would undoubtedly address themselves more vividly and intelligibly to our passions and feelings. But, if Death must be personified, it is quite time to embody his terrors and powers in a form of more horrible grandeur than a human skeleton, which can remind us only of our own meanness and insignificance.

The best conceived figures of the composition are four captives in chains, round the pedestal; but their introduction here, it appears to me, is offensive to all just taste and correct feeling. Captives and chains can only be disgusting objects to those who have a proper sense of the glory of Nelson, and the utility of his victories. This is said to be the largest and heaviest monument that was ever executed in this country; and its magnitude must excuse the length of my observations upon it.

The money subscribed for the construction of the Exchange-buildings was £80,000, and there is no more splendid proof of the liberality and enterprise of the town than the facility with which this great sum was raised. There were eight hundred shares of £100 each, for which there was a perfect scramble; and as soon as the names could be counted, the

the subscription was found to be complete. The whole business was arranged in less than four hours.

After viewing these magnificent structures, my next visits were to the public libraries, which are supported with a degree of ardour that one should not have expected to find in a town so involved in the bustle and cares of commerce. Merchants are generally supposed to have little time or inclination for any thing but the pursuit of wealth; but this is not the case at Liverpool, where, if an abundance of books and opportunities of reading them be fair proofs of the fact, literature is in a very promising condition. The Athenæum is a spacious and very neat stone building, containing both a library and a news-room. It was erected at an expense of £4000, which was raised in the course of one day. The proprietors are five hundred in number, who each pay annually two guineas and a half; making an annual contribution of one thousand, two hundred and fifty guineas. The books have been selected with great judgment, and now amount to more than eight thousand. They are not allowed to be removed from the library, but the room is fitted up with every accommodation for those who wish to read or transcribe. Nevertheless, the library is not much attended to, and for very obvious reasons. The subscribers, during the mornings of every day, have their time fully occupied as men of business; and in the evenings, those who could find amusement in books cannot give up the quiet and comfort of their homes. A man seldom sits down to read with downright earnestness and attention, except in privacy, and by his own fire-side. When once he has put his hat on, he becomes quite a different creature; and though he may lounge to the library, he will feel restless and unsettled there, and disposed only to paw and play with the books, handling more in five minutes than he could read in a month. For the purpose of occasional reference, the library may be of some use, but it is not calculated to be of any extensive benefit to the proprietors, who, resolving not to take the books from the room, have no doubt exceeded their original intentions, by never taking them from their shelves.

The Lyceum is a larger and handsomer building, with much more of the character externally of a Grecian school. The money for its erection was raised by public subscription, and amounted to more than £11,000. The library is a circular room, a hundred and thirty-five feet in circumference; and lighted from the top by a dome-light. It contains nearly eleven thousand volumes, which are permitted to circulate among the subscribers, and are more read, if the bindings are less nicely preserved, than those of the stationary volumes of the Athenæum. There are eight hundred and ninety-three subscribers, who each pay half-a-guinea annually. Under the library there is a coffee-room, well supplied with newspapers, reviews, maps, and magazines. This room is supported by a distinct subscription; each subscriber paying two guineas annually.

There is an academy of painting at Liverpool, but, I am sorry to observe, under the most lamentable management. The great object seems to be to make up an exhibition, and there is not the least judgment or discrimination employed in the selection of the works

works exhibited: any thing in a frame appears to be sure of reception. An exhibition under proper restrictions may stimulate industry and emulation, but it is calculated only to encourage carelessness and an injurious confidence, when thus liberally thrown open to all pretenders. There must be a beginning, it may be said, and young artists cannot be expected to paint good pictures; but surely it is not necessary to expose them in the feebleness of their first daubing before the public. Why introduce babies to company before they are fit to be seen? All have a decent affection and respect for the nursery, but few like to go into it, or would wish it less private and remote. I observed some creditable performances by natives of the place, and some good works of London artists; but these, though they might be looked at with satisfaction any where, served to render the general trash of the room more strikingly contemptible.

A stranger, on a view of Liverpool, cannot fail to be struck with the appearance of its places of worship, which, to the credit of the people, are more numerous, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants, than in any town I know of. The churches are all very respectable edifices, and some of them deserve particular notice. St. Nicholas's, which was long the only church in the place, has been rebuilt of late years; but in divisions at long intervals of time, and with little attention to the harmony of its parts. It first received a new body, and, in the course of time, the old tower was repaired and furnished with a new spire, but the work was so injudiciously constructed that it soon fell, forcing its way through the roof of the church, unfortunately at a time when a congregation was assembling for divine service. This terrible accident happened on Sunday the 11th of February, 1810, while the second peal was ringing: few men or women had entered the church, and they all escaped with little injury; but a procession of children from a charity school had advanced far up the centre aisle at the moment when the tower fell, and twenty-eight of them were buried beneath its ruins. Of these, twenty-three were killed on the spot, and of those who were extricated alive, one died speedily after her removal. The sufferers were all girls, the boys, who followed last in the procession, not having entered the doors.

A new Gothic tower has been lately added, elaborately enriched with sculpture, and terminating in very elegant pinnacles. It is a beautiful structure, but considerably too large for the body of the church, which it quite shames too by the sumptuousness of its embellishments. This building stands near the river's side, and there was formerly a statue of St. Nicholas in the church-yard, who was reputed the tutelary saint of mariners, and received an offering from all those who proceeded to sea, with the desire of a successful cruize and a safe return.

St. Paul's is an imitation, in very reduced miniature, of the great cathedral of the metropolis. It is an imposing but rather gloomy-looking building, miserably situated, and not to be seen but in close connexion with the shabbiest part of the town. A more serious defect is, that the preacher's voice cannot be heard in it by more than half of his congregation:

congregation: all variations in the position of the pulpit have been tried, but the evil has been found to be irremediable, and the church consequently is very little attended.

St. George's is a beautiful church, of Greek architecture, the body being fronted by a Doric range bearing an attic entablature, with a parapet ornamented with vases. It had formerly an appropriate steeple, which was lately taken down, from an apprehension that the foundation was not secure.

St. Thomas's is likewise of a Greek order, simple, but extremely elegant, and noted for its fine spire, which is more than two hundred feet in height. The body of the church consists of a rustic basement and two rows of windows, between which are Ionic pilasters, and above them a cornice and balustrade terminated by vases. At the east end is an octagonal projection, forming the chancel. There are eleven other churches for the service of the established religion, and chapels and meeting-houses for dissenters of every description, all of which are built with great neatness, and are as complete as can be desired in all their accommodations.

The charitable institutions of this town are very numerous, and, like every thing here that is supported by public patronage, they are all on a large and liberal scale. Liverpool has the credit of having first designed and established a school for the indigent blind, a most humane and admirable institution, affording the means of permanent relief and comfort to objects who, in their natural state of helplessness, may be regarded as the most destitute and forlorn of human beings. The school exhibits a most interesting and affecting scene; a little community of one hundred individuals, all deprived of a sense the most important to human invention and action, yet all occupied by some useful employment, and all cheerful and happy. It is pleasing to see so much benefit to society derived from those who were long considered as doomed to hopeless inactivity, but their industry is quite delightful to the mind, as it affects themselves; as it relieves them from a condition of intolerable dulness and gloom, from the miseries of want or the humiliation of dependence, and admits them as active partners in the exhilarating business of life.

On my introduction into the school, my first impression, on a view of a calamity in so terrible an aggregate, was a very painful one; but a short familiarity with the scene changed my feelings, and reconciled me to the condition of those who had certainly no distressing sense of their own privation. A more contented and lively society I have never seen assembled together. Here are people of all ages, men, women, and children, all as in a state of common infancy, learning to be useful and happy. There is no art requiring only manual skill in which the blind, from the quickness of their sense of touch, cannot become proficient, but they require more patient care and attention from their instructors than the poor have time to give them, or can secure for them from the common masters of trades; and without such an asylum as this to befriend them, if a poor couple have the misfortune to have a blind child, they must of necessity leave it to grow up unfitted for all useful industry. The principal occupations in which the pupils of the school

school are instructed are rope-making spinning, basket-making, plaiting sash-lines, weaving floor-cloth and sacking, and making list shoes, worsted hearth-rugs, and rope mats. Few are found incapable of learning some of these employments, and many acquire, with no long apprenticeship, a skill in the most difficult of them, finishing their work not only with perfect neatness, but with care and rapidity enough to enable them to gain a comfortable subsistence by their labour. A great proportion of the boys are employed in rope-making, in which they speedily become skilful; and it is an art which, in a sea-port like Liverpool, is a certain provision for them. I observed a few of the women sitting at needle-work, and I saw them thread their needles with such readiness, that I had no doubt they could use them with effect.

Music seems to be the favourite amusement. There are eight or ten harpsichords, which are seldom idle, the pupils, as it appears to me, being permitted to devote themselves to them with too little discrimination. It may appear hard to deny them any amusement that they can partake of, but they come hither not merely to amuse themselves, but for the more important purpose of learning to gain their bread. Few of those who make music their study can expect to render it the means of their future maintenance; yet, when once their passion for it is raised, they manifest a distaste for all other occupations. I did not hear a single good performer; and several had commenced at an age which rendered any tolerable proficiency perfectly hopeless. A few have left the school fitted for organists and teachers of music, but such an advancement cannot be the lot of half of those who apply themselves to the study. Those who do not succeed are very much to be pitied, for after losing all the solid benefits of the institution, they leave it more deplorably circumstanced than on their entrance, in having a new taste with no opportunities of gratifying it. It would be advisable surely to shut out all except young pupils from the harpsichord, and to exchange the pursuit for some more serviceable employment, in those who did not speedily manifest a degree of talent that promised success.

There are stated hours for work, but there seems to be no proper system of coercion for those who exhibit signs of obstinacy and indocility. The full-grown scholars must be governed by appeals to their reason and their sense of shame, but for the younger part of the society there appears to be a necessity for some more impressive mode of discipline than that which is adopted. I was taken to see a boy who showed a singular perversity of temper, and an invincible determination to do nothing that he was requested to do. I found him among a company of busy basket-makers, engaged in tying and untying knots in a piece of string, and he continued to devote himself to this employment with stupid earnestness, quite unmoved by all the efforts of reasoning and remonstrance that I could bring forward for his service. He was not at all wanting in vivacity at the hours of play, but as soon as the bell rang for business he became thus silent, sullen, and untractable. Every art I was told had been used to bring him to his senses; but when I mentioned the rod, or at least the name of it, I was given to understand that no severity of treatment

was

was permitted in the school. But surely a little correction, such as boys fear, would in this instance have been lenity. As it was, this perverse little scoundrel would in a short time be dismissed as incorrigible, to lament, on a future day, that he was not whipped as he deserved.

Proper attention is bestowed upon the moral conduct of the pupils, and there is an express provision for their religious education. The males and females were formerly permitted to associate, but they are now confined to separate divisions of the house. I have not heard that any blameable familiarities resulted from the freedom of their former intercourse, but courtship ensued, and marriages were negotiated, and it was wisely resolved to discourage an union which could bring nothing but misery to the parties. To parents blind and poor, children would indeed be a curse.

The inmates are all decently and comfortably clothed: their food is excellent, perhaps rather too dainty for people who must hereafter be content with the hard fare which they can earn by manual labour: they have an open court to take exercise in, and every department of their house is neat, clean, and wholesome.

The institution is supported by an annual subscription, and has been aided by splendid donations from many of the most distinguished people of the country. According to the last report published by the committee, the number of subscribers resident in Liverpool amounted to six hundred and ninety-seven; and there was a considerably greater number from various parts of the kingdom. The whole amount subscribed was £1253 10s. 6d. of which £594 19s. was contributed by the people of the place. The benefits of the charity are not restricted to the town of Liverpool, but are open to all objects properly recommended, from whence soever they come*. Of three hundred and

* The following is a list, according to the last report, of the number of pupils admitted into the school from its commencement, January 17, 1791, to December 31, 1813; with a statement of the circumstances under which they appear to have been totally or partially deprived of sight. The partially blind, it is stated, had lost their sight to all useful purposes.

	Totally.	Partially.	Total.
Blind, from their birth	24	8	32
— in consequence of small-pox	97	15	112
— inflammation	69	26	95
— cataracts	13	34	47
— external injury	15	9	24
— gutta serena	22	13	35
— imperfect organization	1	6	7
Lost their sight, at sea	8	1	9
— by gradual decay	3	0	3
— after fever	4	0	4
— measles	0	2	2
— hooping cough	1	0	1
— convulsions	1	2	3
From causes not mentioned or imperfectly described in the certificates	5	10	15
	263	126	389

eighty-nine persons admitted into the school since its first establishment, eighty-three belonged to the parish of Liverpool, a hundred and four to other parishes in the county of Lancaster, and two hundred and two to various parts of the united kingdom. A considerable sum is raised annually by the sale of the articles manufactured by the scholars, a source of honourable pride to them, which saves them from that moral abasement apt to be incurred by those, who yield themselves up indolently and contentedly to be supported by charity.

It will not be expected that I should enter into minute details with respect to all the charitable institutions supported by this liberal town, but many of them are so wise and judicious in their design and regulations, and so extensively beneficial, that I cannot pass them over without notice. Here are no receptacles which are open indiscriminately to all who can plead distress as their recommendation ; no poor-houses which, established for the relief of those who want, support in idleness those who are able to work. A very active but mistaken benevolence has crowded the country with such institutions, but experience has proved that they only multiply the evils which they were intended to reduce, affording no doubt just and deserved relief in many cases of distress, but operating generally as a check upon industry, by holding out a refuge in the last extremity to idleness and profligacy. Here are many asylums for the indigent and unfortunate, which are encouraged by a liberal aid from the public ; but it has been a study to let charity, in the most limited sense of the word, enter as little as possible into their design, which is not unconditionally to assist the needy, but to put them in the way of assisting themselves ; not gratuitously to clothe and feed the naked and hungry, but to teach them to clothe and feed themselves ; not to give wages to those who are without work, but to afford those who are disposed to industry opportunities of employment and reward.

The House of Industry, which, as its name imports, was founded with these views, is a handsome building, neat and complete in all its parts, and capable of accommodating a great number of inmates. On one floor is a hall ninety feet long, and twenty-four wide, furnished with three ranges of tables, at which four hundred people can dine at a time. Over this are two stories, each containing a large room for spinning and other kinds of work. At the back of the building, and a little detached from it, are two large wings, containing numerous rooms, all cleanly and comfortable, in which the poor live. The whole work was erected at an expense of £8000.

At a little distance from this house stands the *House of Recovery*, a neat stone building, in a very airy and healthy situation. Its design is to receive patients afflicted with fever, who are precluded by poverty from the benefit of medical advice, or reside in close and unwholesome places, which retard the cure of their disease, and render it dangerous to the neighbourhood.

The Female School of Industry is an excellent institution, admirably regulated. Its object is to educate the female children of the poor, who are here instructed in reading, writing,

writing, and the common rules of arithmetic, and also in needle-work, knitting, and spinning. After a certain period elections take place of the most deserving girls, who are taught all kinds of house-work to prepare them for service. They remain in the school one year after this election, contributing a weekly sum out of their earnings towards defraying the expenses of their board, lodging, &c. Each child subscribes a halfpenny a day out of her earnings to a general fund, which is allowed to accumulate, and continues to give the same contribution out of her wages after she has left the school. After fourteen years subscription she is entitled, on her first marriage, to receive two guineas; and an equal sum on the birth of every child that she may have born in wedlock. Any subscriber remaining unmarried to the age of fifty-five, or being left a widow at such a period of life, is allowed the sum of two guineas per annum as long as she lives. A separate fund is formed from the subscriptions of honorary members, and applied, at the discretion of the committee, to augment the annuities, and furnish relief to members of the society in particular cases of distress. A distinct account is kept of each girl's work, and the profits are placed to her credit. Out of these the expenses of her clothing and her subscription to the fund are paid; and if there be any surplus, it is laid out in providing for her a stock of clothes, and other necessaries, on her quitting the school, and entering into service.

The Blue-coat Hospital receives nearly four hundred children, about fifty of whom are girls, who are educated, clothed, and supported. They are engaged for one half of the day in the school, where they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and during the other half are at work. They are admitted into the hospital at the age of eight, and put out as apprentices at fourteen.

The Welsh Charitable Society instructs, clothes, and apprentices, poor children descended from Welsh parents, who have no parochial settlement within the town. Under the direction of the same society there is a more extensive school, in which more than four hundred children are educated on Lancaster's system. It is very pleasing to observe how much attention is paid in this town to the education of the poor, undoubtedly of all others the most certain means of saving them from the vice, and misery, and degradation, into which they inevitably sink, when left without any kind of moral and religious instruction, and sacrificed, as soon as they can stand, to the manufactories. There are many other schools supported by subscription besides those which I have already mentioned. *The Moorfields Sunday and Daily Charity School* is on an extensive scale, receiving more than three hundred boys and girls for education. *The Hunter-street Charity School* was built by the late Mr. Waterworth, of this town, in 1792, and was supported by subscription till 1803, when Mrs. F. Waterworth, his sister, endowed it with the sum of £4000 for its future maintenance. It receives a hundred and twenty boys, and a hundred and forty girls. *The St. James's School*, for a hundred and fifty boys, was erected by the late Moses Benson, Esq. *The Manesty-lane Day and Sunday Charity School* receives a hundred and twenty boys and girls; and the *Circus-street School* three

hundred and twenty-six. *The St. Andrew's Charity School* was instituted in 1809, for the purpose of instructing the children of poor Scottish parents, and admits fifty-five boys and fifty girls. *The Benevolent Society of St. Patrick* instructs, clothes, and apprentices, the children of poor Irish parents. I hope that this minuteness on the subject of establishments so much to the credit of the town, will not be considered fatiguing or misplaced.

The Infirmary is a building on a scale of absolute magnificence, extending in front one hundred and twenty yards, and in depth one hundred and ninety. It has three stories, containing spacious and commodious wards; two wings are connected with it by colonnades; before it is a large area, laid out in a lawn, enclosed with an iron railing and gates, and behind is an extensive garden, which supplies the patients with vegetables, and various kinds of medicinal herbs. This institution is most generously supported, and is on a plan of very liberal beneficence. It is open, not only to the sick poor of Liverpool, but from all quarters of the world, providing only that they have a recommendation by a subscriber, which, if they are proper objects, is of course readily procured. The charity is supported by an annual subscription from the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, subscribers of two guineas having the liberty of recommending patients.

The two wings of this building are devoted to a distinct establishment, the *Seaman's Hospital*, intended for the maintenance of decayed seamen of the port of Liverpool, and their widows and children. It is supported by a monthly allowance of sixpence from every seaman sailing from the port, a sum which, by act of parliament, he is obliged to pay out of his wages.

The *Dispensary* is a charity widely and signally beneficial, relieving an immense number of sufferers at a comparatively trifling expense. It is conducted by a president, two auditors, seven physicians, three surgeons, and an apothecary. All patients are considered proper objects for relief, who are recommended by the magistrates, the clergy, churchwardens, or by any subscriber. Two physicians attend every day, Sunday excepted; and the exception, I think, is a somewhat unreasonable one, when we advert to the nature of the institution. A surgeon is also in constant attendance, and another, or the apothecary, regularly visits patients at their own houses, who are unable to apply personally at the Dispensary. At least ten thousand people annually receive assistance from this charity, yet the annual expenditure does not exceed £1000.

The Ladies' Charity is under the patronage of ladies of the first rank and respectability in the town, with a lady patroness at their head. The object of it is the relief of poor married women in child-bed, at their own homes, where they receive proper medical assistance, and are supplied with food, the use of bed-linen, and every other necessary that their situation requires. There are no circumstances under which a poor family is more powerfully recommended to charity than when the mother of it is thus confined to her bed, wanting many comforts beyond their resources to bestow, yet involving them in debt and embarrassment by the scanty aid that she receives, and adding another dependent

dependent upon their future earnings. A small sum judiciously laid out in such a case not only gives present and essential comfort to a woman in the most trying of situations, but may save a whole family from years of difficulty and distress. They have little knowledge of what is endured in the garrets and cellars of the poor, who are ignorant of the lasting effect that £10 more or less may have upon the condition of a family.

The *Society for Bettering the Condition and Increasing the Comforts of the Poor* is of late formation, but must be of singular use in a great town. The general object of it, as stated in their rules, is to collect information respecting the circumstances of the poor, and in interposing to assist them, to keep always in view the principle, that the best relief they can receive is that which comes from themselves, and that the most effectual method of improving their condition is by the encouragement among them of industry and prudence. The town, under the direction of this society, is divided into districts, in each of which a respectable inhabitant personally investigates the state of the poor around him; and two spacious warehouses have been erected for the sale of provisions to them at reduced prices. The business of the society is transacted by a committee of twenty-one members, which has power to give such rewards, for particular instances of good conduct, as the state of the funds will admit, for the purpose of directing the general attention of the poor to what will best promote their interest and happiness.

In addition to these numerous and admirable institutions and associations may be mentioned the *Committee for the Relief of Debtors confined in the Borough Gaol*, the *Lunatic Hospital*, the *Magdalen Asylum*, the *Institution for restoring Drowned Persons*, and the *Stranger's Friend Society*. So splendid a list of charities, so comprehensive, so wisely designed and munificently encouraged, no town, I believe, of equal extent in the kingdom can boast of, and yet almost all of them have been established within the last half century.

The Liverpool New Prison is an immense building, the largest gaol, it is said, in the country, in six divisions, which are ranged in the form of a crescent, inclosing the governor's house. It is managed entirely on Howard's system, and has space enough to allow all his excellent provisions for the accommodation and comfort of the prisoners to be carried into full effect. All the apartments and offices, I observed, were exceedingly neat and clean, and a general order and decency were preserved among a very numerous body of malefactors that were extremely gratifying and consoling.

The trade of Liverpool is a great and complicated subject, which I am not prepared to set forth as I could wish, having found the custom-house books the only objects of curiosity in the place that I was not readily permitted to inspect. The history of its rise and progress exhibits an example of activity, of daring speculation and adventure, and of sudden and magnificent success, that is without a parallel. The first dock was constructed here in 1710, at which time the number of vessels belonging to the port amounted only to eighty-four, averaging rather less than seventy tons burthen, and navigated by eleven

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men each. These were principally employed in the Irish trade, which was the earliest commerce of any importance possessed by Liverpool; and which, on the decline of the port of Chester, became very considerable, and drew over to this town many natives of Ireland, who laid the first foundation of some of its principal mercantile houses. Soon after this time the first efforts were made in foreign commerce, and some successful attempts in the West-India and American markets quickened the enterprize and confidence of the people, and called forth all their resources. They exported provisions from Ireland, and procured checks, handkerchiefs, and osnaburghs, for the ordinary demands of the plantations, from Scotland; and these, with other goods of secondary importance, with which they freighted their vessels, gave them a small share in that extensive and lucrative trade, which was carried on by the more opulent sea-ports of the kingdom with America and the West-Indies. By these exertions, the shipping of the port was rapidly increased; the number of vessels in 1716, being 113, amounting to 8,386 tons; and navigated by 1,376 men.

The emulation of Liverpool had been excited at an early period of her commercial adventures, by the prosperity of the port of Bristol; and an opportunity was now approaching, not only for her rivalling, but outdoing her ancient superior. The manufactures of Manchester, which about this time were wonderfully improved, were the grand means of advancing the consequence of this port. The Manchester manufacturers, conceiving that they could supply the foreign markets with articles of a better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than those procured by Liverpool from Scotland, determined to make a trial of exportation. The experiment succeeded to their utmost hopes; and in a very short time, the checks, osnaburghs, and handkerchiefs of Manchester obtained such a preference, that Liverpool acquired a complete monopoly of coarse goods in the West-India market. The French, German, and Scotch manufactures of this description fell into disrepute; and the trade of Bristol in these commodities was utterly and irredeemably ruined. The town of Liverpool was now rising into some importance; the population by a computation made in 1720, amounting to 10,446, having been more than doubled since the commencement of the century. In the same year an act was passed, for making navigable the rivers Mersey and Irwell, as far as Manchester; and for opening a communication with Northwich, by means of the river Weaver.

The town, however, had yet no promise of that extraordinary elevation which awaited it, when a new outlet was made for its grand commodities, the manufactures of Manchester, by a contraband trade with Spanish America, which was followed by splendid success, and returned to the town that vast capital, which gave it such command and power in its future speculations, and advanced it to the rank which it now holds. The goods exported by Spain to her American colonies were charged with most exorbitant duties; and the Cales company (who, by virtue of their charter, claimed the exclusive privilege of exportation), paying also a yearly tribute to the Spanish government, every article in their invoice, on its

its arrival at the American settlements, was rated at more than three hundred per cent. beyond what the inhabitants had been accustomed to pay when the trade was open. Such imposts amounted almost to a prohibition against all purchasers, and were admirably calculated to encourage smugglers, who, accordingly, soon began to make adventures in small craft, from the Havannah, Porto-Bello, Carthagená, and many small ports and creeks on the main, to Jamaica; in the hope of procuring checks, stripes, and other articles of this description on somewhat more moderate terms than they could be supplied with them from the German looms, under such duties as it pleased the wisdom of the Spanish government to impose. They found with great satisfaction, that the goods were not only immensely cheaper, but of a better quality than those which they had been accustomed to purchase; and the news of this fact speedily so multiplied adventurers, and extended the demand for the goods, that on the departure of the Spaniards, there was sometimes not a single piece of check left for sale in the Kingston market. The returns were made to this country in specie; and gave to the merchants of Liverpool, and the manufacturers of Manchester, fortunes more vast and sudden, than the history of any trade, or of any town in the kingdom, can furnish instances of. By this contraband trade it is said that there were annually sold British manufactured goods to the amount of a million and a half of money. It continued in full vigour from the year 1722 to 1740; when it was crippled by the vigilance of the Spanish government, and gradually declined till it was finally abolished by an act of the British legislature.

Previous, however, to the stoppage of this golden flood, Liverpool had opened a new source of wealth in the slave-trade, the only discreditable and disgusting topic that presents itself, in tracing the causes of its elevation and prosperity. Her first attempts in this savage business were in a contraband trade with the Spaniards. On the failure of the South-sea scheme, the contractors were unable to fulfil their engagements with the Assiento Company; and their incompetency presented a promising opening, which encouraged the merchants of Liverpool to embark in the trade. They met with immediate success, and had soon a regular establishment of factors in Jamaica; from whence they smuggled over their slaves to the Spanish settlements. Those for which they could not find a timely and profitable market with the Spaniards were detained on the island, and contributed to satisfy the occasional demands of the Jamaica planters. Extending their concerns still further, they had soon a share in the general supply of the British plantations, and such was their activity, that they were not long before they were without a rival in this great branch of the trade. Bristol, which once almost engrossed the supply of our own plantations, felt her exports most extraordinarily reduced, as Liverpool advanced in the trade, clearing out in 1764 only thirty-two ships for the coast of Africa; while the latter port cleared out seventy-four. So ardent was Liverpool in the prosecution of this infernal traffic, and to such a height had she carried it, that at the period of its fullest prosperity more than one fourth
of

of the shipping belonging to her port sailed to the coast of Africa; and she had more than one half of the African trade of the whole kingdom.

That she has derived great wealth from this trade is not to be disputed; but it may be questioned whether it did not divert her capital and her industry from more profitable, as well as more just and honourable concerns. Certain it is, that its abolition did not do her that injury, which those who considered the question without any reference to justice and morality were willing to apprehend. Ships from every trading nation are now seen in her docks; and she shares, as the second sea-port of the empire, in all those advantages which the perfection of our manufactures, the extent of our colonial territories, and the ascendancy of our navy, have secured to the country. It is estimated, that one-twelfth part of the shipping of Great Britain is navigated by Liverpool; that it has one-fourth part of her foreign trade, and one-sixth part of her general commerce*. It has every promise of

* The following table of dock duties will show the rapid progress of commerce in this town. No later list has been published; but the annual amount of the duties at present is, I believe, about £70,000.

Year.	No. Ships.	£.	s.	d.	Year.	No. Ships.	£.	s.	d.
1752	—	1776	8	2	1776	2216	5064	10	10
1753	—	2034	16	2	1777	2361	4610	4	9
1754	—	2093	11	0	1778	2292	4649	7	7
1755	—	2417	13	11	1779	2374	4957	17	10
1756	—	2197	16	9	1780	2261	3528	7	9
1757	1371	2336	15	0	1781	2512	3915	4	11
1758	1453	2403	6	3	1782	2496	4249	6	3
1759	1281	2372	12	2	1783	2816	4840	8	3
1760	1245	2330	6	7	1784	3098	6397	11	1
1761	1319	2382	0	2	1785	3429	8411	5	3
1762	1307	2526	19	6	1786	3228	7508	0	1
1763	1752	3141	1	5	1787	3567	9199	18	8
1764	1625	2780	3	4	1788	3677	9206	13	10
1765	1930	3455	8	4	1789	3619	8901	10	10
1766	1808	3653	19	2	1790	4223	10037	6	2½
1767	1704	3015	9	2	1791	4045	11645	6	6
1768	1808	3566	14	9	1792	4483	13243	17	8½
1769	2054	4004	5	0	1793	4129	12480	5	5
1770	2073	4142	17	2	1794	4265	10678	7	0
1771	2087	4203	19	10	1795	3948	9368	16	4
1772	2259	4552	5	4	1796	4738	12377	7	7
1773	2214	4725	1	11	1797	4528	13319	12	8
1774	2258	4580	5	5	1798	4478	12057	18	3
1775	2291	5384	4	9	1799	4518	14049	15	1

Year.	Ships.	Tonnage.	£.	s.	d.
1800	4746	450,060	23379	13	6½
1801	5060	459,719	28365	8	2
1802	4781	510,691	28192	9	10
1803	4791	494,531	28027	13	7
1804	4291	448,761	26157	0	11
1805	4618	469,482	33364	13	1
1806	4676	507,825	44560	7	3½
1807	5791	662,309	62831	5	10
1808	5225	516,836	40638	10	4
1809	6023	594,601	47580	19	3
1810	6729	734,391	65782	1	0½

maintaining

maintaining its rank, as long as commerce is permitted to keep a place in the country. The unrivalled cotton manufactures of the county in which it is situated give it a great preponderance in the trade with the United States; a mart of high consideration at present, and undoubtedly the most important empire of the world, in the speculations of future commerce.

Liverpool, from its local situation, commands a large proportion of the home trade of the country. It secures the east and north coast of Ireland, from Dublin to Londonderry; the north of England, and the midland counties, extending southwards as far as Birmingham. By its connexion with the inland navigation, it has an easy communication, not only with the great depôts of its merchandise in Lancashire, but with the most distant parts of England. The Mersey and Irwell connect its trade with that of Manchester. Sugar, grain, wine, and spirits, together with the produce from the Mediterranean and the Baltic, are sent up; and manufactured goods from Manchester and all parts of Yorkshire are returned. By the river Weaver it has a communication with the heart of Cheshire, from whence it receives salt, cheese and grain, in large quantities. By this channel, three hundred and sixty-five thousand tons of salt are annually transported to Liverpool, and from thence sent coastways to our various fisheries. The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal falls into the Mersey, and communicates with the Birmingham, Staffordshire, and Grand Trunk, to London. The vessels employed upon it carry clay and flint to the potteries, and West-India and other foreign goods to various parts of the island; returning to this port with the produce and manufactures of all the midland counties, and the south of England. The Leeds Canal, it is intended, shall unite Liverpool and Hull, and open a channel to the German Ocean. By this canal, Liverpool receives a hundred and forty thousand tons of coal annually from Wigan; and, when completed, it will carry her imports all over Yorkshire. The Ellesmere Canal opens a passage from the Mersey to the Dee, connecting the trade of this port with North Wales, through the western part of Cheshire. The principal goods imported by this channel are lead, iron, and timber, from Wales. I regret that I must leave with so little notice the nature and extent of the exports and imports of the place; but, as I have before mentioned, I had not the liberty of access to the only sources of certain information on the subject.

I found an abundance of matter at Liverpool to occupy me fully and pleasantly, during a week of observation; but my friend had exhausted all that it presented of the picturesque in a much shorter time, and had proceeded on his tour, trusting that I should overtake him where there were more temptations for him to pause. My journey, for an extent of many leagues to the northward of Liverpool, was very dull and barren; and, that I may give the reader as little fatigue as possible in following me, I will make but few pages of the many tedious miles that I had now to drone over. The whole coast of Lancashire is, with little variation, a range of sand-hills; with a flat shore, from which the sea retires to a great distance at low water. The land has evidently suffered much from the encroach-

ments of the sea, which still advances; but the great quantities of sand brought down by the rivers which intersect the coast operate in some degree as a check upon it. The sand-hills are planted with sea-bent, the *elymus arenarius*, I believe, of botanists, whose long creeping roots bind the sand together; but it is frequently forced up by the strong south-west gales, and strewed over the cultivated fields, doing infinite mischief.

There might be some who would reproach me, were I in my haste to pass by Bootle without notice: I therefore mention, that it lies about three miles north of Liverpool; and that there is a boarding-house there, which, like all these kind of places at the sea-side, I found full to the very garrets. A man here, with a good spy-glass, may find amusement enough in counting and classing the great crowd of vessels that are constantly passing and repassing on the river; and for the ladies, who do not care about great ships, and love smooth water, here is the Wigan Canal, a stone's throw from the house, with a steady, safe-going packet, finely painted and fitted up, in which they may ride to Liverpool and return on the same day; would I could have said to dinner, and the matter would then have been perfect;—but what is there perfect in this world?

On proceeding from this place along the shore, I had little for some time to mind but my walking. The sand-hills shut out all view of the interior; and on ascending to the top of one of them, I discovered that I had not much to regret on this account. The country as far as I could see was quite flat, not altogether uninteresting, for it was thickly peopled with villages and farms, but without any beauties of natural scenery. It produces corn, and an abundance of potatoes of the finest kind. Potatoes, it is said, will grow well in any soil; but I have seldom met with them so good any where as in Lancashire. They form a principal article of food with the lower order of people in this county, and great attention is paid to their growth, and all necessary rules are observed in boiling them; and these, some have ventured to affirm, are all that is wanting to make all potatoes alike. But this appears to be going rather too far, otherwise an English potatoe, unless spoilt in the saucepan, would be as good as an Irish one;—and who could be taught to think so?

A walk of eight or ten miles brought me to Formby Point, a ridge of sand jutting into the sea, at the extreme point of which is a beacon, which acts, with another a little further inland, as a guide through Formby Channel, one of the passages into the Mersey. A little south of the point, a very small river, the Alt, flows into the sea, and is navigable for a few hundred yards from its mouth for vessels of fifty or sixty tons. I observed on the shore here, which was left dry by the tide, an evidence of the depredations committed by the sea, in a considerable tract of peat-moss, in which appeared sticking up in various places the black roots and trunks of trees. These were certainly of great antiquity, for they were the remains of much larger trees than modern art can rear on this coast, in the face of the western wind.

I now turned from the shore, and proceeding for about a mile and a half inland, arrived at the village of Formby, sheltered by a few stunted and weather-beaten trees, which,



Liverpool, taken from the opposite side of the River



Lancaster Castle

which, in a neighbourhood generally so bare of wood, were something to boast of. It was not meat-day, but there was bacon for me here, which, with a comfortable night's lodging, I was in no temper to find fault with. In the morning I returned to the shore, over a waste of sand-hills, on a scale of such grandeur, and covering such an extent of ground, that, familiarized as I was with sand, the effect was something novel to me. They extended for at least a mile in depth; and were thrown into very striking groups, exactly resembling a range of mountains, with all their ridges, peaks, and precipices. Many of them were full sixty feet in height, rising precipitously on all sides. They were all very thinly sprinkled with the sea-bent, and exhibited a scene of frightful and irredeemable barrenness, that, together with the wild confusion with which they were grouped and heaped together, had something in it almost amounting to the sublime. I found it no easy matter to find my way among them, being obliged to wind through the spaces between them; for to scramble over them would have been a task for a week, not to mention the risk of being buried alive. Along the shore, above high-water mark, there is a prodigious accumulation of loose, dry sand, which is continually driving into the interior. It is impossible to arrest it by vegetation; for the grass would be overwhelmed by fresh heaps on every breeze from the sea. A hard wind was now blowing from the westward; and the shore, which was left dry for a breadth of more than a mile, was covered with a cloud of loose sand, about a foot high, which seemed to rise from it like smoke. I found no inconvenience from it, beyond a cake incrusting over my shins; but a poor dog, belonging to a countryman who had joined company with me, could make no head at all against the driving shower, and after a gallant struggle, was fairly obliged to turn his tail to it, and run for the land.

The sands are very hard and even, so that a pedestrian, in spite of the dreariness of the prospects, may have some satisfaction at least, in the smoothness of his path, though the miles are exceedingly tedious, and seem to be lengthened out to more than double their lawful extent. Distant objects appear most fallaciously near to the sight on this flat shore; and one walks in wonder and impatience for an hour, without gaining a point which the eye had assured him was to be reached in less than half the time. I did at length arrive at some bathing-machines, which I had for some time suspected of retreating as I advanced, and paused for rest at Southport, where an exhibition of human art and taste burst upon my view, that in so desolate a scene of nature had an extraordinary effect. Amidst a waste of sand-hills, here are planted about a dozen houses, all fitted up in that peculiar style of natural and simple embellishment, which we sometimes see, but oftener read of, in the villa of a citizen, within a morning's walk of his shop in town. The sand does not encourage any thing to grow; but here are little gardens, marked out by green and white palings, which, instead of flowers and shrubs, are ornamented with spoils from wrecks, pieces of carved and painted work, figure-heads, huge Neptunes, and overgrown Tritons, which, inclosed in those small spaces, remind one of Gulliver in Lilliput.

Nothing that paint can give of splendour and diversity of appearance has been spared on the outsides of the houses, and there are few windows not latticed, or not opening into a balcony, in which one person at least may stand at a time, and at his ease, to see the sand. The place was founded exclusively for the accommodation of bathers, and, as far as was compatible with the ruggedness of the ground, every thing has been made pretty to please the company. A small drain, which I hopped over on quitting the shore, I found was called the Nile, and was made, I believe, on purpose to be so called. Every thing, in short, that could be reasonably expected, has been provided for the indulgence of visitors who come hither with fine taste and romantic feelings; and if a contrivance could be discovered, as the host of the inn observed, to make the sand look green, and keep it out of the parlours, a person might travel very far indeed without seeing any thing like Southport.

The situation is as disagreeable as possible; a windy day smothering you with sand, and a calm one suffocating you with heat. I never felt the heat so oppressive, I think, as here. When out of doors there is no quarter; all is open and exposed, without a tree or a bush to fly to for shade, or to look at and think of it: the eye has nothing to select and discriminate, but dwells by force, dazzled and strained, on an unvaried breadth of sea, sun, and sand.

I could procure no chaise, nor horse, nor any kind of conveyance here to help me on my journey, except a cart, and this did not travel in the course that I wished to pursue. The visitors are trundled away from hence in this humble vehicle to the Wigan canal, where they meet a packet-boat to take them to Wigan or Liverpool; and if a man be not bound to either of these places, he must walk away or stay, unless he fortunately wishes to be ferried over the Ribble, and is not, as I was, just ten minutes behind the proper time of tide.

Resolving not to stay, I renewed my expedition, ploughing my way for several miles up to the knees in hot sand; the thermometer, I had no doubt, almost high enough to drive a man mad. At the village of Church-town, near the mouth of the Ribble, I was relieved by a paved road, which made my journey less burthensome to myself, though combined with little that can render it more lively to my readers. The Ribble, which is one of the largest rivers in the north of England, forms an estuary several miles in breadth, but, from the interruption of banks, navigable only for small vessels. I could see no water now in any part of the channel, though the sand, from an effect of the *mirage*, had very much the appearance of it, looking white and somewhat transparent, and trembling and flashing under the sun, like a lake. The land on the opposite shore appeared broken into fragments, not unlike a fleet of ships and boats, but seemingly lifted up into the air, and continually in a state of tremulous motion. I could not have quite mistaken the sand for water on this day, but the deception, I have been told, is often observed more complete; and a story is familiar in this neighbourhood of a man who was so far misled by it, that he actually stripped off his clothes to bathe, and found himself sprawling on the

the dry sand before he was convinced of his error. Of course this man kept no account of the tides.

Leaving the sea-shore, I followed the course of the Ribble, which, for an extent of six or seven miles, is bounded by a dreary tract of marsh land, in parts yielding pasture, but generally very barren and unprofitable. As I advanced further into the interior, the country assumed a richer and more cheerful aspect; but being out of sight of salt water, it becomes me to pass it by without more particular description. The impossibility of crossing the Ribble, or of waiting with nothing else to do till the tide flowed, led me on to Preston, where, after a walk of twenty miles, my difficulties were relieved by a bridge.

Having no business, and finding little amusement at this town, I continued my journey, on the following day, along the north bank of the river, passing over several fine marshes of great extent and fertility. About two miles below the mouth of the estuary, the shore is defended by a deep bed of beach, which struck me as singular, for the country for several miles inland is quite flat, and covered with a thick stratum of soil. The beach is composed chiefly of pebbles of granite, and continues for ten or twelve miles along the coast to the northward of the Ribble, when it is cut off by Wyre-water, and does not appear again to the northward of that river. Granite appears on the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but they lie at a great distance from this beach, which contains likewise large quantities of pebbles, of too large a size, one should think, to have been borne down by any rivers on this coast. There seems, however, to be no way of accounting for their appearance here, but by supposing that they were washed down from the mountains; and, for the sake of a quiet mind on the subject, I must submit to such a conjecture.

I stopped for refreshment at Lytham, a small watering-place, nearly opposite to Southport, but without figure-heads, or any other kind of finery, such as distinguishes that chosen spot. The few vessels that trade to the Ribble discharge their cargoes here; the channel of the river being close to the shore, and furnishing a tolerable harbour. Corn, butter, &c. are imported from Dublin, and linen from Belfast: the exports are principally coals.

Behind Lytham is a handsome mansion, the seat of Mr. Clifton, who, by an exertion of great art and labour, has worked a very agreeable spot out of a most unpromising situation. Among other embellishments, he has covered his grounds with trees, which, though of no stately growth, have a striking effect, amidst the general nakedness of this part of the country. A traveller hunting for beautiful scenery may feel somewhat indignant at agriculturists here, who see acre extended after acre without a tree; but they have some reason when they object to the culture of trees, as too costly and tedious an operation to answer the ends of ordinary husbandry. Trees cannot be raised on this coast of a size to be valuable as timber; and it is but few who can afford to plant only with a view to ornament.

To

To the northward of Mr. Clifton's grounds a dull, naked flat extends along the coast, and continues without variation to Blackpool. I arrived at this place on a very wild evening: the wind blew loud, and a dark and stormy sky threw a deep shade over the sea, which was bursting, in long lines of roaring breakers, upon the shore. Fancy might have found room in such a picture for ships in distress, and fishermen's boats just discovered through the dusk and the foam of the sea; but such images were driven from my mind by a gay throng of ladies and gentlemen, lining the beach in their parade dresses, and enjoying the storm. No shrieks or groans of distress were heard in the pauses of the blast; but various expressions of pretty wonder and innocent daring, from ladies who freely scudded before the wind, or stood at the water's edge amidst the mist of the breakers. Instead of sails splitting, and ropes snapping in the gale, here were seen muslins and silks of every colour fluttering in the wind, at the risk of no ruder or more afflicting accident than the occasional discovery of a thick leg or a darned stocking. A fine evening had seen the same company pacing to and fro silent and serenely dull; but this rough wind broke down all kind of ceremony, and utterly confounded the two-and-two order of the procession, blowing about the parties into ever-shifting groups, and creating a concert of noise and sprightliness, such as I have seldom witnessed within the bounds of a dress-walk.

Blackpool is the favourite bathing-place of the county, and it is certainly the best situated; a bolder and more unbroken expanse of sea rolling in upon this particular point than is to be seen any where else upon this sand-bound coast. Among the company are crowds of poor people from the manufacturing towns, who have a high opinion of the efficacy of bathing, maintaining that in the months of August and September there is physic in the sea,—physic of a most comprehensive description, combining all the virtues of all the drugs in the doctor's shop, and of course a cure for all varieties of disease. It is not, they imagine, any peculiar condition of their own systems, in the months I have mentioned, that gives the sea its effect upon them; but they conceive that during this period it is actually converted into a great dose, by the admixture of some ingredients which do not belong to its composition at other seasons. Their meaning is perfectly literal, when they say that there is physic in the sea, and they submit altogether to a very rough probation in order to receive the full benefit of it. Most of them come hither in carts, but some will walk in a single day from Manchester, distant more than forty miles; a tolerable kind of trial by way of beginning, for they rest here only three or four days, and in each of these undergo a course of seasoning quite as severe as that of the first. The earliest act of the morning is a draught of salt-water, a quart, and sometimes two, which is followed, under the notion of fortifying the stomach, by an equal quantity of gin and beer. This mixture swallowed, a man is properly prepared for the bath, in which he continues to paddle, either in or out of his clothes, for the remainder of the day. They always select a spring-tide for the time of their visit, when the water has most strength they say; and
three

three or four days of it are supposed quite enough to prove the utmost effects of the physic, and they are generally sufficient to empty their pockets. They bring their tea and sugar with them, and pay nine-pence a day each for their lodging.

Their accommodations at night must not be forgotten in the account of their toils and difficulties. A single house here, and not a large one, frequently receives a hundred and twenty people to sleep in a night: five or six beds are crammed into each room, and five or six people into each bed; but, with every art of packing and pinioning, they cannot all be stowed at one time: those, therefore, who have the places first are roused, when they have slept through half the night, to make way for another load—and thus every one gets his night's rest. A small cottage was shewn me, in which I should not have supposed there was more than comfortable room for the family inhabiting it; but which, nevertheless, I was told, sometimes mustered fifty sleepers per night. Such a dose of three days, when considered in all its component parts, would scarcely, it might be imagined, be beneficial to any one; but the people must derive some good from it, or they would not take it with so much resolution and regularity. An occasional riot, that does absolute violence to every part of the body, and turns the whole order of it topsy-turvy, may be of some service to persons leading sedentary lives; and certainly no more effectual plan of general disturbance can be conceived than the annual course of walking, drinking, dipping, and lodging, submitted to by these patient manufacturers.

The appearance of the beach here at high water is very remarkable; and, as I cast my eye along it, and saw it, for the length of nearly a mile, darkened with thick clusters of people, full of motion, and continually splashing in and out of the water, it brought to my mind the hosts of Puffins at Priestholme, as the only scene of life, and bustle, and noise, that could equal it. I could not help admiring the honest confidence with which both sexes, among the lower orders, bathed together, as if really, during this act of immersion, there was a temporary suspension of every feeling of dignity and decorum, which, for the most part, makes breeches and petticoats absolutely necessary. I observed here, and it was a novelty to me, that the ladies who used bathing-machines yielded themselves up to the care of men-guides, whose strength, I was informed, was often found requisite to resist the boisterousness of the sea on this beach. On such a consideration no one could object to their interference; and they are, moreover, steady, discreet men, who, from long familiarity with their employment, are considered as fairly naturalized among the ladies, and are looked upon as nothing more than old women.

On looking at the crowd without doors, one might be puzzled to conceive how they could possibly be lodged within, unless he were acquainted with that admirable economy of space that is practised in the disposal of the poorer people. There are four or five boarding-houses for the politer part of the company, and even in these a system of packing is adopted, that is quite as much as can be patiently borne by one accustomed to any thing more private than five in a bed. I dined at one of them, in company with nearly a hundred

dred persons, who must certainly have slept in families. People live here, in every respect, on very familiar terms. They meet regularly five times every day, in full concert, to eat together; and a general sense of friendliness and fellowship springs from this community of wholesome indulgences, that renders them little fastidious about the division of their rooms at night.

The amusements of the place are rather circumscribed, consisting principally of the invariable custom that I have mentioned of five meals a day. After dinner and supper, the task of providing entertainment for the company falls upon Mr. President and Mr. Vice; who, if they are worthy of their places, do not suffer an individual to escape without the contribution of a song, a toast, or a sentiment. Very frequently indeed a strenuous contest takes place between them and some unfortunate individual, who, somehow or other, in spite of himself, has got the credit of singing a good song, and whose excuses and apologies have not the slightest effect upon his inexorable persecutors. The gentleman is knocked down for a song, says Mr. President, and this well-chosen phrase, as well as his whole manner, clearly proves that he gives no quarter. If the song should not come at last, the struggle for it equally answers the general object of the company, that of "giving time a shove." A song was very freely given at the time I was present, which drove all the ladies from the table; and I was sorry to find that the gentleman was not driven out too, but suffered, and not without some sympathy from his neighbours, to chuckle and hug himself on the excellence of his joke. To have knocked this fellow down for his song would have done some credit to the knuckles of the president.

The shore here, for an extent of two or three miles, is bounded by a marl bank, which, in places, rises to the height of fifty feet. It is a very insecure barrier against the sea, which now rapidly encroaches upon it, and has committed such alarming depredations in front of the houses of Blackpool, that there is reason to apprehend the speedy downfall of the place. Some attempts have been made to block out the enemy, by facing the earth with stone; but the work is too feebly constructed, and too limited in extent, to be of any material service. Nothing less than a strong compact fortification, raised along the whole line of the bank, could effectually protect it; for though a part may be preserved for a time by a facing of stone, yet it must fall at last, as the sea continues to sap the defenceless bank at each extremity of it, and so works its way round it. This mode of destruction has been very unequivocally practised upon a partial embankment opposite to one of the great boarding-houses; but the proprietors declare that they cannot afford to undertake the immense work that would save their houses, and the visitors do not favour a subscription, concluding that when they are swallowed up somebody or other will be found to raise others in their place—and so Blackpool is left to its fate. I observed in many places, on the face of the bank, regular horizontal beds of sand, shells, and rounded pebbles, some of them two feet in thickness. It is evident, from the appearance of these beds, that the sea has been instrumental in forming the bank, though it is now advancing again to recover

recover its ancient inheritance. Its work of destruction is much facilitated by the strata which it has contributed to the land, for they crumble down on a very light shock, leaving overhanging masses of marl to fall from their own weight.

I continued my tour from Blackpool along the sands, which are beautifully clean and even, and so hard, that the wheels of a carriage scarcely leave any impression upon them. Before I commenced my journey from Liverpool, I had received very discouraging representations of the danger I should meet with from quicksands between that port and the Solway Frith; but I walked nearly the whole of this distance along the shore without once sinking up to my ancles. There may be quicksands which I did not encounter, but a pedestrian has nothing to fear from them, for they require some agitation before they are fit to bury a man; and, on the first notice of a soft place, he may easily withdraw his foot. On horse-back the experiment of course would be more perilous, as the weight of the animal, with his rider, would plunge him deeper into the sand on the first step, and his unruly struggles speedily set it all in motion, and render his extrication impracticable. Such, it appears, would be the consequence, when one comes to write the matter down, but I have not heard that any such accident ever happened.

I remarked, lying on the sands near Blackpool, great quantities of pudding-stone, in masses frequently of many tons weight. The cement appeared to be an argillaceous stone, and included a great variety of pebbles. The whole substance was exceedingly hard, and on the surface, where it was planed and polished by the action of the sea, had all the beauty of variegated marble. It is formed, I presume, from the marl bank, the marl contributing the cement, and the beds of beach intersecting it, the pebbles. I observed nothing like rock in the bank, the pudding-stone, therefore, must be disengaged from it before it is consolidated; and indeed I saw numerous pieces of it lying among the beach on the shore, in the first stage of its formation, the clay being just malleable.

From Blackpool you have a view of Blackcombe, the southernmost mountain of Cumberland, which from this distance appears to jut into the sea. The sight of it set me off in spirits on my journey; for I had now a promise of some relief from the sickening tameness and dulness of the country with which I had lately been familiar. After walking a mile or two, the Coniston Fells, a very remarkable and picturesque group, opened upon my view, and speedily a great range of the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains were added to my prospect. I continued my walk to Rossall Point, the southern horn of Morecambe Bay, and bounding Wyre-water, an estuary, several hundred yards across, at low water, and deep enough to afford a harbour to vessels of large burthen. The approaches to the channel are intricate; and on each side of it is a bank of sand, of amazing depth. From hence, having walked as far in this direction as it was possible for a man to walk, I retraced my steps for a mile or two, to Rossall Hall, an old mansion, the seat of B. F. Hesketh, Esq. wanting sadly a few trees about it, but not more naked than every other house within a circle of many miles. I was very hospitably entertained by

Mr. Hesketh, and received from him much useful information relative to my future route. This gentleman's estate has suffered greatly from the depredations of the sea ; but he was now far advanced in a grand plan of defence, which, considered as the work of an individual, is certainly a vast undertaking. He was fully aware of the inefficacy of all partial expedients, and therefore determined to raise an embankment along the whole line of his estate, that lies exposed to the sea, an extent of two miles and a half. The embankment forms an inclined plane about ten yards in depth : the foundation is composed of a bed of beach ; over this is spread a thick layer of marl ; into which are imbedded regular ranges of limestone flags, laid edgeways, and forming a firm, compact pavement. The limestone is brought from a considerable distance, greatly increasing the expenses ; but it is indispensably necessary, as its parts, from the angularity of the fractures, are found to jam more firmly together than is the case with any other kind of stone. The expense of such an undertaking will undoubtedly be immense ; but not greater, perhaps, than is justified by the richness of the land which it is designed to protect. The whole of the flat tract lying between the Ribble and Wyre-water is exceedingly productive, and the soil so rich, that many parts of it have been in tillage for sixty years without interruption. Such land is certainly worth saving, and it is to be hoped, that this embankment at Rossall may urge other proprietors who have been equally sufferers to an equal exertion of determined resistance.

Mr. Hesketh was kind enough to send a servant with me from his house, to conduct me by the nearest road to Lancaster, across the Cocker Sands ; a course not to be pursued with safety by a stranger. News of a vessel with a boat, lying in Wyre-water, suggested this plan, and alone rendered it practicable ; for there is no regular ferry over the river, nearer than three or four miles from its mouth. Having crossed the stream, I pulled off my shoes and stockings, at the recommendation of my companion, and commenced a disagreeable walk, over a dreary waste of wet sand. When advanced two or three miles, nothing could be more dismal than the view around me. I stood nearly in the centre of a circle of sand, at least twenty miles in circumference, and bounded on every side by so flat a coast, that I could see no signs of dry land, except here and there a house, which rose upon the dull expanse ; but, in such a situation, excited no images of cheerfulness and comfort. A gloomy sky, and a light mist, gave a finishing effect to the picture, which struck me as no bad representation of the land on the first subsidence of the deluge. Some querulous critic may ask how the houses could be accounted for in such a representation, but I shall not stop to explain them away.

I found my feet miserably benumbed with paddling in and out of water, and the soles of them not a little offended by the sharp ridges into which the sands were washed up by the sea ; but my attention was soon diverted from these matters, by an intimation from my guide, that, according to his computation, it was necessary to push on with all speed, or we should find the tide too high in the Cocker to allow us to ford it. Had this proved the case, our only alternative would have been to swim across ; for before we could
have

have reached the land by any other way, the sea would have flowed over the whole expanse of the sands. This comes, said my companion, while his mind was still in doubt, of not thinking of the tides; and his remark, my conscience told me, was pointed at me, who had certainly, contrary to an express warning, slept a full hour after day-light, without dreaming of the Cocker. We were in time, nevertheless, to ford the river without wetting our knees; and after a walk of six miles, landed in safety at Cockersand Abbey.

A hermitage was founded on this spot, by William of Lancaster; which was afterwards made an hospital, for a prior and several infirm brethren; dedicated to St. Mary, and subordinate to the abbey of Leicester. About the year 1190, it underwent another revolution, being changed into an abbey for Premonstratensian Canons. It is mentioned, as a peculiar circumstance in the history of this religious house, that within three years after its dissolution by Henry VIII. it was again restored to its ancient privileges, by that monk-routing monarch.

The buildings are said to have covered an acre of ground; but nothing now remains of them except a small chapter-house, and some fragments of walls at the edge of the sands. The chapter-house has suffered much from time and neglect, but is still sufficiently preserved to shew that it was a very costly and beautiful structure. The form is an octagon, each side of which is ornamented with a pointed arch, resting on small circular columns, the capitals of which were composed of human heads. The roof is vaulted, and supported by a single massive column, with a highly-worked capital, rising from the centre of the floor. From this column, and from smaller ones in the walls, spring numerous arches, which spread themselves over the vaulting. The room is not more than ten yards in diameter; and this small space crowded with such a profusion of ornamental architecture, has an effect of extraordinary richness. The chapter-house belonging to Margan Abbey, in Glamorganshire, was of a similar design, the arches on the vaulting springing from a central column; but it is now in complete ruins; and this at Cockersand is, I believe, the only specimen of the kind to be seen in the kingdom. It is well worthy of preservation for its elegance and beauty, as well as for its singularity; but it is suffered to stand in a very neglected state. It is the property of J. Dalton, Esq. and is used as the burial-place of the family; though seemingly not the more regarded on that account. The floor is unpaved, and covered with rubbish; the windows blocked up, and the entrance filled by an old wooden door.

At a short distance from hence is Glasson-dock, on the eastern shore of the Lune; where a comfortable inn received me, after my arduous experiment of walking and wading, well prepared for rest and refreshment. This dock was built for the reception of West-Indiamen, and other large vessels belonging to the port of Lancaster. They discharge their cargoes here, which are transported in lighters to the town. The river is navigable as far as the bridge; but the channel is so crooked and obstructed by shallows, that vessels of more than two hundred tons burthen never advance higher up than this place.

Leaving the dock, I had soon a fine view of a long reach of the Lune, bounded by the town of Lancaster; the river expanded into a noble breadth by the rise of the tide, and the banks on each side varied by woods, corn-fields, and meadows. On the right bank, which rises from the water with a bold swell, darkened with wood, is a seat of the Duke of Hamilton's, whose grounds extend for a considerable distance along the river, and are laid out with great taste. On my arrival at Lancaster, I found that the assizes were about to be holden, and that it would be necessary for me to look about me with as much dispatch as possible; as the coming of the judges would make a bed an accommodation not to be thought of by any one, who had not laid his plans a month beforehand. The hurry and confusion had already begun, in preparation for the business of the sessions, and the general festival out of prison, which, according to custom, takes place on the trial of the wretches within. It is not worth while to draw any heavy moral deductions from such a custom, but it is rather too much to see the ladies putting on their bonnets in the morning, to look at the judges, and hear the prisoners condemned to death; and then take them off again, to prepare for the dance at night. One would not expect that they should return home to eat no dinner, but, without incurring the charge of any mawkish sentimentality, one may be permitted to feel something revolting in the very name of an *assize-ball*.

Lancaster, though the capital of the county, is inferior to several other towns in it, both in size and population. The inhabitants do not exceed nine thousand five hundred. The town is irregularly built; and in the older parts of it, very close, confined, and ill arranged; but there are several more modern streets, laid out with more judgment and taste, in which the houses being all built of a fine grey freestone, have a costly and handsome appearance. This stone is procured from a quarry within half a mile of the town, and is of a very beautiful texture. It is soft when first quarried, and therefore easily worked; but becomes hard enough on long exposure to the air for the purposes of building.

There is a handsome entrance into Lancaster from the north, over a singularly elegant bridge of five arches, crossing the Lune. The bridge is five hundred and forty-nine feet in length; and was built after a design by Mr. Harrison, at an expense of £14,000. The pressure on the foundation is relieved by a perforation in the form of an arch over each pier, above which is a pediment, supported by two Doric pillars. The town is airy and healthy, being built on the side of a hill above the river. The summit is crowned with the castle, which from several points of view at a little distance is a very fine object; composing a vast mass of grey building, grand from its extent, and its elevated situation, and solemn and dignified from its aspect of antiquity. It is not interfered with by the roofs and chimneys of the town; and from the south, the view of it is improved by a noble back ground, filled up by the lake mountains.

Lancaster was selected as a station by the Romans, for, commanding an extensive prospect along the coast to the northward, it was well calculated for a post of observation, to
guard

guard against any sudden incursions by the Caledonians. Many ancient remains have, at various times, been dug up in the neighbourhood ; but they have already been described, and will require no particular notice from me. Like all the fragments of art left by the Romans in this country, they are somewhat rude ; and do not discover any of that nice skill and refined taste which we habitually look for in the works of that distinguished people. We are naturally interested in every trace of their dominion here, and in every vestige of their ingenuity ; and a British antiquary may be flattered, by breaking up little patches of classical ground, on his own soil ; but Britain appears to have been of too little moment in the estimation of its powerful conquerors,—too remote,—and too barbarous,—to have excited much of their curiosity and attention. During the long period that it was peaceably occupied by them, it is probable, that a situation in it was considered as little better than a state of exile. Soldiers, and adventurers in their train, may have found some account in the plunder of the people ; but Rome does not appear to have sent hither any of her more illustrious artists, to leave amongst us monuments of her highest skill, and most polished taste.

The castle has been built at various times, and its parts are very irregular in their size, forms, and styles of architecture ; composing altogether, when seen near, a broken and unsightly mass, setting all unity and consistency of design at defiance. The walls, connecting five ancient towers and several modern buildings, inclose an area of three hundred and eighty feet, by three hundred and fifty. One of the towers, still distinguished by the name of Hadrian's Tower, is supposed to be a Roman work ; but it has of late years been newly faced with freestone, and, together with some other parts of the castle, incumbered with a load of Gothic ornaments, not in the purest taste, and entirely disagreeing with the plainness and simple majesty of the towers, that have been suffered to remain untouched. The Dungeon and Well-Towers have been also concluded to be Roman, by certain enthusiasts in the discovery of classical remains ; but more sober judges refer them to no later date than the Saxon era. The parties have no proof to bring in support of their respective opinions, except the evidence of the workmanship ; and this is rather an uncertain criterion, as the Saxons derived their manner and forms of architecture from the Romans their masters.

The Gateway Tower, which is transcendently the most beautiful one, is ascribed, without an opposing voice, to the reign of Edward III. On a shield on one side of it the arms of England are quartered with those of France, Edward being the first king of this country who presumed upon this great distinction of heraldry. The building is of Gothic architecture, and consists of two large octagonal towers, connected by a curtain and the gates. The entrance is defended by a portcullis, and by projecting battlements, supported by a triple range of corbels. Over the gate is a niche, which once, it is presumed, contained the statue of the founder. Opposite to this tower stands the Keep, a vast work, which derives an air of uncommon grandeur from the breadth of its parts, and its extreme simplicity.

plicity. The walls are of immense thickness, and seventy-eight feet in height. From the style of the original windows, which are small and round-headed, this building, it is imagined, is Saxon; but the upper part of it has been rebuilt since its first foundation. On a stone in the battlements is the following inscription—

E. R.

1585 R. A.

by which it appears that the tower was repaired in the reign of Elizabeth, at the time when all the castles and forts in the kingdom were put into a state of defence against the threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada. R. A. signifies Richard Ashton, who being luckily sheriff at the time of the repairs, had an opportunity of having R. A. coupled with the royal initials. On the summit of the tower is a small turret, called John-o'-Gaunt's chair; and the seat commands a very magnificent prospect, including the windings of the Lune, and beyond its western bank, the great bay of Morecambe, deeply cut into the land, and girded round by nearly all the mountains of the lakes.

The whole castle is now appropriated to the purposes of the gaol; and many additions have been made, at an expense of £40,000, to render it complete in all its parts. Its situation is extremely airy; and from its extent, the admirable arrangement of its various divisions, and their ample convenience and security, it may be looked upon as the finest gaol in the kingdom. I have never visited a prison where there was so little to shock the eye, so little to observe of harshness and severity, where there was so much liberty, yet so much quietness, and so general an appearance, even amongst the most abandoned of the prisoners, of order, comfort, and cleanliness. Great attention is paid to the proper classification of the prisoners, so that the debtors, and those confined for trifling offences, are not compelled to associate with the more vicious inmates of the prison. The great court-yard of the castle, containing an area of two thousand eight hundred yards, is reserved as a place of exercise for the debtors only; and their lodgings are as neat and comfortable as possible.

The male felons are lodged in two handsome towers, four stories high, each story containing eight cells. Between the wards and the great boundary-wall are some strong solitary cells for refractory prisoners, and within the same space are a warm and a cold bath. Four open courts are allotted for the felons to walk in, where, if they behave with decency, they are permitted to remain unincumbered by fetters, which are never used in this prison, except for turbulent conduct during confinement. All possibility of escape is guarded against by the plan of building adopted in these parts of the prison, which are singularly constructed, without wood or plaister, the walls, inside and out, and the floors and roofs, being all finished with hewn stone.

Great pains are taken to encourage a disposition to industry among the prisoners, as the best means of diverting them from vicious conversation and stratagems of mischief.

Several

Several large apartments are reserved as work-shops, where those who are inclined to work may employ themselves in weaving, shoe-making, and various other occupations. This system cannot be too much commended, being, of all others, the best calculated to make a prison a house of reform. Many who have entered here, ignorant of any kind of trade, have been taught to weave; and, on their liberation, instead of being more deeply confirmed in idleness and vice, as would have been the case in most prisons, have returned to the world able and anxious to gain a subsistence by honest industry. The prisoners receive as wages one-third of the produce of their labour, part of which is paid to them weekly during their confinement, and the residue on their discharge. The two remaining thirds are paid to the county-treasurer. The county allowance to the crown-prisoners per week is six pounds of wheaten bread, two pounds and a half of oatmeal, and ten pounds of potatoes, with the addition on Sunday of half a pound of beef, and one quart of soup.

The county-courts, and the offices connected with them, are included among the castle-buildings, and are all well fitted for their respective uses, and finished with great elegance and taste. The county-hall is a spacious apartment, capable of holding conveniently fifteen hundred people. It is a semi-polygon, if the term be intelligible, being the half of a space formed by fourteen equal sides. The cieling is of stone, vaulted and ornamented with arches intersecting each other, and springing from light-clustered columns, with plain capitals. The crown-court is an oblong, not so sumptuous in its architecture, but spacious, and well contrived for the purposes of seeing and hearing. There is a considerable area behind the bar, in which is a long flight of steps, on which the people stand, having a full view of the bench and the bar, without incommoding the officers of the court.

A little detached from the castle is the parish church, a handsome Gothic building of stone, with a lofty square tower. The interior is finely proportioned; but I must protest against the taste of the person, whosoever he may be, whom it has pleased to see it dressed in a general coat of white-wash. The nave is separated from the aisles by seven pointed arches on each side, springing from clustered columns, with simple capitals. A more elevated arch leads into the choir, resting on columns which have escaped the white-washer, and been painted to imitate variegated marble, but by so untaught and reckless a hand, that they look not like stone, but wood in disguise. The arch assumes the common fashion of white-wash, and forms, with its supporters, a most ridiculous botch, that might have done credit to a painter on gingerbread. It is really a pity to see a handsome building like this wantonly yielded up, by an edict from the vestry, to be daubed and disfigured in this irreverend manner. The fine freestone, of which the church is built, with its natural stains from time and weather, would certainly have a better effect than this mean, chilling covering of white-wash, or than the clumsy smearing intended to pass for marble.

Among the monuments I observed one with an inscription, that has been held up by Pennant to the contempt of his readers, as a model of fulsome and disgusting panegyric.

gyric. It is erected to the memory of Thomas Covell, who, as the inscription reports, lived to be six times mayor of the town; forty-eight years keeper of the castle; forty-six years one of the coroners of the county palatine of Lancaster; captain of the freehold band of the hundred of Lonsdale, on this side the sand; and justice of peace and quorum throughout the said county of Lancaster. All this is to be borne; but there follows some miserable poetry, in which the good citizen's plain, serviceable, alderman-like qualities are swelled out into all that is great, and wise, and magnanimous, filling every corner of the earth with his fame. Such a piece of vanity, springing from the ill-judging tenderness of relatives, may be forgiven, however, in this instance, as the inscription is dated 1609; but in how few churches may we not point out examples, even of the date of this refined age, that are equally ridiculous. It may be objected generally against high-flown epitaphs, that strangers will not believe them, or not care for them, and that friends cannot be informed by them.

Of the other public buildings of the place, the town-hall is the only one that is particularly worthy of notice. It is a neat structure, entered by a portico, supported by Tuscan columns, and crowned with an elegant cupola.

Lancaster returns two members to parliament. It was made a borough in the fourth year of the reign of Richard the First, but did not send members till the twenty-third of Edward the First. The members are chosen by the burgesses, whether resident or not: the mayor, and two bailiffs, are the returning officers. The freemen of the place are exempt from the payment of the tolls and town-duties on the exportation of goods, to which others are liable.

The trade of Lancaster, a few years since, was very considerable. In 1801 there were forty-seven vessels employed in the foreign trade of this port, principally for the supply of the West India markets, carrying more than eleven thousand and eighty tons. The whole number of vessels belonging to the port, including coasters, amounted to seventy-six, carrying thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-six tons, and navigated by sixteen hundred and five men. This amount is at present very materially reduced. The exports to the West Indies are large quantities of cabinet work, for which the town is famous, the Manchester and Glasgow manufactures, hardware and cutlery from Birmingham and Sheffield, with provisions, sadlery, woollen and linen cloths, &c. &c. The town is not noted for any particular manufactures: that of sail-cloth has been, for many years, the most considerable; and lately several large cotton manufactories have been established. Here are rope and twine walks; one house for the refining of sugar; two public breweries; several tobacco and snuff manufactories; a pipe manufactory; several hat manufactories, stocking manufactories, &c. After naming these familiar establishments, I would not willingly omit a Repository, instituted by the ladies of the place, for the sale of various works of use and ornament. The profits arising from the sale are applied to the relief of the poor. At the time of the assizes a splendid display is got up
of

of the goods of the Repository, which certainly does great credit to the art, and industry, and benevolence of those who support it.

By a canal lately completed, Lancaster has the advantage of an inland navigation, which, including its windings, extends above five hundred miles, passing through the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Westmoreland, Chester, Stafford, Warwick, Leicester, Oxford, Worcester, &c. All the country from Kendal, in the course of this canal, for sixteen miles, abounds with limestone; and from Chorley to West-Haughton there are large mines of coals. The whole country north of Chorley, through which the canal passes, is very much in want of coals, and the country south of Lancaster is equally in want of lime; hence, by opening a communication between the port of Lancaster and this tract of inland country, an amazing benefit has accrued to the lands, manufactures, and commerce, of this part of the kingdom.

About a mile above the town, the Lancaster canal is carried over the Lune by an aqueduct-bridge, which was designed by Mr. Rennie, and does the greatest credit to his skill and taste. It is the most magnificent structure of the kind that I have ever seen, combining amazing strength with great beauty and elegance, in all its parts and proportions. The foundations of the piers were laid with vast labour and difficulty, at the depth of twenty feet below the surface of the river. They consist of a flooring of timber, supported by piles thirty feet in length, and are said to have alone cost £15,000. The expense of the whole work amounted to more than £45,000. The length of the bridge is six hundred and sixty-four feet. It consists of five semicircular arches, each of seventy feet span, and rising thirty-nine feet above the surface of the water. The total height, from the foundation of the piers to the top of the battlements, is seventy-nine feet. Vessels of sixty tons burthen pass over the bridge.

Finding, according to notice, that there was neither board nor lodging for me in the town on the arrival of the judges, I took my departure, and proceeded to the coast, along the western bank of the Lune, which opens into Morecambe Bay. This deep inlet penetrates nearly to the base of the mountains, covering a great expanse of ground, which is left dry on the ebbing of the tide. It is about twelve miles in breadth, eighteen in depth, and inclosed by a semicircular sweep of coast, more than fifty miles in extent. Several rivers discharge themselves into it, but they are all fordable when the tide is out; and the sands are the common road of communication between the Lancaster side of the bay and the districts of Cartmel and Furness. One might say that the sands may be crossed with perfect security, but accidents do sometimes happen upon them; for now and then persons are found hardy, or stupid, or obstinate enough to attempt the fords, when the rise of the tide has rendered them impassable. Ignorance cannot be pleaded in extenuation of an accident, for regular guides are stationed at the fords, who remain in constant attendance in all weathers, as long as they can be passed with security.

Two post-boys were lost on the day that I arrived at Lancaster. They had driven

Lord G. Cavendish from that place to his seat at Holkar on the preceding evening, and started to return on the following morning, just in time, had they had their senses about them, to make their passage without danger. They were very familiar with the track, and well acquainted with the state of the tides, but had unluckily been carousing in a public-house, and become so drunk, that they had not the slightest thoughts of caution, or fear of danger. On arriving at the first river, they proceeded to the lower ford, though, had they been sober, they must have seen in a moment that there was too much water to admit of their crossing. The guide, who had taken his station at the upper ford, shouted to them to come higher up, thinking, in his ignorance of their condition, that a light warning would be sufficient to startle them; but they disregarded him, plunged fearlessly into the river, and were seen no more. The people at the public-house had remonstrated with them before their departure, and pointed out to them the danger they were about to hurry into; but they had too completely lost their own reason, to be moved by the reasoning of others. Had those who were sober been sober to any purpose, they would have forcibly locked the poor fellows up, and allowed them to sleep till they had recovered their senses; but instead of this, they were suffered to rush on to their destruction, with the benefit only of advice which they did not understand, or conceived it a merit to despise.

They had four horses with them, two of which speedily extricated themselves from the water, and returned to Holkar. One was recovered by some people in a boat, but so exhausted, that it died in consequence; and another was drowned far out at sea, after a miserable struggle of three hours, as was reported by persons who watched it from the land.

This accident will gain a desperate name for these sands for a long time to come, as the gossips of the neighbourhood, in their account of it, will charge nothing to the folly and thoughtlessness of the sufferers, but all to the natural dangers of the road. I can conceive no circumstance, from which danger could result to any one with more than the providence of an infant, but the sudden rise of a fog when he was embarked on the sands; and if he thought he had a right to fear such a contingency, he might provide against it by carrying a compass.

A little to the northward of the Lune, the coast presented something of novelty to my observation, in some rocks bounding the shore, the first that had occurred to relieve the dull uniformity of the sands since I quitted Liverpool. They are on a small scale, and extend only for a short distance, but may be noticed as something worth looking at from their variety. On rounding a low point, in which they terminate to the northward, Lower Heysham opened upon my view, a beautiful village, planted on one side of a little valley, of a livelier verdure than is often to be met with on the coast. A prettier composition of scenery, of a simple and placid character, I have seldom seen. The cottages are disposed without any formality, at various elevations, on the side of a steep bank, with small gardens



View near Lower Heysham, Lancashire



Distant View of Whitbarrow Scar, Westmorland

dens and orchards among them,—and honeysuckles creeping round the doors and casements, and other simple decorations, which, with their perfect neatness and cleanliness, make them just such cottages as a poet might be willing to describe as the only abodes of innocence and contentment. A calm, soft evening, gave a delightful tone of peacefulness and repose to the village, when I first caught sight of it: a few gleams of sunshine sparkled upon some of the windows of the cottages; but the valley was mostly in shadow, except at one extremity, where it opened into a great expanse of sea, glowing under the warm splendor of the setting sun. An ancient church, and a ruined chapel, which stands near it, on a rock over the sea, gave dignity and moral interest to the scene, and completed one of the prettiest pictures that can be imagined.

A man fond of poring over old tombstones (as who is not?) may be pleased to muse for an hour in the church-yard here. The church, which is very small, has suffered much from modern alterations, but still retains a trace of its antiquity, in a Saxon arch forming the entrance. There is nothing observable within it; but many tombstones, and fragments of them, are strewn about the church-yard, which, from the symbols and ornaments sculptured upon them, are evidently of no modern date. They have all outlived the memory of those for whom they were designed, and are now subjects rather for meditation than description. A sword and a cross are the most frequent signs by which they are distinguished; but I remarked upon one a sword and a harp, an unusual combination, indicating in one individual the discordant characters of a soldier and a minstrel. An altar-tomb, which had the appearance of having been very long under ground, was lately dug up here. It is enriched on every side with sculpture, representing lions' heads, and groups of men and various animals, which probably had, or were intended to have, some meaning; but they are now so blurred and mutilated, and their postures and actions rendered so equivocal, that it would be idle to lavish a conjecture upon them. A zigzag moulding, and some other ornaments, denote the tomb to be Saxon; but it bears no sign by which we can discover or guess at the personage to whose memory it was erected. It was in a tolerable state of preservation when first taken from the ground, but has become injured by exposure to the air, and disfigured in its ornamental parts, by a coat of vegetation. I heard the first whisper of an intention to place it under cover, and it is a relic still worthy of such care.

The ruined chapel that I have mentioned is a small building, nine yards long, and two and a half wide, very rudely put together; but with sufficient strength, though in a very exposed situation, to have resisted the storms of winter through many centuries. A plain semicircular arch over the entrance denotes its Saxon origin. It is dedicated to St. Patrick; but by whom it was founded, or on what occasion, is not known. Near it there are six curious coffins in a row, hollowed out in the rock, with the head and general form of the body defined. They are all nearly of an equal size, and were designed for persons of small stature. One of them has a groove in the inside for a lid, and a small square hole

above the head, in which probably was fixed a cross. There is nothing recorded relating to these remains, and tradition is quite silent on the subject. The chapel stands close to the sea, and may have been erected here, and dedicated to St. Patrick, to move his intercession for the souls of some unfortunate persons who may have perished by shipwreck, and whose bodies may have been laid in the coffins in the rock. It might not only, too, have been considered as a monument to these sufferers, but as a general safeguard to mariners, who, before they trusted themselves to the sea, might here give their offerings to the saint, and prefer their prayers for his protection. This venerable ruin, and the open coffins near it, give so much interest to this secluded valley, that I lingered and mused in it till the approach of night warned me that my day's journey was not yet completed.

Leaving the valley, I proceeded for three or four miles along a flat, uninteresting shore, and stopped at Poulton, a large village, where, according to a pre-arranged plan, I was resolved to sleep. I applied for a bed at the first public-house that I came to, but was peremptorily informed that I could neither have one, nor a part of one, there being already a company of sixty people in the house to be accommodated for the night. I had no reason to disbelieve this account, for the noise from within would have done no discredit to six hundred mouths. Unfortunately for me, this was the first day of a spring tide, and the crowd collected in the village were the manufacturers from the inland towns, come for the benefit of the physic in the sea. There was another public-house in the place, where I learned that I might have a bed; a piece of news which gave me quite as much surprise as satisfaction, for there were already men enough in and about the house to people the whole village. Six cart-loads had arrived in the course of the day; and the carts were now lying on their shafts before the house, in humble imitation of the coaches, and chaises, and gigs, which we see stopping the way before more splendid establishments of this description. In the style and arrangement within doors, there was a general resemblance to the modes of genteeler boarding-houses, with some variations that were not a little entertaining to me. On entering the parlour of the visitors, which was the kitchen of the family, I found a long table laid out for a public supper, around which there was already collected a considerable party of men, each taking his preparatory pint and pipe. With the fumes of the tobacco there mingled the fragrance of a large pan of beef-steaks and onions, and another of eggs and bacon, which were to compose the repast of the invalids. The rooms above stairs were alive with company; but, on a summons to supper, all flocked together, forming a party of about forty people. There was a large proportion of women among them, many of whom were so gaily attired, that I thought they looked quite out of place in such an atmosphere, though, to tell the truth, they did not seem to be at all discontented with their circumstances. One or two indeed appeared disposed to spoil the common conviviality of the meeting, by some affected airs of delicacy and fastidiousness; but they met with no success, and were speedily daunted by the honest and heedless vulgarity of the majority.

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During supper no one had evidently any thought but of his plate; but when all that was dressed was eaten, and the pipes were filled, and the ale had made a circuit or two round the table, there burst forth a general uproar of talk and laughter, which became still more animated as the ale continued its revolutions; till a huge fellow, fierce and foaming, rose up, and after thumping the table with a quart pot, till no other sound was to be heard in the room, demanded a song. A song was sung, and again every tongue broke loose; till the gentleman with the quart pot again interfered, and silenced all clamour but his own. And still the ale performed its rounds, till order was entirely confounded, and all was talking, and singing, and laughing, and all together. The entertainment was novel, to me at least; and, upon the whole, I was really inclined to think it more amusing than the ponderous decorum of higher company in higher places, with the formal dulness, or tiresome officiousness, of Mr. President and Mr. Vice.

The amusements of the evening terminated with a dance; but, at the time this was called for, the ale had been at least one round too much; and though every man in the company could rise from his chair, yet no one had any control over his motions, or could stand still, or move as he wished himself, or as others directed. The ladies were merely a little louder and merrier than usual, and were still able to jump about with spirit and precision, had they not been incessantly thrown into confusion by the blunders of their lawless partners, who, in spite of every effort employed to reclaim them, and keep them to the figure, threatened, at every step, to plunge headlong into the fire, or out of the window. There was no music, save the general roar of the room, and some irregular scraping of feet and clattering of quart pots, and a drowsy, crapulous muttering, meant for a tune, from some sick and sleepy guests, who still kept their chairs at the table. Time and exercise might eventually have given more sobriety and regularity to the dance: but, unfortunately, there was still more ale in the cellar, and the general complaint was still of being thirsty. This incorrigible symptom leaving me nothing to hope, I did not wait to witness the final demise of the company, but retired to my bed.

And now my tribulations began. The landlady, a neat, tidy-looking woman, whom I should not have suspected of such atrocities, conducted me up stairs, and opening a door, held her candle immediately under my nose, to guide me safely through several narrow passages, with room only for the legs sideways, made by four beds, which formed a blockade before the one intended for myself. Four people, she informed me in cold blood, were to sleep in each of the four beds, but I was to have only a single partner; and there, sure enough, before my eyes, soundly sleeping, and loudly snoring, lay my destined comrade, who had retired from the riot below, an early victim to ale and tobacco. My conductress, mistaking my silence for contentment, had nearly escaped from the room before I could find voice to arrest her steps, and unburthen my heart. My remonstrances, it may be imagined, did not want emphasis; but she listened to them without any kind of emotion; thought that my scruples were quite unconscionable; observed that we were

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all Christians, and flesh and blood alike ; and finally forced me to compliance, as she supposed, by declaring, that if I did not sleep in the bed that was prepared for me, there was no other for me in the house. There is indeed (she said) a chaff bed in a hole at the top of the house ; but I should scarcely think of offering that to a gentleman. Now this was a straw held out to a drowning man, and I eagerly seized hold of it. The chamber, I found, was very literally described ; but I had to rejoice that it would not hold more than one, and crept into my bed with the further satisfaction of knowing that I was removed, as far as possible, from the noise and smoke below.

On coming out of my hole at seven o'clock in the morning, matters appeared to be in much the same state as I had left them on the preceding night, the company having again betaken themselves to pipes and ale, with appetites sharpened by bathing, and copious draughts of salt-water. They were very lively under their trials, and seemed to be beginning the day with a kind of ease and contentment in their looks and manner, as if there was not the least doubt among them that they were going on pleasantly and prosperously. For my own part, I was almost exhausted, merely as a spectator of their revels, and made my escape from them into the open air with singular satisfaction. It would have been by no means safe to have manifested any aristocratic airs in their presence ; for whatever opinion another might entertain of them and their habits, they were clearly quite satisfied with themselves, and not at all disposed to regard any one as more than an equal. These men were removed a little out of their ordinary track, and elevated above themselves by holiday feelings and as much ale as they could drink : but I have observed, that in the manners and deportment of the people of the lower orders in Lancashire, there is at all times something peculiar and very far from prepossessing. A stranger would unquestionably pronounce them to be rude, coarse, and insolent ; though I have heard it said in their defence, that this external roughness is only a kind of way that they have, and that on a more familiar acquaintance with them, if it be not found to wear away, it cannot be traced to any ill disposition. They have certainly less of that common politeness, that natural courtesy, which forms one of the distinctions between men and bears, than any people that ever fell under my observation. Their manners to strangers, whether their equals or their betters, are of the same rude, untempered kind that they indulge in among themselves ; they have no best and second-best forms of behaviour for particular occasions or particular company ; but appear invariably, whatever be the season, under the same rough and every-day guise.

But with this total want of any degree of polish, they are remarkably quick and intelligent ; and indeed their rudeness is quite distinct in character from that gross boorishness and rusticity, which we may notice among the inhabitants of less populous counties, and which are the result of mere ignorance and inexperience. They are blunt and abrupt in their manners, but obviously rather from self-complacency and a high opinion of their own importance, than from any want of familiarity with the formalities of social life.

life. They earn a great deal of money, which tends also to make them saucy and arrogant, and puts them above the necessity of attending to the *suaviter in modo*; the amenity of manner and bent back of the 'man of the world.' In Cornwall and Devonshire, and in all parts of Wales through which I travelled, I found that a shilling would always procure me a service and a bow with it: but whatever it might purchase in Lancashire, it certainly would not bribe to civility. The people here are fully aware of the importance of their labour, and take their reward as a matter of simple right; looking upon any expression of thanks as an unworthy sign of inferiority and dependence.

The condition and circumstances of this part of the country will sufficiently account for the peculiar manners and disposition of its inhabitants; for though there may be something in the mere matter of place, yet I cannot suppose that soil and atmosphere have so much influence over us, as to make any material difference in the morality of Devonshire and Lancashire. The great manufacturing system is without doubt the first cause of all the distinctions that I have noticed; this collects the people in crowds together, and putting more money into their pockets than is necessary to their support, furnishes them with means and opportunities of dissipation, that persons of their rank and character in life must not be expected to resist. Much vice and profligacy necessarily prevail among them; but while their morals are corrupted, the powers of their minds are called forth: they become lawless and unprincipled, but quick, cunning, and intelligent. The public-houses are the great schools of the county, in which, under the presidency of ale, the manners, habits, and opinions of the people are fashioned as soon as each can swallow his draught, and earn an extra shilling to purchase it. In such seminaries they learn to laugh at all moral restraint, and certainly acquire no sound principles or useful knowledge; but by a constant exercise of reasoning, or quarrelling, or bantering among themselves, they gain an unusual shrewdness, and great readiness and volubility of expression. A Lancashire man of the class that I am describing piques himself upon his powers of repartee, and not without reason. In the company where I was present at Poulton, I heard frequent bursts of humour, which a more chastened taste might have repressed in better society; but which nevertheless had so much of the real essence in their composition, that I ventured to be much entertained with them.

A person unacquainted with their system of life would scarcely believe with what desperate energy and perseverance these people occasionally devote themselves to the revels of the ale-house. It is no unusual thing for a man, who, by a course of severe industry and abstinence, has collected a stock of cash, to retire altogether from his business and his home, and live for a fortnight at a public-house; during the whole of which time his only care is never to allow himself to get sober. While under the long thralldom of his drinking-fit, he is said, in the provincial phrase of the county, to be *upo' th' order*. When he has expended all his money, he will return to his employment and toil away resolutely and cheerfully; but his industry benefits any body but himself; for as soon

as he has money enough in his pocket to last through such a debauch as he thinks worthy of his pains, he quarters himself again at the public-house, again to drink himself a bankrupt. I have been informed by a proprietor of a manufactory, that several of his most skilful hands were men who spent their time in these alternations of drunkenness and industry—fellows who would not quit their drink while they had a sixpence left, and who would only work that they might return to drink again.

It is melancholy to see a people of so much intelligence the slaves of such brutal profligacy; and I fear that no effectual plan can be adopted for their reformation, as long as the manufactories are open to receive them. A system of general education might have some effect in awakening their pride, and fortifying them against evil impressions; but there can be no chance for them as long as their first step from the nursery is into the manufactory, and their education picked up there and at the ale-house. It appears from the number of trials which take place annually at the assizes, that there is more crime committed in this county than in any other, (that of the metropolis excepted), in the kingdom. In the neighbouring county of York, which is of so much greater extent, the number of trials are less on an average by nearly two-thirds.

I continued my journey from Poulton along the eastern coast of Morecambe Bay. As I advanced towards the head of this deep inlet, the country bounding the shore to my right assumed a more cheerful and agreeable aspect; corn, and pasture, and woods, succeeding to the dismal nakedness of marshes and sands. I left the shore at Hest-Bank, from whence the mail starts on its passage across the sands to Ulverston, and proceeding for a mile inland, arrived at Bolton, a neat and pretty village, which a traveller in want of a breakfast may remember with some complacency. With the penalties and privations of a journey in Wales fresh in my recollection, I now found a new kind of pleasure in the comfortable accommodations that I regularly met with on the road. I have not forgotten my late entertainment at Poulton, but there my sufferings were attributable, not to the natural barrenness or beastliness of the house, but to the outrages of a casual horde of visitors. In Wales it was absolutely necessary before the commencement of a day's expedition to summon a council of the natives, in order to note down those houses in our route which were fit for any one but a native to take shelter in; and after all, our entertainment usually proved to be as bad as possible. But now I fearlessly set out in a morning without plan or preparation, secure of finding in every village through which I passed a clean lodging and eatable provisions. I have observed in no other part of England so general an aspect of abundance and comfort in the condition of all ranks of people as in Lancashire. After having so lately escaped from the black huts of Wales, I was particularly struck with the decency and respectability of the villages in this county, which bespeak a people not only amply provided with all substantial necessities, but enjoying many little comforts and luxuries that give a grace to their domestic life. The eye is offended by no disagreeable marks of poverty, or by its characteristic signs of dirt and disorder:

disorder: the cottages of the poorest class are well built, and invariably distinguished by extreme neatness and cleanliness. The people in their external appearance are equally well-conditioned, and bear about them the same comfortable signs of ease and competency. Every body that one meets is well clothed, and bears in a plump, careless countenance, the proofs of being well fed. The peasantry of Lancashire are the sturdiest and finest set of men that I have ever seen. They have the credit of having, together with great bodily strength, a high and daring spirit, and of possessing, in their utmost perfection, John Bull's taste and talent for fighting, with all his well-known bravery and bottom. They live upon good substantial food, which, I am inclined to believe, has much to do in the excitement and support of their elevated spirit. Courage and chivalry flourished in Don Quixote, independent of any assistance from breakfast and dinner; but we know very well that in more vulgar minds they are not a little aided by a proper allowance of meat and bread.

The Lancashire men seem to have had the luck of being amply fed from a remote period. In an ancient poem of Flodden Field, by Benson, they are described as gifted with uncommon strength and fierceness, and both these qualities are attributed mainly to the nature of their diet. In the following extract the people are called forth from the glens, and hills, and moors, round Morecambe Bay; and I believe that such a host, with the same character and disposition, might be found in the same places at the present day. I give the extract more for its facts than its poetry, which seems to be little more than the art of alliteration.

“ Sir Edward Stanley stiff in stoure,
 “ He is the man of whom I mean;
 “ With him did pass a mighty power,
 “ Of soldiers seemly to be seen.

“ Most lively lads in Lonsdale bred,
 “ With weapons of unwieldly weight;
 “ All such as Tatham-Fells had fed,
 “ Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

“ From Bowland billman bold were boun,
 “ With such as Bolton-banks did hide,
 “ From Wharemore up to Whittington,
 “ And all to Wenning water-side.

“ From Silverdale to Kent-sand side,
 “ Whose soil is sown with cockle-shells;
 “ From Cartmel eke, and Conny side,
 “ With fellows fierce from Furness-fells.

“ All Lancashire for the most part,
 “ The lusty Stanley stout did lead;
 “ A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
 “ Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

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" From Poulton and Preston with pikes,

" They with the Stanley stout forth went ;

" From Pemberton and Pilling dikes,

" For battle billmen bold were bent.

" With fellows fresh and fierce in fights,

" Which Horton-fields turn'd out in scores ;

" With lusty lads——*Liver and Lights*——

" From Blackburn and Bolton i'th' Moors."

I continued my route from Bolton towards the head of Morecambe Bay, through a pleasing and well-cultivated country, now gladdening the eye with the promise of a speedy and abundant harvest. It is thickly peopled ; and the traveller is entertained in his day's journey by a rapid succession of villages, hamlets, and farms, all marked with the same air of smiling neatness and comfort, and indicating a general condition among the people of ease and competency. This was a land well calculated, one should have thought, to put a man in good humour with life ; but some of us are strangely perverse animals, and not least inclined to grumble when circumstances about us seem best disposed to make us content. As I was walking along, I perceived at a little distance before me an old soldier and a countryman, who, I found on joining them both, was a native of Bolton. They were conversing earnestly together, as well on matters of general interest, as relating to their own particular fortunes ; and when the nature of their respective conditions is considered, the temper of their minds was certainly curiously contrasted. The soldier had served for a considerable time with Lord Wellington in Spain, and was now travelling homewards, worn out, foot-sore, and almost penniless, to see his friends, who lived in the north of Cumberland. He talked over numerous and extreme hardships that he had suffered in his course of campaigning, but thanked God that he had escaped with all his limbs whole, and adverted to his present humble state without intimating or seeming to feel that it was but a scurvy reward for all the perils to which he had been exposed. I thought there was something truly admirable in the complacency of his manner as he limped along and told us the long story of his toil, and wants, and sufferings : not a word of complaint escaped him ; he talked of the penalties of his profession as perfectly just and natural, and seemed to find an excuse to his own feelings for being bare-foot and half-starved, in the mere circumstance of his being a soldier.

The countryman, a stout, ruddy-faced fellow, who, whatever might be his wrongs, had the appearance of having never missed a meal in his life, heard the story of his companion with feelings very different from those of the reporter, and interrupted him from time to time with great heat to deplore the calamities of war, and heartily to curse the makers of it. Thus far I could bear with him very well ; but he at length burst out into some bitter complaints about his own personal grievances, which were not at all justified by his jolly, well-fed figure, and were opposed with a very ill grace to the
patience

patience and good humour of the soldier. He was loud in his denunciations against His Majesty's ministers, whose misdeeds, he protested, particularly as to the window-tax, and the mode of raising the militia, had made life at Bolton scarcely worth an Englishman's care. He admitted that breakfast, dinner, and supper, were still left to him, and all this daily; but what was all this, he asked, when a tax-gatherer might enter his house as he pleased, and, on various iniquitous pretences, take from him more money than would supply him with ale, that the ministers might ride in their coaches. He said much more; but it is not worth while to follow him in his invectives further. The soldier, more accustomed to discipline and subordination, had a very different opinion of the conduct of ministers, trusting, with an extravagance of liberality, that all they did was for the best. Unlike the countryman, he found some relief for his own sorrows and sufferings in the general glory of his country, and parted from us with a patriotic sally, that reminded me of Goldsmith's reduced and mutilated soldier in the "Citizen of the World," with his last triumphant ejaculation of "Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever."

After a walk of three or four miles, I arrived at the village of Warton, situated near the foot of Warton Crag, a lofty, rocky hill, which on one side shelves down to the edge of the bay. I had been told that I should find some remains of an ancient fortification on its summit; and I toiled up it with the certainty, if I saw nothing else, of being gratified with a fine view. The hill is of rather difficult ascent towards the summit, where it is guarded round by huge walls of limestone rock, and has a very rude and savage aspect. On its highest point are some remains of a round tower, said to have been a beacon, and used probably to give warning to the country in times of danger. Here my attention was immediately arrested by the prospect around me, which was of extraordinary extent, and incomparable for beauty, grandeur, and variety. Morecambe Bay lay expanded beneath me to the west, almost inclosed like a lake; and round this great sheet of water, smooth and brilliant, the eye expatiated over a country beautiful and richly diversified, and swelling in the distance into mountains and hills of endlessly varied forms, which bounded the whole horizon round the land in one unbroken amphitheatre. Along the whole eastern side of the bay the coast is uniformly low, and beyond it a level and fertile country extends far inland to the base of the Lancashire Fells. On this side the fore-ground was embellished by the windings of the Lune, and the town of Lancaster, with its high-raised castle; and further north, on the same border of the bay, the whole country, seen under a clear sky and a bright sun, smiling with corn and pasture, and enlivened by numerous villages and farms, composed a most exhilarating and delightful landscape. At the head of the bay, a country equally fertile and beautiful appeared stretching to the foot of the mountains, but broken along the coast by some rugged and barren hills, detached from the main chain, and advanced to the sea. Warton Crag is among these, and Arnside Knot, and Whitbarrow Scar, at the southernmost point of Westmoreland. These hills, which are all composed of grey limestone, are roughened on their summits by piles of

bare and broken rock, and are strikingly contrasted with the decorated and graceful landscape which they interrupt. The great chain of mountains and hills circumscribing this various and expanded prospect described a grand and deep-drawn crescent, more than a hundred miles in extent. Occupying its southern horn were the Fells of Lancashire, not rising to more than the dignity of hills, and mellowed by long distance, and a soft aerial tint. Nearly in the centre of the curve towered the huge square summit of Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and from thence to its north-western point the whole space was filled up by the mountains of the lakes; a majestic range, spiring up, mountain beyond mountain, like the waves of the sea. The bare and ragged pinnacles of the Conistone Fells, which were least remote, were the most conspicuous features, though, as the eye passed along the whole range, it was still surprised by new forms of ruggedness and grandeur, and by perpetual variations in the figure and expression, and the grouping and combination of these magnificent objects. I saw them under a good effect: the day was intensely hot; and there was a thin white haze in the distance, which was spread all over the mountains, so that I looked at them as through a sheet of gauze, behind which they appeared somewhat obscured and shadowy, but enlarged beyond their natural magnitude. I made a second visit to the crag in the evening, when the atmosphere in the distance was clearer; and I had an opportunity of seeing this celebrated range of mountains to the greatest advantage, with their long and broken line of summit figured out with perfect distinctness against a pure, cold sky.

On exploring Warton Crag in search of those remains of ancient art, which were the first objects of my visit to the spot, I was happy to find that I had not, as on many similar occasions, been misled, though more from that general dislike which one has to be deceived on any subject, than from the intrinsic value and interest of the matters which presented themselves to my curiosity. The hill has very evidently been the site of a British fortification, or one of a remote period, when the arts of attack and defence were very rude and primitive. On the south side of it, about midway up, I observed several circular inclosures, made by earth-works, of inconsiderable height, but probably reduced since their first formation. An old shepherd, who had grown grey without ever wandering half a dozen miles from the spot, told me that he remembered the time when there were several other inclosures here, guarded by circular walls; that the stones had been removed to make a wall along a road which leads over the crag, and that on digging for some of them under ground, great quantities of human bones had been brought to light. I did not see any of these bones, nor could I learn where they are deposited; but whatever and wherever they are, they are considered as indisputable evidences in this neighbourhood that the inclosures were military works, and that hosts of warriors have fallen and been buried among them. The bones, as usual, were of an enormous size, proving that our ancestors, if not wiser and better, were infinitely bigger than we are. This part of the hill is very easy of approach, and ill calculated for a place of defence;
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but higher up it is more strongly guarded by nature, and bears the traces of a more ingenious application of art. The summit is belted round with a high rampart of rock ; but on the northern front, where this natural defence is imperfect, the deficiency has been supplied by a wall, formed of unhewn stones, piled together without cement—a rude and clumsy work, though exceedingly strong. The greater part of it has been overthrown ; but it may still be traced in its whole extent ; and from the shapeless heaps of stones we may still form some idea of the industry, if not the ingenuity, of the founders. The inhabitants of the country round, for miles from the spot, with all their cattle, might have been contained within the inclosed space, where a few men might have protected them against any number of assailants. There is no provision for water, and no traces of any places of shelter for man or beast within the fortress ; but without such accommodations it might have been serviceable as a temporary retreat during the hasty incursions to which the country was incessantly exposed in remote times.

On leaving Warton, a short walk to the northward led me into the southern extremity of Westmoreland, which, it may be perceived, on referring to the map, thrusts itself down in a very unbecoming manner, as it appears upon paper, upon Morecambe Bay, cutting off a piece of Lancashire, and leaving it a perfect exile from the main body. I am not acquainted with the history of metes and bounds in this part of the world, and therefore cannot explain the cause of this irregular intermixture of shires, nor which of the two is liable to the charge of undue encroachment. Milthorp was the only town in Westmoreland that could claim a visit from me as a coast-town ; and its pretensions to this denomination may, perhaps, be questioned. It is a small mean place, with nothing in it worth the notice of a traveller ; but the country about it is beautiful enough to compensate to him for the trouble of his visit, and keep him in good humour. A little detached from the town is Kellam Tower, the seat of — Wilson, Esq. a handsome mansion, situated at the foot of a richly wooded hill, on the banks of the Kent, a shallow, but silent and brilliant stream. About a quarter of a mile south of Milthorp this small river forms an extensive estuary ; at low water a plain of sand, which opens into Morecambe Bay. As seen from the eastern side, nothing can be more striking than the combined grandeur and beauty of the coasts and the distant mountains, that appear drawn round this deep inlet. The channel spreads at its head into a wide and regularly formed crescent, bounded by a lofty hill, sloping rapidly to the shore, with patches of corn and grass on its front, interspersed amongst heath and coppice-wood. The bleached front of Whitbarrow Scar, a terrible precipice, was directly opposite to me, on the western side of the estuary, from whence a long line of coast appeared stretching to the southward, diversified by various bays, and bold and picturesque promontories, formed by some insulated crags, which at intervals break the level border of the shore, and jut far into the sea. Beyond these crags, which are all covered with wood, towered the bare peaks of the Coniston Fells ; and all round the inlet the distance was crowded with the summits of
mountains,

mountains, of all rude and awful forms, and marked by a thousand shades of colouring, according to their places in the distance. As I stood looking at this noble panorama, the water was silently creeping in, and diffusing itself in a white mirror over the sand, in which every wooded promontory that varied its margin was vividly represented. The plan of my excursion denied me the pleasure of seeing the lakes; but the frequent inlets which intersect this coast have much the same character; they have the same placid and sequestered appearance, and if rarely the same fertile border, they are girt round in a wider circle by the same magnificent mountains.

It is only, however, for a very limited time, during every tide, that this estuary of the Kent can boast the aspect of a lake, for the flood advances so sluggishly, that it is nearly high water before the sands are completely covered; and the ebb retreats altogether with as much rapidity. The whole channel is very shallow, and towards the upper part there is scarcely water enough for a small boat. I waited to cross the ferry near the sand-head till high water, when, obeying a hasty summons from the ferryman, I jumped into the boat, and we put off in a moment; but, with all our exertions, we were disgraced in a race against the ebb; and after ploughing our way for some time keel-deep in the sands, were finally fixed aground, beyond all hope of extrication, in mid-channel. The boat, happily, was the only thing completely disabled by this mischance; for in the course of a few minutes the sands under us were dry, and we were enabled to escape from the wreck, and walk the remainder of our passage.

I found the journey along shore, towards the mouth of the estuary, very tedious and troublesome, being frequently put out of my way by the crags which project into the sea, and obliged to make laborious circuits over tracts of moss and swamp. The whole country bordering the shore on this western side is a peat-moss, except where broken by these few detached crags, which are singularly scattered over this level surface. They all consist of limestone; and though with very little soil upon them, are thickly covered with mountain-ash and oak, whose roots shoot down into fissures in the rock, and find nourishment enough, I know not from what, to swell them into tolerable growth. These wooded headlands give an effect of great richness and elegance to the scenery of the coast. The first that I encountered was Midip Fell, with a long steep front jutting far into the channel, which forms one point of a semicircular bay, bounded at its southern extremity by Blath, another promontory, most picturesquely broken and varied by an intermixture of rock and wood. Nearly in the centre of the bay is Castle-Head, a singular crag, rising very precipitously from the water, and crowned with a luxuriant thicket of wood, amidst which is seen some little ornamental building, which, with scraps of the path and railing leading to it, has a very pretty effect. At its base, on the north side, close upon the shore, stands an elegant villa, with a line of trees, at the water's edge, skreening it on one side, and the grounds about it embellished with every tasteful addition practicable in the situation. This mansion struck me as a most delightful and inviting habitation. Nothing could be more beautiful



Castle-head, Westmorland



Peel Castle, Lancashire

beautiful than the whole form of the bay of which it is a prominent ornament; and at this distance down the channel there was still a smooth clear sea before it, in which every feature on the coast was seen distinctly imaged, and waving and trembling as the water silently swelled to the shore.

There is a good view from this place of both coasts of the estuary: the eastern side is not so prettily varied as that already described, being bounded by the long and uniform fronts of two lofty hills. A little south of the promontory of Blath the estuary opens into Morecambe Bay, which is divided, at its head, into two parts by the district of Cartmel; a peninsula several miles in length, for the most part lofty, rugged, and barren, but terminating at its southern extremity in an extensive flat, called Windermere Marsh. Its eastern coast, down to the Marsh, is bold and picturesque, being formed by the long and mountainous ridges of Grange and Flookborough, which present a steep front to the sea, rocky and broken, and darkened and enriched with thickets of coppice wood. Passing by the mouth of the Kent, I re-entered Lancashire. If the case were to be decided by natural signs of affinity, this county would have no title to this detached limb, which has a very distinct appearance from every other part of it, and from its rude and mountainous character appears to be properly connected with Westmoreland.

After a long and very rough walk, I concluded the labour and amusement of the day at the small village of Grange, which I found dignified by an admirable inn; the sumptuousness of whose accommodations is rather more than a traveller might expect in so rude and remote a tract. It is supported in this style of splendour by the summer visits of strangers who come hither to bathe. The situation of the village is secluded and exceedingly romantic: the cottages are irregularly scattered, singly and in little groups, on the steep front of the great hill of Grange, imbosomed in wood, through the breaks of which appears the sea, and overhung by the rude summit of the hill, which rises to a great height above them, a waste of heath and rock. In spite of my fatigue, I climbed to the top of this hill, for the pleasure of seeing the sun set, and was gratified with certainly one of the finest prospects in the country; an immense expanse of sea, spread like a sheet of gold, under a sky all glowing with redness, and a vast chain of mountains unobscured by a cloud, and distinct even to every cleft, and ridge, and pinnacle on their shivered summits.

I made an excursion from Grange to Cartmel, which lies about two miles north-west of it, in a romantic glen, well wooded, and encompassed by high, dark, rocky hills. The town is mean, and laid out with an awkwardness most complete, that despises both appearance and convenience; but it contains an ancient Gothic church of great beauty and elegance, which, in such a neighbourhood, surprises the eye with the utmost charms of contrast. It is built in the form of a cross, and has a square tower on a singular plan, being composed of two parts, one growing out of the other, and each terminated by battlements. The interior is spacious and well proportioned, but less enriched with sculptural decoration than we usually find in buildings of this order of architecture. In the choir is
a very

a very handsome tomb, bearing effigies of a knight and his lady; the knight supposed to have been Sir John de Harrington, who was knighted by Edward the First, at Carlisle, whither he had been summoned to meet that monarch, and attend him on his expedition into Scotland. The figures lie under a richly carved canopy; that of the knight cross-legged, the sign of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Cartmel is a place of high antiquity, and was the site of a town as early perhaps as there was any place that could honestly be called a town in the country. The whole district of Cartmel, with its capital, known by the rugged title of *Sudgedluit*, was granted by Egfrid, a king of Northumberland in the seventh century, to St. Cuthbert, together with all its British inhabitants. Why this worthy saint coveted so much of this world does not appear. A priory of regular canons, of the order of St. Augustine, was founded here in 1188, by William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, and endowed by him with large possessions and many valuable privileges. It appears to have been an object of extraordinary regard in the mind of this pious earl, who was not only supremely liberal in his grants to it, but careful to secure them, by a most vehement manifesto of his ill-will against all who should presume to disturb the liberties of his favoured recluses. He sums up the charter of the priory in the following emphatic manner:—"This house I have founded for the increase of our holy religion, giving and granting to it every kind of liberty the heart can conceive or the mouth utter; and whosoever shall infringe these their immunities, or injure the said monastery, may he incur the curse of God, of the Blessed Virgin, and all the saints, as well as my particular malediction." The bathos of this pitiless anathema is admirable.

I returned to Grange, and proceeded two miles further south to visit Holywell, a spa of peculiar efficacy in scorbutic complaints, but likely, if the attendant there be not egregiously deceived or deceiving, to relieve a man from any disease with which he may be afflicted. The spring rises close to the shore, under a rocky promontory called Humphrey Head. The chief good of the water consists in its effect as a gentle aperient; though it is impossible to say what virtue it may not retain from the benediction of the saint, with which, as its name should signify, it has been honoured. There is another spring in this district, called Cartmel Well, which divides with this spa the faith and favour of the people, as a remedy for scorbutic disorders.

South of Humphrey Head the coast sinks into a flat sand, which continues to the extremity of the peninsula, bordering Windermere Marsh. This level tract has been drained and brought into cultivation within these twenty years, and now yields abundant crops of grass and corn, and is the most valuable portion of the peninsula. From the spa I crossed over to the village of Flookborough, on the eastern side of Cartmel, and took my place in a coach which passes over the Leven Sands to Ulverston. These sands, which form a part of Morecambe Bay, derive their name from the small river Leven, which flows over them to the sea, and is navigable at high water, as far as the tide advances, for
vessels

vessels of considerable burthen, but fordable from half ebb to half flood. The sands are muddy and soft, making the passage of a carriage tedious and laborious; but there are no places on them where there is any danger of a coach, with all the passengers inside and outside, and all the horses, being swallowed up in one grave; though one may hear such a casualty spoken of in the neighbourhood as possible, in defiance of daily experience. A guide on horseback attends in all weathers at the river's side to point out the ford, and he has so attended for many years, without being convinced that the road over the sands is more dangerous than any road on shore, if passengers will submit to be guided by him. In the winter time the duty of this poor fellow is terribly severe; for here he is stationed on this exposed and cheerless plain in gales of wind, or in rain, or frost, or snow, for six hours of every day. Nevertheless, though an elderly man, he looks healthy, and, having survived through many winters of this rough seasoning, may hope to have acquired a hardihood now quite element-proof. He receives a small salary for his services, I believe, from government, which is improved by the voluntary gifts of passengers into a decent subsistence for him.

When the tide is in, this estuary of the Leven, like that of the Kent, has the appearance of a fine lake, and its boundaries are equally bold and beautiful. On the eastern side stands Cartmel Fell, with a long, dark, precipitous front, streaked with sheets of stones, that have streamed down from its rocky summit, and decorated here and there at its base with stripes and patches of corn. On the opposite side a wider extent of country is discovered, and of a milder character, exhibiting a pleasing variety of hill and dale, richly spread with vegetation, and peopled with villages; and at the head of the bay appear, in sublime confusion, the mingled summits of the mountains. I always feel humbled and mortified on attempting to reduce such scenes as these to description. The eye comprehends the whole scenery, that I have just described, in one view, with all its parts aiding, improving, and relieving each other, by their modes of combination and contrast. But it is not possible for words to bring the picture before the mind in this condensed and collective form; and even if each part in the composition could be represented with the force and distinctness of reality, yet, in a description of several sentences, the mind becomes confused and divided in its attention, and loses the unity and keeping of one great and general impression.

Ulverston, which is situated on the western side of the Leven, and about a mile from the shore, is a neat and pleasant town, though containing nothing that a tourist might not pass by unnoticed, without any reproach to his conscience. It is the little capital of Furness, and drives a trade suitable to the necessities of this limited district; holds out to the gay and luxurious the temptations of a theatre and an assembly room, and to the studious or the indolent the convenience of a subscription library. Its own manufactures consist of cotton, checks, canvas, and hats; and it exports iron-ore, wrought iron, limestone, and slates procured from the neighbouring hills. Vessels of a hundred and

fifty tons burthen could formerly advance up to the town, by means of a canal cut in 1795, and forming a communication with the channel of the Leven; but very lately the river has changed its course, and left the canal perfectly useless, and the town, after having laid out an immense sum in its formation, again saddled with the expense of land-carriage for all its exports and imports.

I rejoined my friend, Mr. Daniel, at this place, and we proceeded in company to explore the coasts of Lower Furness, a peninsula, washed on its eastern coast by Morecambe Bay, and on its west side detached from the county of Cumberland by the estuary of the river Dudden. This district once contained one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom, and though not generally distinguished by that fertility of soil which we usually observe in the possessions of the church, had a paramount recommendation in its insulated situation, which secured it against the depredations of the Scottish borderers.

About three miles south of Ulverston is Conishead Priory, the seat of Colonel Braddyl, a delightful spot, and worthy, at least beyond every other part of the district, of the high name with which Mr. West, its historian, has vouchsafed in his enthusiasm to honour it, the Paradise of Furness. The house, which is an old venerable looking structure, somewhat scandalized by white-wash, stands in the centre of a beautiful park, diversified by great inequalities of surface, and planted with lines and groups of trees, which have attained a fine growth. To the east appears the sea in Morecambe Bay, with the castle of Lancaster faintly pictured on its opposite coast; and to the north, a fine contrast to the green and wooded knolls of the park, soar the huge naked tops of the mountains.

Opposite to the house, and about a mile from the shore, is a small, low, rocky island, called Chapel Island, with the gable-end of a building upon it, intended to pass for the remains of a chapel that once stood there, an appendage to Furness Abbey, in which a priest daily put up his prayers for the safety of passengers across the sands. When seen from a distance the thing does very well, and one has no suspicion of treachery; but on a nearer survey one perceives, at least I imagined I perceived, from something of a more finical and fantastic taste than can be attributed to time or the weather, that this ruin is just as it came from the hands of some very modern mason. I may be wrong in some measure; but I can assert with certainty, that if the whole fragment be not a counterfeit, it has been touched and truly ruined by other hands than those of time.

From the priory we continued our journey towards the mouth of the bay, along a pleasant coast, rising above the sea in gentle hills, richly cultivated, and frequently jutting out in picturesque headlands, thickly tufted with wood. A few years ago this part of the country was entirely bare of wood; but a very general attention has been lately shewn to planting, and we now see in sheltered places trees approaching to the dignity of timber; and even where completely exposed to the sea, they have attained sufficient growth to give great beauty to the banks, and bays, and promontories that diversify the shore.

shore. Passing through the pretty hamlets of Bardsey and Baycliff, we descended down to Aldingham Hall, the seat of Mr. Baldwin, who, on an accidental meeting, received us with great friendliness, and entertained us with the hospitality of his house, though perfect strangers to him, with no other recommendation than our vagrancy. This gentleman's house composes, with the rectory and a small ancient church, a pretty group of buildings, pleasantly situated on a green turf close to the sea, and shaded by trees which we thought quite stately. Aldingham is the boundary of all beautiful and picturesque scenery on this coast of the bay: further south the country becomes tame, naked, and dreary, gradually declining in height, and shewing, in the brown and tarnished colour of its vegetation, the effects of its exposure to the great western sea. The southern and south-western fronts of Low Furness are protected from the rage of the sea, as far as it can affect the substance of the land, by Walney Island, which lies along them in the form of a bow, separated by a channel, varying from a mile to two miles in breadth.

We procured a night's lodging at Rampside, a humble bathing place; and on the following morning hired a boat in order to visit Walney, and a cluster of very small islands, four or five in number, lying at its south end between it and the main. These are all very low; and one of them, Foulney Isle, so remarkably so, that, as we saw it from the shore at high water, the cattle feeding upon it looked as if afloat on a raft. They are all girded round by banks of beach, which have alone prevented their being swallowed up long since. The sea retires from them all at low water, excepting Peel Island, which, on account of the remains of its ancient castle, was the only one that we thought it worth while to land upon. This island, which is distant somewhat less than a mile from the main coast, contains eleven acres of land, all covered with a good depth of soil, which produces barley and oats. There is a considerable depth of water in the channel all round it at all times of tide, and on its south side is a safe roadstead, and one of great importance to vessels bound to the northward, as it is the only one between it and Whitehaven.

A castle was built here by an abbot of Furness, probably as a place of shelter for the brotherhood, and the wealth of the abbey, in case of any attack upon it; and great art and labour was employed in order to render it a secure one. The situation is naturally weak, but this imperfection was provided against by the strength of the outworks. Two sides of the castle stand at the edge of a steep bank, immediately above the sea; and the sides towards the land are defended by two walls of great thickness, each flanked with square towers and surrounded by a ditch. In the space between the outer and inner wall, or, to speak classically, within the outer ballium, was a small chapel, now only to be traced in its foundations. The walls are tolerably preserved, but several of their towers are entirely destroyed. The body of the castle is a square, strengthened with immense buttresses at the corners, and one in the centre of each front. There is only one entrance into it, leading through an arch-way which projects from one front, and was guarded by portcullises. The

interior is divided by two partition walls into three oblong compartments, the central one of which contained the state rooms. The whole is now a complete ruin ; but one may still see that while every art was applied to strengthen the building, care was taken to give it as much elegance as possible. The walls, which are nine feet thick, are built with stones from the beach, of all sizes and colours, and have rather a rude appearance ; but the windows, doorways, and all the ornamental parts of the interior, are finished with red freestone. A vast breach has been made in the walls on the east side by the sea, and the whole of this front seems to hang in a very critical posture, and to be ill able to resist the enemy which has already so roughly invaded it ; but it has been in the same condition for nearly a century, having been protected since the first ruinous assault by a prodigious accumulation of beach, which has been thrown up at the south end of Walney, and which, running to the eastward, forms a counterscarp to Peel Island against the force of the southern sea.

There is a public-house on the island, the only habitation, tenanted by an old Scotchman, who has been lord of this domain for many years, and goes through the duties of guide and expositor among the ruins of the castle with admirable fluency. The custom of the seamen from the roadstead, and the donations of occasional visitors in the summer time, support him in a state of which he has no right, he thinks, to complain ; but he acknowledged that when there were no vessels in the roadstead he found his situation rather too lonesome, and apt to drive him to his beer-barrel for company.

We sailed over from Peel to Walney, a distance of about a mile and a half. On the passage the castle was seen to more advantage than from any other point of view ; rising with some majesty from the sea, and set off by a magnificent back-ground of mountains. On landing at Walney, it appeared to be mournfully barren of materials for the consideration of either my friend or myself. There is a light-house upon it at the south end, as a guide for vessels to Peel roadstead ; and from the top of the tower we had a complete view over the whole island, which discouraged us from the toil of walking over it, and disposed us to be quite content with such an account of it as we could collect from some of the natives. It is about ten miles long, but no where quite a mile broad ; a perfect flat, without a tree or a live bush in a hedge from one extremity to the other. It grows barley and oats, and a small quantity of wheat ; but a great proportion of it is poor unproductive land, laid out in pasture. Its animals, not domestic, are a few hares and partridges, a plentiful stock of rabbits, and an equally multitudinous, though less profitable, body of rats. There are three small villages on it, North Scale, near the north end, Bigger, in the centre, and South End, which, though on the utmost verge of all cultivation or vegetation to the south, is two miles from the south end of the island, the space between which and the village is filled up by a narrow tract of barren sands. An amazing quantity of sand has been collected at each extremity of the island, which, stretching out from each towards the main land, at right angles to the general coast of the island, gives it the figure of a bow. At the south end the sand terminates in a bed of beach, which has been thrown up, like a vast circular

cular bastion, at least a mile in circumference. Had this beach been distributed along the western side of the island, it would have been invaluable; but this side is quite defenceless, and gradually wasting away under the ceaseless pressure of the waves. In several places, where the coast is particularly low, the island is so deeply indented, that, with very high tides, it is divided by the sea into several islands. The abbots of Furness charged themselves with the support of several dykes, for the defence of Walney; but since the dissolution it has been taken from the care of a single great proprietor, and indolently yielded up to the ravages of the sea, which is now in a fair course of destroying it altogether. As an inducement to the inhabitants to make embankments, there is a singular provision in their leases, by which every tenant is charged with the lord's rent for the whole island; so that if every tenement, excepting one, should be swallowed up by the sea, that remaining one must discharge the entire rent*. But such a provision as this could not of course be acted upon, for, in spite of every precaution, the sea might prove irresistible; and the tenants seem to be aware of this, and determined to enjoy their estates quietly, as long as they last, without troubling themselves about the sea, or the threats of their leases.

Among the curiosities of Walney, Mr. West mentions several springs of fresh water, at North Scale, which rise and fall together with the tides of the sea. "The deepest wells," he observes "begin to gain water about half-flood; but those which perforate the higher part of the stratum are then empty, and do not receive their supply until about the time of high water, and during the first part of the ebb tide; for the fresh water will continue to accumulate until it attains the level of the salt water in the channel." The wells are situated close by the side of Walney Channel, and sunk in a bed of sand; and Mr. West supposes that the sea-water is deprived of its saline particles by being strained through the sand. I can give no more satisfactory explanation of the matter; but I conceive it scarcely possible that the water could be so entirely freed from salt as to deserve the name of fresh water by so rapid a process of filtration.

On our return to the mainland, we paid a visit to Furness Abbey, situated in a glen darkened with wood, whose gloom and solitude accord well with the solemn grandeur of this venerable ruin. A sudden rain prevented our seeing the place to advantage, and drove us away before I had sufficiently conned and studied it to trust myself with any account of it. The ruins appear to be in much the same state as when seen by Mrs. Radcliffe; and the following extract from her description will far more than atone to the reader for the loss of any description by myself. "The windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins till they are closely approached; and the by-road that conducted us is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are fine preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought

us within view of the northern gate of the abbey, a beautiful Gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriantly festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane-trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in some places, spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance into the immediate precincts of the abbey, an area said to contain sixty-five acres, now called the Deer Park. It is inclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings still appear, such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once supplied the monastery; some of which, seen under the shade of the fine old trees, that on every side adorn the broken steeps of this glen, have a very picturesque effect.

"The abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale red stone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed, by time and weather, to a tint of dusky brown, which accords well with the hues of plants and shrubs that every where emboss the mouldering arches. The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a richly painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of distant arches, remains of the nave of the abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is said to be 287 feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only 38 feet inside, but the nave is 70: the walls, as they now stand, are 54 feet high, and in thickness five. Southward from the choir extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels, now laid open to the day; the chapter-house, the cloisters, and beyond all, and detached from all, the school-house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts a roof.

"Of a quadrangular court, on the west side of the church, 334 feet long, and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters, that formed its western boundary; and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower that once crowned this building having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillocks they form. The school-house, a heavy structure, attached to the boundary-wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness; but here and there a chasm discloses the staircases, that wind within them to chambers above.

"These are the principal features that remain of this once magnificent abbey. It was

was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who were called Grey Monks, from their dress of that colour, till they became Cistercians; and, with the severe rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the dissolution of the monastic orders in England.

“The deep forests that once surrounded the abbey, and overspread all Furness, contributed, with its insulated situation, on a neck of land running out into the sea, to secure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hostilities on the borders. On an eminence over the abbey are the remains of a beacon or watch-tower, raised by the society for their further security. It commands extensive views over Low Furness, and the bay of the sea immediately beneath; looking forward to the town and castle of Lancaster, faintly appearing on the opposite coast; on the south to the isles of Walney, Foulney, and their numerous inlets, on one of which stands Peel Castle; and on the north to the mountains of High Furness and Coniston, rising in a grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Irish Channel.

“The sum total of all rents belonging to the abbey, immediately before the dissolution, was £946. 2s. 10d. collected from Lancashire, Cumberland, and even from the Isle of Man; a sum which, considering the value of money at that period, and the woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries, retained by the society in their own hands—the quantity of provisions for domestic use, brought by the tenants instead of rent, and the shares of mines, mills, and salt-works, which belonged to the abbey—swells its former riches to an enormous amount.”

On the return of fine weather we resumed our journey, going through a very uninteresting day's work, for which few words will suffice. Our course lay along the sound of Walney, from which the sea had retired, leaving it a plain of mud. The main coast, with Walney and Peel, and the neighbouring islands, seemed to inclose it in a complete circle, apparently without any outlet; and their barren sands, and flat, naked and exposed fields, composed, with this bason of mud, a most dull and dismal prospect. After a walk of about half a dozen miles, with no variation in this disagreeable scenery, it was rendered more particularly cheerless by the return of a heavy rain, which quickened our speed, and soon pelted us on to the village of Barrow. Here we found a well-provided public-house, but unluckily pre-occupied by a gang of reapers, who having continued at their work, in hopes of fairer weather, till they were soaked to the skin, were now providing against all dangerous consequences, by unlimited draughts of ale. We were aware that there would be no peace for us as long as they were able to swallow; and accordingly our ears were outraged for several hours by a merciless bout of singing and squabbling, till the landlord interfered, and smoothing the sternness of his purpose with a smiling countenance, fairly turned all his guests out of doors, saving two or three, who were utterly helpless and immoveable, and had quietly betaken themselves to their night's lodging under the table. These were “fellows fierce from Furness Fells;” and rare chaps they are, observed the landlord;

landlord ; meaning to signify that a more riotous, ranting, fighting, drinking race, are not to be met with. They have some qualities of a more valuable nature ; and if there be truth in our reporter, the landlord, who was a Lancashire man himself, will cover more ground in a game at foot-ball than twice the number of men from any other county in the kingdom. This they will do when at play ; but they signalize themselves equally when at serious work, and will cut down a field of wheat with matchless rapidity.

Opposite to the village, and a few hundred yards from it, lies Old Barrow, a small island, about a mile and a quarter long, and half a mile broad. It is of the same appearance as Walney, and both were no doubt formerly connected in one plain with the mainland. The substratum of them both is a peat-moss ; and the same substance is found in the sound by digging to a little depth below the sand. There is water enough at high tide in the channel, between Old Barrow and the mainland, for vessels of considerable burthen ; and several come hither regularly for iron-ore, which is procured from mines near Ulverston, and exported in large quantities to Hull, Chepstow, Neath, and Cardiff.

The coast extending northwards, from Barrow to the mouth of the Dudden, being flat, sandy, and totally without interest, we proceeded by an inland road to Dalton, passing through a country consisting of high round hills, covered with heavy crops of wheat and barley. On our arrival at Dalton, we found the place full of bustle and noise, in consequence of an influx of strangers from all parts of the kingdom, who had come to seek employment as reapers, and were clamorously demanding the attention of some farmers, who had assembled at the inn-door, to pick their men, and adjust the conditions of their labour. Our commiseration was excited for half a dozen poor Irishmen, who stood aloof from the throng, like outcasts, and were as miserable in their looks, and abject and filthy in their whole appearance, as the vilest description of beggars. These poor fellows had slept in a cow-house all night, for they were so covered with dirt, that none of the publicans in the place would give them beds. One of them, too, assured me that he had tasted nothing but bread and water during the last twenty-four hours, though, during that time, he had walked more than forty miles. What must these wretched creatures suffer in their own country, when they come, by way of benefit to themselves, to be so treated in this ? They leave their homes very sorrily provided for their journey, and make their way by a variety of expedients, which procure for them no good name in the country ; but which, in consideration of their extreme penury, one should regard with all possible lenity. Standing by the sturdy peasants of this county, they were seen to the greatest disadvantage ; but, in spite of their wretched appearance, they are capable of undergoing great fatigue, and can stand their ground with the toughest and strongest labourers of the field. Had the farmers here had time to attend to them, they might, perhaps, have employed these forlorn creatures ; but their attention was completely engrossed by the loud applications of bolder pretenders ; and when they had selected as many men as they required, we saw the poor Irishmen walk despondingly away, amidst
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the sneers of the crowd, and many a paltry joke on the raggedness and filthiness of their attire.

Dalton is a small neat town, delightfully situated on a hill rising above a valley of extreme fertility. This place was formerly considered the capital of Furness, and drove a trade suitable to the dignity of its rank; but on the dissolution of the great Abbey, Ulverston, as a more convenient station, became the general mart of the district, and Dalton sunk into insignificance. A castle was built here by the Abbots of Furness, as a check to the depredations of the Scottish borderers: a large square tower of it still remains, which is now appropriated to the courts-leet and baron of the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord Beaulieu, who are the chief lords of the liberty and manor of Furness. It was the fame of this castle that had drawn us, somewhat out of our way, and beyond the line of our duty, to Dalton, but we had the mortification to find that there was nothing about it to reward us for our aberration.

Returning to the coast, we proceeded along the eastern shore of the estuary of the Duddon, which, like all the inlets on the coast, is left a plain of sand at low water, except in the narrow channel of the river. The scenery round it is grand and romantic in the highest degree. The estuary at its mouth is nearly four miles broad, but gradually contracts inwards, the hills on each side converging till they mingle together at the head of the inlet, the Coniston Fells to the right, and the mountains of Cumberland to the left, composing a most picturesque and magnificent group. On its eastern side the inlet is bounded by a long and somewhat uniform line of hills, cultivated to their summits towards the mouth, but more rude and barren higher up, though valuable from the fine slates which are procured on them, and which form the principal articles of trade exported from the Duddon. On the western side appears the dark and tremendous front of Black-coomb, rising majestically behind a lesser range of broken and unequal hills, which stretch along the shore in a waving and indented line, and compose a varied and pleasing foreground to the landscape, in parts rough and rude, but interspersed with meadows and fields of corn, in knolls, and banks, and glens, and along the whole line abundantly covered with coppice-wood. We arrived too late to cross the ford with safety, and there being no ferry, and not being able to procure any kind of boat, we were obliged to proceed round the head of the estuary, which we found rather an irksome task, as we had already had an advantageous view from its mouth of all that it had to present to our observation. The sands are bounded at their head by a marsh, the remnant probably of a plain which once occupied the whole space now filled up by the estuary. With neap tides the sea never covers more than half the surface of the sands, and it appears practicable to block it out altogether by an embankment from an extensive tract at the upper part of them; but the expense of such a work, and the laborious process that it would require to bring the land into cultivation, are reasonable discouragements against the experiment. At the marsh

the Duddon ceases to have any communication with the tide, and about a mile higher up it is crossed by a bridge of three arches, where the whole scenery assumes an entirely new character; the dull expanse of swamp and sand contracting into a narrow valley, teeming with vegetation, through which the river winds in a shallow clear stream, sparkling over a pebbly bottom. To the right the valley is bounded by a round hill covered with pasture and corn, on the opposite side by more rugged steeps, but clothed with coppice-wood, and about a mile above the bridge it is lost amongst the closing mountains.

We passed a night at the small town of Broughton, which, not standing within the limits of our lawful route, had no claims upon our attention beyond the accommodations that it afforded us. On resuming our journey we crossed the Duddon, and entered the county of Cumberland. We were struck with the strong contrast of the prospects above and below the bridge. Above appeared the confined vale of Duddon, hemmed in and darkened by a skreen of mountains, and below opened a wide expanse of sands and sea, melting into a flat unbroken horizon, and under the glare of one broad and equal light. As we proceeded towards the mouth of the estuary, many picturesque and romantic spots of scenery broke upon our view, among the wild hills that skirt the western shore, most of them clothed with coppice-wood, with here and there some cultivated fields and a few scattered cottages and farms. The huge, dark, barren front of Blackcoomb was seen occasionally soaring above these lesser heights with great majesty. We passed through the small villages of Lady Hall and Dunning Well, which may be mentioned at least for the dignity of sound that they give to our route; and after a walk of about six miles, stopped at Millum Castle, anciently the great citadel of this part of the country, but now transformed into an humble farm-house. The lordship of Millum was of great extent, reaching more than ten miles in length, from the Duddon to the Esk, and six miles in breadth, from the sea up to the mountains. It pertained originally to the barony of Egremont, but was granted by William Meschines, Lord of Egremont, in the time of Henry the First, to the Boyvills, from whom, after long possession, it passed by marriage to the Huddlestons, and continued in that family till purchased by its present proprietor, Lord Lonsdale.

The castle is small, consisting of only a single square tower with turrets at the angles, which was formerly surrounded by a wall and fosse. There is nothing about it to interest an observer, except an appearance of antiquity, and the effect of this is not a little impaired by the vulgar uses to which it is now subjected. It is surrounded by an extensive park, a tract of rough and rugged ground, once covered with a grove of huge oaks, and well stocked with deer, but now a naked waste. The whole domain was stripped of its woods by one of the Huddlestons, for the sake of opening some mines of iron-ore, and building a large vessel, both of which projects proved abortive. There are still, however, a few fine trees about the castle, whose shade gives solemnity to its mouldering walls.

Adjoining

Adjoining is an old church, grey and weather-beaten; and these venerable buildings, with the dark foliage of the trees, and a wild and solitary country around them, compose an interesting landscape.

On leaving the castle we had a journey before us of some leagues, which made but few demands on our pencils and common-place books. To the northward of the Duddon, a dull naked flat, several miles in breadth, lies between the mountains and the sea, bordered along the shore by sand-hills, or a low marl-bank. The sand-hills are a firm bulwark against the sea, but are frequently broken up by the western gales and scattered over the land; and the marl-bank, though itself innocent of any mischief towards the land, cannot secure it against the depredations of the sea. We passed close under the foot of Blackcoomb, and for the sake of relieving the flatness of our journey, both physical and moral, ascended to its summit, where we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were on a station from whence, on a clearer day, we might have commanded a most extensive prospect. This mountain may be distinguished from the south-east, over the low coasts of Cheshire and Lancashire, at a distance of nearly a hundred miles, and from its summit may be seen the mountains of North Wales, the Isle of Man, seven counties of England, and as many of Scotland. A hazy atmosphere prevented our seeing quite so far, but we had still a noble prospect, comprehending the mountains of the lakes in all their rudeness and savage grandeur; the great western sea, and a beautifully varied scene along the broken coast of Lancashire. On the summit of Blackcoomb there is a deep and spacious cavity, which is supposed to have been the crater of a volcano, though it now gives birth to an element quite opposite and hostile to all combustible matter, a small rivulet which springs from its bottom. Fragments of vitrified matter, it is said, are found on its margin, but we either did not see any, or saw them with ignorant eyes.

On descending down to the flat, we proceeded for some time without any subject for remark; but as our way, though dull, was not difficult, we soon arrived at Bootle, which, with little else worth our consideration, had the recommendation of a tolerable inn. The town stands about two miles from the sea, and is sheltered by a few trees, which the skill and resolution of the inhabitants have raised about it in defiance of the western wind. I know not really that I have any thing more important to relate concerning the place.

A traveller careful to be here at low water of a spring tide might proceed to a small bay directly west of this town, called Selker Bay, where, at the distance of about a mile from the shore, he might see, as the natives protest they have often seen, some fragments of black wood, which a very venerable tradition declares to be the remains of several galleys sunk there on some great invasion of this island by the Romans. The fact is thought to be countenanced in some degree by the appearance of some Roman works on the neighbouring coast. On the common of Esk Meals, it is said, there are the traces of an encampment, about which various coins and broken altars, with scraps of inscriptions, have been found. A man inclined to sift the reasonableness of the tradition might think

it improbable that these fragments of wood should have existed and been visible for so long a period, particularly on a sandy shore, subject to continual variations, and might deem it not less unlikely that they should have retained any signs by which they can be sworn not to belong to a wreck of a much more recent date. But for my own part, as I happened to be on the spot when the state of the tide did not permit me to see the remains, I do not think it necessary to plague myself or my readers with any doubts on the subject.

From the appearance of the shore about Selker Bay, the sea seems to have gained considerably upon the land of late years, so much so indeed that it may be questioned whether there was water for the Roman galleys, at the time of the invasion, on the spot where the remains of them are said now to be seen. The bay is bounded all round by a low bank of earth, crammed full of smooth and rounded pebbles, evidently a deposit of the sea, which now, completing one more in a series of revolutions, is marching on to recover its former dominion. To the northward of this bay commence the Esk Meals, a desolate tract of sand-hills, where we had not the good fortune to stumble upon the Roman encampment. Deliberately to search for such a thing amidst this sea of hillocks, never occurred to our thoughts as a matter either of duty or amusement. There was nothing of natural scenery on the coast to gratify attention, but when we had advanced a mile or two to the northward of Bootle, the mountains burst upon our view in the east, in a more grand, various, and multiplied range than we had hitherto seen, at the distance of three, five, and fifteen miles from the sea. In the distance to the north appeared the great promontory of St. Bees, and to the west the Isle of Man rose majestically from the ocean, marked in the centre by three spiring mountains.

At the north end of the Esk Meals there is an opening in the sand-hills about a quarter of a mile broad, through which three small rivers, the Esk, the Mite, and the Irt, discharge themselves in one stream into the sea. At high water the sea on its confluence with these rivers spreads over a wide space within the sand-hills, which on the retiring of the tide is left, except in the channels of the rivers, a dreary extent of sand, mud, and marsh. On the border of this dismal waste stands Ravenglass, a dirty, ragged, forlorn looking town, which, considered in all its relations, in its own wretchedness, and the dreariness of its situation, may be pronounced perhaps to be the most miserable place, with the title of a town, in the kingdom. There is no trade of any kind in it, the people picking up a scanty subsistence by fishing, which in the summer season they help out by labouring at the harvest. We had seen and were to see nothing so mournfully bad as Ravenglass, but we observed in few of the small towns and villages of Cumberland that appearance of comfort, neatness, and comeliness, which distinguishes those in the adjoining county of Lancaster. The people of this county not having the benefit of the manufactures that enrich the inhabitants of Lancashire, are necessarily poorer, though it is not absolute poverty that will account for the signs of wretchedness and barbarism which deform their habitations
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and their domestic habits. I remember going up to a clergyman of a considerable parish to condole with him on the poverty-stricken condition of his flock, when he stopped me to say that I might spare my commiseration, as there was not one of them who was not as well provided for as he desired. He admitted that I, as a stranger, might be excused for judging otherwise, but attributed those external marks of want and suffering that had influenced my opinion to another cause than that of necessity. There being no great sources of wealth in the county to tempt the greediness of adventurers from other parts of the kingdom, the natives are not disturbed in the enjoyment of their peculiar usages by the interference of strangers, and cling to many antiquated forms which a more enlarged communication with society might have taught them to despise. If we refer back to man when he first betook himself to the shelter of a house, we shall find him a somewhat dirty animal, with no instinctive relish for mops and brooms; and the natives of Cumberland, having profited little by the general discoveries of the world, bear a nearer resemblance in their domestic system to the aboriginal householders, by it is not worth while to compute how many centuries, than the people of Lancashire. They live quietly among themselves, keeping one another in countenance, by an equal observance of the same common fashions, with no intruders to shame them into changes by better examples. But if their confined knowledge of the world shuts them out from some advantages, it defends them too against many evils. Together with some coarseness, they retain a great moral simplicity, which keeps their passions in order, and would be ill exchanged for a little more refinement in the economy of their homes. They have not been taught that cleanliness is a virtue worth an hour's toil in the day, and they are happily ignorant that they want more money than they have, in order to indulge in a profligate waste of their time, their health, and their morals at the ale-house.

When the tide is in, Ravenglass is not very easily to be approached from the sea side. A cart which we had the luck to meet transported us over the Esk on our entrance into the town, but we had to cross the Mite and the Irt before we could pursue our journey along the coast, and had to wait for some hours before they became fordable. It may illustrate my remarks on the backwardness of these people in the common arts of life, when I relate that there has been a town here for some centuries, and that no great discoverer has yet adverted to the convenience of a ferry-boat, though with every tide there is some one to feel the want of it. There is a wooden bridge over the Mite, designed by a native engineer, and built so as to be of as little use as possible, being so low that it is passable only when the tide is out and the river fordable.

We had long since arrived at the philosophy of being amused with the little obstacles that we met with in the course of our journey; and have often laughed at the shifts and machinations to which we have seen people driven in compassing for us the most simple and practicable accommodations. We have seen a whole house thrown into confusion on our asking for a tea-spoon, and have sent three messengers over the country before we
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could shave, finally going through the operation without glass or soap—but that was in Wales. On arriving at Ravenglass we had proposed to the inhabitants to procure for us a couple of horses, and all the ingenuity and industry of the town were put in requisition to get them ready. We were never doomed to see them however, though entertained from time to time during our stay with a series of reports upon their modes of progress towards us. They were out at grass; a boy was dispatched after them, and another after him, and a third after both; they had strayed into a distant field, but after prodigious efforts were caught and coming, and so continued for some hours, when the Mite became fordable, and we were content to think no more about them.

From the little bridge on the Mite we had a sublime view of the mountains, an inner range near enough for us to make out every crag and precipice, and every variety of colouring on its broken front; and four vaster mountains in the distance, rising apparently from distinct bases, with tremendous gulphs between them, and each thrusting its huge summit into the clouds. The inner mountains, amongst which we particularly noticed Wastdale Head, and a long ridge called the Screes, are remarkable for their ruggedness and their barrenness, exhibiting nothing but vast masses of naked rock. The Screes, a most extraordinary object, is thus well described in Espriell's 'Letters from England.' "Imagine the whole side of a mountain, a league in length, covered with loose stones, white, red, blue, and green, in long straight lines as the torrents had left them, in sheets and in patches, sometimes broken by large fragments of rocks, which had unaccountably stopped in their descent, and by parts which, being too precipitous for the stones to rest on, were darkened with mosses,—and every variety of form and colour was reflected by the dark water at its foot; no trees or bushes upon the whole mountain,—all was bare, but more variegated by this wonderful mixture of colouring than any vegetation could have made it."

We could distinguish the strangely chequered aspect of this mountain from the sea shore, and we saw it together with the surrounding mountains under some very fine effects of light and shadow. It was a gloomy day, the sky darkened with vast voluminous clouds, through which the sun broke in short and partial gleams. As we were gazing at the mountains a heavy shower came down, while the sun was still shining, and a bright rainbow appeared suspended before the Screes, giving an effect of strange and magnificent confusion to one of the wildest and most fantastic landscapes that can be conceived.

With these grand objects constantly in view, exhibited under ever-changing appearances, we had no reason to complain of the dulness of our way, though immediately upon the coast, our peculiar province, all was blank and uninteresting. After crossing the Mite and the Irt our course lay over a flat common bounded by a line of sand-hills, thrown up to the height of thirty or forty feet. No variation occurred in these matters, till after a walk of five or six miles we found ourselves checked in our progress by a small river, the Calder, which we had been assured by those who wanted us to wait for the horses
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that we should not be able to cross without difficulty and perhaps danger. It is a shallow, rapid stream, about twenty yards broad, shewing in a rough bottom of pebbles the sign of its mountain origin. In the winter, when swollen by rains, it might not be passable; but as we perceived that it was not now more than two feet deep, we did not imagine that a man could be unwittingly drowned in it, and therefore boldly waded through it. From a small eminence near this stream we first caught a sight of Scotland, the high round hill of Criffel, at the mouth of the Solway Frith, appearing distinctly at the distance of nearly fifty miles.

About half a mile north of the Calder we were again brought to a short stand by the End, a broader and more placid stream, which, when joined by the tide, furnishes a good harbour at its mouth for small vessels, formerly much resorted to by smugglers. We forded it without wetting our knees, and were then pronounced, by a guide who had been forced upon us, to be out of all danger, for the remainder of the day, and to be trusted, without fear of consequences, to our own free government. For some distance north of its mouth the End runs parallel with the sea, separated from it only by a line of sand-hills, and flanked on the land side by a precipitous bank of earth, which appears to have been formerly the boundary of the sea, the sand being a formation of recent date. By means of this new accumulation, the course of the river has been lengthened and a singular valley formed, through which it flows at nearly an equal elevation with the sea, and not more than fifty yards distant from it. We walked along its border for about a mile, when an opening appeared in the bank to our right, and the river turning to the eastward bore us company no longer.

To the northward of this point the coast assumes a new and more pleasing character, the flat giving way to a range of lofty undulating hills, entirely bare of wood, but all in cultivation, and now glowing with a ripe and abundant harvest of corn. These hills fill up the whole space between the mountains and the sea, and extend to the northward to within fifteen miles of the border of the county. They are covered with a deep rich soil, and are exceedingly fertile, presenting little of picturesque beauty, but cheering the sight with an appearance of fruitfulness that is peculiarly agreeable when contrasted with the barren and savage mountains that tower up behind them. Along the shore the sand-hills gradually decline in height and bulk as they become distant from the rivers from whence they have received their supplies, and about two miles north of the End disappear altogether, and the sea is bounded by a steep bank of earth, which is continued to the northward, till interrupted by the rocky promontory of St. Bees. This bank, like that bordering Selker Bay, is full of pebbles that must once have been under water, and a deep shelving bed of beach lies at its base, spoils no doubt gained from the land by the sea, but which now act as a barrier against its further advances.

We passed through Nether-town, the lowest of three villages, which, by way of distinguishing their relative elevations, have all received the name of town, in signal contempt
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of their size and condition. We heard of Middle-Town and Upper-Town only from report, which declared them to be very like Nether-Town, and this as we witnessed comprehended a cluster of huts more wretched in appearance than any we had seen out of Wales. We met with no other subject for particular remark till we arrived at St. Bees, lying at the foot of a broad sloping hill; a village in the ordinary style of the county, consisting of a row of rough and uncouth cottages, with a barn interposing between each, and blocking up the doors and the whole street with its various refuse. In former times this was a place of high sanctity and repute, and it still retains something to gratify the curiosity of a traveller in the remains of a fine old abbey. It received its name from St. Bega, an Irish lady of miraculous powers, who called down snow at Mid-summer, and received as her reward all the land on which it fell. She is said to have founded a small monastery at St. Bees about the year 650, and a church was afterwards erected here to her memory, formerly called Kirkby Begock, from the British words, as it pleases antiquarians, *Beg* and *Og*, which signify *little* and *young*. The monastery was destroyed by the Danes, but was restored by William Meschines, who made it a cell to the abbey of St. Mary at York, containing a prior and six Benedictine monks, and by his charter granted to God and St. Mary of York, St. Bega, and the monks serving God there, all the woods within their boundaries and every thing within them, excepting hart and hind, boar and hawk; and all liberties within their bounds, which he himself had in Copland, as well on land as water, both fresh and salt*. These grants were all confirmed by Ranulph the son of William Meschines, and many additions made to them by him and other benefactors. The revenues of the house at the dissolution amounted, according to Dugdale, to 148*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* per annum. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the manor, rectory, and cell of St. Bees, were granted to Sir Thomas Chaloner, paying to the crown a rent of 148*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* They afterwards came into the possession of the Wyberghs, an ancient family of this place, who being reduced by great losses in the turbulent reign of Charles the First mortgaged St. Bees to the Lowther family: in the year 1633 Sir John Lowther foreclosed the mortgage, and the estate is still in the possession of his family.

The abbey was an elegant structure, but has been much disfigured by modern alterations, and in parts is falling fast to ruin. It is in the form of a cross, the architecture all Gothic except the western entrance, which consists of a handsome Saxon arch, with three distinct ribs ornamented with zig-zag mouldings, and each springing from a column with a highly worked capital. The columns are all destroyed, but most of their capitals are preserved. On the key-stone of the arch was sculptured a head, supposed to have been that of Our Saviour. The nave of the church is a hundred and twenty feet long, but all its proportions are spoiled by a partition wall of late erection which cuts off a great portion of the west end, and by a new roof considerably lower than the original one, which con-

* Nicholson's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

ceals the terminations of the fine lofty arches supporting the tower. The tower itself has suffered a material diminution of its height, rising only a few yards above the crowns of the arches. The chancel is roofless and a mere shell; but having been subject to no alterations or additions, it is the most interesting part of the building. It is lighted by those long, narrow, sharp-pointed windows, that were introduced into Gothic architecture in the time of Henry the Third. In the east wall are two niches with rich canopies, supported by small round columns: they were placed one on each side of the communion-table, and were designed, I imagine, for the reception of statues. All the ornamental work in this part of the building is sculptured with great delicacy, and being composed of a very fine grained red stone, has an extremely beautiful appearance. The whole church is built of the same kind of stone, which, from the stains of the weather and the impression of time, has assumed a tone of colouring very agreeable in itself, and giving an interesting aspect of age to the building. The nave and every thing in it, from the ceiling down to the pews, are daubed over with whitewash, an abomination extended with a merciless licence towards almost all the public buildings in every town in Cumberland.

There is a large free-school at St. Bees, which was founded and endowed by Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1583. It had formerly a high reputation in this part of the country, but has now fallen into neglect, and is frequented principally by the sons of farmers. The gentlemen of the county are unwilling, as I was informed, to send their children to it, from a horror of their picking up the provincial dialect.

On returning to the sea-shore we were pleased with the re-appearance of a description of coast that we had been strangers to since we quitted North Wales, consisting of tremendous precipices of naked rock. About half a mile to the westward of the abbey rises the south end of St. Bees' Head. This promontory is formed by the western face of a huge hill, which rises to the height of about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, sloping down with a steep declivity till it terminates in a precipice, varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, and projecting into the sea like a vast semicircular bastion. Its whole length extends rather more than two miles, and when seen from the sea it has a very magnificent effect, awing the mind with its vastness, and the terrors of its precipices, and the signs of violence and ruin impressed upon its shattered front by the battering of the waves. The rock of which it is composed is a red sand-stone, in horizontal strata of enormous thickness, and intersected at irregular intervals by thin layers of white sand-stone. In places the red face of the cliff is thickly marked with stripes of this white stone, and has a curious appearance, not unaptly compared by our simple guide to fat and lean on a joint of beef. The rock is seamed all over by vertical fissures, which, with the horizontal divisions of the strata, cut it into square blocks, loosely held together, and often thrown down in prodigious heaps as the sea undermines it at the base.

This promontory, together with a narrow hilly tract, running from its north end as

far as Whitehaven, was once an island, which is mentioned in some ancient records by the title of Preston Isle. It is now connected with the mainland by a narrow valley, one extremity of which opens into the sea near St. Bees, and the other into the small bay of Whitehaven. This valley, though now verdant and fruitful, was, without doubt, at no very remote period the bed of the sea. The surface of it in its whole length is uniformly flat and even, and the soil at a trifling depth composed entirely of sand and shells. A few years ago an anchor was dug up in it of a size which proves that the channel was navigable for vessels of considerable burthen. It is not known at what time this revolution took place, but it must have been prior to the foundation of St. Bees' Abbey, which stands within the mouth of the valley. The retreat of the sea does not appear to have been aided by any assistance from art, which indeed would have been unprofitably employed in this instance, for the difficulties opposed to navigation by the loss of this channel are by no means compensated for by the recovery of the land. With certain winds, vessels sailing either to or from Whitehaven are much hampered in rounding the Head, and in rough weather are subject to delays which might be avoided were a passage open for them round the back of the promontory. It has been thought very practicable to cut a new channel for the sea through the valley, and though the expense of such a work would be great, it would be well bestowed in facilitating the trade of such a port as Whitehaven.

We made a trial of walking along the base of the Head, intending to work our passage round it, but the fragments of rock that are strewed in rugged heaps along the shore rendered the task impracticable, at least on one pair of legs. Near the south end there has lately occurred a most awful fall of the rocks, a segment from the whole front of the cliff of many thousand tons having given way, and now forming a stupendous pile of ruins, thrown together in the wildest disorder, and threatening another crash as you gaze upon them. The rocks lie in vast blocks, squared and planed with a regularity as if done by human art, and the whole mass might be supposed the ruins of a castle,—of a magnitude, it must be confessed, suitable only for a race of giants.

Ascending to the summit of the Head we walked (with perfect safety, let me say to those who would follow us) along the edge of the precipice till we came to a singular ravine intersecting the cliff from top to bottom, the sides almost perpendicular and meeting at their bases. The sea flows into it for a few yards over a beach noted for the beauty of its pebbles. From the north side of this chasm we had a fine view of the precipice to the south, which exhibited a very grand front, sometimes broken by hollows and overhanging crags, and in places as smooth and perpendicular as a wall.

We proceeded, frequently peeping over the precipice, to tremble at its depth or note some change in the configuration or posture of the rocks, till our particular admiration was called forth by Cloven Barf (I think that was the name), a rude and enormous column, separated from the summit of the cliff by a cleft about twelve feet wide and sixty feet deep.

deep. The rock at its base is so much broken, that it appears to stand very insecurely, and ere long the huge mass must come thundering down. A crazy plank, not more than a foot wide, was thrown across the chasm, a pass for the boys in their attacks upon the sea mews' eggs. Two or three steps and the trial is over—but such steps! Diamonds or glory might have tempted us, but eggs could not, so we left the spot without making any experiment on the firmness of the plank or our nerves. Near the northern extremity of the promontory there is a lighthouse, a building of the meanest description, and provided with a very bad light supplied by a coal fire. I imagine that a light in this situation is admitted to be of very little use, or such a one as this could scarcely be submitted to, or escape the vigilant observation of the Trinity-House.

At the most northern point of the promontory the cliffs rise to a great height, and from thence to its termination east are hollowed out into a series of deep recesses, with huge buttresses projecting between them, presenting an endless variety in the forms of the broken rocks, which roughen their multiplied precipices. Near the east end are some large quarries, which have been worked to a great extent. The stone has the advantage of being very easily cut, but the quality of softness, which recommends it to the quarriers and masons, rather unfits it for the purposes of building. It hardens on exposure to the air, but when first used is very susceptible of injury from rain. It is a practice in Whitehaven to rub over the houses built of this stone with oil, which entirely spoils the beauty of its colour, but is found materially to preserve its substance. At the very eastern extremity of the Head, and at an elevation of about thirty feet above the sea, a body of gypsum was discovered some years ago, imbedded in the sand-stone, and of a very fine quality and pure colour. A considerable quantity was taken from it; but the bed is now, I believe, quite exhausted.

St. Bees' Head is far loftier than any of the surrounding hills, and jutting out at least a mile beyond the line of coast on each side of it, is rendered a very conspicuous object, easily distinguished and identified by seamen from a great distance. From its northern side a steep descent leads down to a lower step, but still at a considerable elevation above the sea; the country continuing to the northward in a series of gentle wavy hills, beautifully smooth and rounded, their broad, swelling surfaces unvaried by trees or hedges, but covered with corn. They are of extraordinary value, fruitful on the surface, and containing within them inexhaustible beds of coal. Some of them yield stone for building, and limestone of a very pure quality, which, used as a manure, gives fertility to the whole country round. They terminate along the shore in a range of low cliffs, composed principally of white sandstone, between the strata of which appear, at intervals, thin layers of a shattery, slaty stone, with veins of coal. These cliffs, from the incompactness of their structure, have suffered more than common injury from the violence of the sea, and along their whole line have a most ruinous appearance. The shore is strewn with fragments tumbled together in vast heaps at their base, and here and there a detached

mass shews itself above the sea, beyond low water mark. They rise to a considerable height immediately south of Whitehaven, where they are remarkable for the intermixture of rocks that appear on the surface. The main rock is white sand-stone, alternating with strata of red sand-stone, and intersected by frequent layers of shale and coal. The face of the cliff at this point is singularly broken, being divided by seams and fissures of all inclinations, and composing a pile of fragments very insecurely held together, with masses projecting from it of various forms, and in various threatening postures. Portions of the rock are continually falling, and the whole body is in so infirm a state, that a slight concussion is able to bring it in heaps to the ground. Some guns standing on a fort above it are now never fired, the shock of the explosion having been found sufficient to dislodge these tottering rocks. Two poor women were dashed to pieces here about two years ago, by a falling fragment, which they had brought down by imprudently picking away some coal that lay under it.

As we walked under these cliffs we remarked a variety of singular appearances in the sand-stone, among the ruins that lay in heaps along the shore. The white stone is frequently very curiously marked by the red, which appears in slender and irregular lines over its surface, giving it a resemblance to marble. In some fragments of the white stone we observed small portions of a red clay-stone distributed over it in very fanciful figures, resembling snakes and lizards, and other creeping things, that crawl with or without legs. These might have appeared very ordinary phenomena to practised geologists, but ignorance gave us the advantage of noticing them with some wonder and amusement.

It was in a ramble taken a day or two after our survey of St. Bees' Head that these observations were made. On leaving that promontory we proceeded by a road a short distance from the cliffs, till we came, quite by surprise, in full view of Whitehaven, lying immediately and at a great depth below us, in a valley opening into a fine harbour, crowded with shipping, and bounded on two sides by vast green hills, which rise very abruptly from the streets, and give the town an extraordinary and very romantic appearance of seclusion. The situation has a pleasing strangeness and novelty about it, and the effect of it was heightened to us by the sudden and unexpected manner in which we discovered the place. On descending from St. Bees' Head we had hills before us, but so gradual in their risings, that they were scarcely distinguishable as hills, the country having the appearance only of an elevated plain, varied by gentle undulations, but not divided by any deep or abrupt valleys. We perceived no suburbs, no smoke, no indication of a town, and walked on not guessing from whence we were to see it, or what concealed it from us, till the whole of it burst upon us at once, every street and roof seen at a single glance, and lying sunk beneath us like a subterranean city. Nor were we less struck with the bustle and rattle of the place, than with its singular aspect. We had lately been strangers to crowds and their din, and coming from the solitude of rocks and mountains, were well prepared to be surprised by the sudden sight of this large town, with its general show of motion and bustle,

bustle, and its compound of noises, made up by the hammers of shipwrights, the shouts of the seamen, the rattling of coal waggons, and throngs of people moving amidst smoke, and dust, and dirt, in all quarters and directions.

On descending into the town, the charm under which it was first represented to us was speedily dispelled, and we perceived that the greater half of it was mean and abominably dirty, but as we walked about there was still something very pleasing and singular in the frequent glimpses that we caught of the green hills through the openings of the streets. Let me not in any way give an unfair description of the town, nor forget to state, that though it is disfigured by many vile alleys, and rows of shabby and filthy cottages, it has two or three very respectable streets, one of them dignified at one end by a large castellated mansion, the residence of Lord Lonsdale. Most of the houses are built of the red stone procured from St. Bees' Head, but the fashion of the county is not dispensed with here, and they are generally covered with whitewash, which speedily acquires a dingy hue, and shews that it is a colour of all others the worst suited to the black business of the place. A little variation has been practised in the application of this favourite colour to the tower of one of the churches, the four sides being alternately red and white, and this conceit has been submitted to as a tasteful mode of decoration.

With certain winds, and in calm weather, Whitehaven, from its inclosed situation, is smothered with smoke, which is supplied in immoderate quantities by the furnaces of various works, and the large fires which the cheapness of coals here enables even the poorest inhabitants to indulge in. On ascending to the summit of the west hill, on a calm morning, I was much struck with the gloomy aspect of the valley. I was breathing a perfectly pure air, with a fine blue sky over my head, while beneath me a pitchy cloud of smoke hung over the town, which was rather heard than seen; here and there a roof or a chimney only being distinguishable through the darkness. There was something strangely grand in the effect, which was that of a town concealing within it the ground-work of some vast fire, about speedily to burst into flame. From the same eminence from whence I looked down into this murky gulf, I had a bright and lovely prospect over a great expanse of calm blue sea, a spacious bay, inclosed by the winding coast of Cumberland as far as the Solway Frith, and by a long extent of the southern coast of Scotland, stretching to the westward in a continued series of hills apparently rising from the sea, their summits broken into separate masses of various elevations, and exhibiting a beautiful variety of forms.

Whitehaven owes its rise entirely to the Lowther family, who, by the extensive scale on which they have worked their valuable mines of coal, have advanced it, within a hundred and twenty years, from an obscure hamlet to its present size and consequence. It now contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and the number is continually increasing. It has hitherto engaged in few manufactures, but some are now on the point of being introduced. A sugar-house, a glass-house, a pottery, and a vitriol manufactory, were in a state of forwardness when we were on the spot, and indicate a still improving place.

Ship-

Ship-building is carried on here to a considerable extent, and on a system that has acquired for the artificers a high reputation. Strength is the great desideratum in vessels employed in the coal trade, and the shipwrights here have the art of giving them great solidity and firmness without clumsiness, so that they are said not only to be more durable, but to sail faster than vessels of the same description from any other port in the kingdom. Ships of five hundred tons are frequently built here, and a few have been built of considerably greater burthen.

There is a spacious and secure harbour at Whitehaven, situated in a small bay, and guarded by two strong stone piers, with a breakwater attached to one of them, which defends the entrance against the swell of the sea. Three quays project from the town into the bason, on each side of which vessels lie and receive their lading, as well as along the whole length of the two piers. The north pier is a vast work, of an angular figure, four hundred and fifty yards in length, and twenty-eight feet in height, the whole paved, and faced with a fine white stone. The last bend, which continues to the head, is sixty-six feet in breadth, forming a delightful promenade, where you have all the pleasure and none of the annoyances of being at sea; and where, as you turn and turn, you are amused with a variety of pleasing scenery, and a moving picture of life and bustle—on one side, the harbour with all its shipping, the town with all its smoke, and the high majestic hills which tower above it; and on the other, the open sea, covered with vessels, some sunk nearly to the water's edge, some light and buoyant, and meeting and crossing one another as they sail to or from the harbour.

There are two hundred and four vessels belonging to this port, carrying 27,989 tons. Out of this number sixty-two vessels are employed in foreign commerce, seven of them directly between the West Indies and this port, and the others between the West Indies, North America, and the Baltic, and various ports of Great Britain. Occasionally some of them bring home to this place cargoes of flax, hemp, timber, &c. The remainder of the vessels, their number 142, and their burthen 15,122 tons, are engaged entirely in the exportation of coals; nor do they include the whole number employed in this business here, for many colliers belonging to Workington and Maryport constantly receive their cargoes at Whitehaven. The quantity of coals annually exported amounts on an average to 400,000 tons, which are taken principally to the east coast of Ireland, and the south of Scotland. The quantity seems prodigious, but I believe that I have not over-rated it. By the custom-house books it appears that 42,000 waggon loads, or 101,000 tons, were shipped in the quarter ending on the 5th of October, 1814.

The whole of this immense business, almost the sole concern of a large and populous town, is supported by a single individual, Lord Lonsdale, who, by the employment of a vast capital, has given the utmost facility to all the operations required in working the coals, and transporting them to the vessels. His lordship has a large iron-foundry of his own at Whitehaven, which is kept in constant exercise in order to supply iron for the rail-roads,



Whitehaven, Cumberland



Harrington, near Whitehaven, Cumberland

roads, and six or seven steam-engines and a variety of machinery used in the service of the mines. One may form some idea of the enormous expense of this single material when he hears that there are twenty miles of iron rail-way under ground.

Some of the pits lie at a considerable distance from the town, and the coals are conveyed from them to the vessels in waggons containing 45 cwt. each, and running upon rail-roads. It would appear no easy matter on a first sight to conduct these heavy loads with safety down the steep faces of the hills which flank the town, but it is managed without any kind of difficulty or danger. The waggons descend down the east hill by a road cut in traverses, each under the direction of one man, who mounts up behind, and pressing occasionally upon one of the wheels with a wooden bar, fearlessly rattles down the steep, and regulates his speed at pleasure. Having never seen any thing of the kind before, I was very much entertained with the various contrivances employed in the business of this place, and particularly with these self-impelled waggons rushing down the hill with an impetuosity that might have alarmed one a little, had it not been for the cool and careless faces of the helmsmen, some smoking their pipes, and others accompanying the rough music of the wheels with a song. On arriving at the south pier, the waggons are pushed along it by men to any vessel receiving her freight, and are emptied with the utmost ease and expedition. Wooden stages are constructed at intervals along the pier, projecting over its side, with holes through them communicating with shoots beneath, which reach down nearly to the vessel's holds. The waggons are thrust out upon these stages, and having moveable bottoms which drop at the word of command, their whole contents are discharged in an instant. These machines are emphatically called *Hurries*.

The descent of the waggons down the western hill has been simplified by a contrivance which saves the labour of forty men and as many horses. From the point where the declivity of the hill commences a regularly inclined plane has been cut, down which three waggons in a string roll at a time. The loaded waggons pull up three empty ones in their descent, but this counterpoise does not sufficiently reduce their speed, and they are therefore made to give motion to some machinery which requires considerable power, working a huge pair of bellows that force air through a valve into a receiver. As the receiver fills, more power is necessary for the depression of the bellows, and the waggons are thus duly checked as they acquire force in their descent. They are permitted, however, to roll down with considerable speed, and have a somewhat formidable look to a person meeting them, who is precluded by a bank on each side from getting more than a yard out of their way. A nervous man I can conceive might, in the agitation of his useless precautions to avoid them, become entangled with them; but as they are confined to a certain tract by a rail-road, they could not possibly, even were the rope to break, get out of their way to run over him. A gentleman of the place told me that he once met them when they were running down with tremendous velocity, the people having forgotten to attach the rope to them: the sight, he said, was quite terrible, and a man not at all nervous
might

might have trembled a little when he felt the ground shake as they thundered past him. A bulwark erected at the bottom prevented their doing any mischief beyond their own destruction; but when they struck against it, they were dashed to atoms, and the coals in them scattered away like dust.

The inclined plane terminates in a precipice over the harbour, with a series of brick arches at the base, supporting a large storehouse for coals, and above this a long wooden gallery, from whence, at an elevation of more than forty feet, the coals are precipitated down the *hurries* into the vessels, 45 cwt. at a time. There are five *hurries* along this side of the harbour, immense, uncouth machines, which are very striking to the eye of a stranger, and impress themselves not less forcibly upon his ears. On passing under one of them for the first time, I was startled by the sudden descent of a load of coals, with a deafening crash over my head, which, in the first moment of surprise, made me imagine that there could be little hope left for me.

It is in contemplation to make an inclined plane like that already described, with a similar termination, on the opposite hill, and when it is completed, the town will possess every possible convenience in its business that art can supply or money purchase. A waggon-load of coals containing 45 cwt. is lodged in a vessel's hold for 18s. 6d, including the cost of the material; a very moderate sum it would appear, when we advert to the labour and expense of working the mines and transporting the coals to the harbour; but the masters of vessels complain that the charge is too great, reducing their profits, after the deduction of their own expenses, to a sum very inadequate to the value of their services. One cannot on a cursory view of the case assent to the reasonableness of their complaints, for they usually make a profit of seventeen or eighteen shillings upon every ton of coals that they sell.

Having seen all the operations connected with the coals above-ground, I was determined before I left Whitehaven to descend down one of the pits and see the wonders below. A gentleman of the place, who had himself frequently made the experiment, and who from his knowledge was well able to satisfy the questions and hesitations of a novice, kindly consented to bear me company. The William Pitt mine was the scene of my adventure, the last opened and said to be the best planned work of its kind, and the most complete in all its conveniencies of any in the kingdom. The shaft leading down to it is near the foot of the hill, which flanks the town to the east. Having equipped ourselves in a dress suited to the dirtiness of our expedition, we repaired to the spot, and I took a peep into the black and bottomless hole without shrinking from my determination to go down. The coals are drawn up in baskets, 13 cwt. at a time, by the power of steam. The shaft is divided into three parts, one for the ejection of water, one for the operations of the engine, and one for the basket. Preparatory to our descent, our guide, one of the stewards, cried out, "Coming down," to the people below, a warning which is also attended to by the man at the engine, who moderates its speed when any one is about to descend.

The

The voice was answered from the depths below by a strange, hollow, distant, but loud cry, which rather thrilled through my marrow—but I had now advanced too far in the business to retreat with honour. We fixed ourselves in the basket, standing, with our hands grasping the chain, the word was given, and down we glided with a smooth and scarcely perceptible motion through a duct about six feet in diameter, and wooded all round. I kept my eyes fixed on the aperture above, which contracted as I fell, till at a vast depth I was obliged to look down, as my head grew dizzy, and small pieces of coal and drops of water struck with unpleasant force against my face. As we descended lower all became darkness, the noise over our heads grew gradually more indistinct, till it died away, and a dreary silence ensued, broken only occasionally by the grating of the basket against the walls. At length, after a descent of five hundred and seventy-six feet, I heard the voices of men below me, and presently perceived two dim lights. These were at the *High Eye*, formerly the bottom of the shaft, on a level with which is a great extent of workings. I asked no questions here—"steady the basket," cried our guide, and in a moment we were again in utter darkness. In a quarter of a minute more I heard other voices below me—the basket stopped, and we soon found ourselves on our feet at the bottom, six hundred and thirty feet from the light.

I could here distinguish nothing but a single candle, with the obscure form of a man by it—all around was pitch dark, not a ray of light reaching the bottom from the mouth of the shaft. Before we proceeded to explore the mine, we were recommended to remain quiet a little in order to collect ourselves, and while we were thus striving to be composed, my nerves were momentarily shocked by a combination and succession of strange noises, among which the loud clank of the chain, as the empty basket dashed to the ground, was particularly offensive. I never saw the object, and had no notice of its approach till its infernal crash always came to make me jump out of myself. While we were conversing here on the possible accidents that might occur in ascending or descending in the basket, we were told of a poor woman who lately had an extraordinary escape. It was her business to attach the chain to the basket, and while she was in the act of doing this, her hand became somehow entangled, and the man at the engine setting it in motion before the proper time, she was pulled from the ground before she could extricate herself, and dragged up, as she hung by one arm, to the top of the pit, with no injury but a slight laceration of her hand.

I had not become quite reconciled to the clank of the chain when we were summoned to go on. From the foot of the shaft we proceeded through a very long passage cut through rock, with the roof arched, and like the sides faced with bricks and whitewashed. All the rock passages throughout the mine are faced with bricks in a similar manner, an enormously expensive precaution, but absolutely necessary to prevent the falling down of loose fragments of stone. I cannot describe scientifically, or with any degree of clearness and certainty, all the methods of proceeding that have been adopted in laying out these

vast subterranean works, and indeed such an account is scarcely called for, as the mine no doubt very much resembles in its general plan many others that have been often described. In its present state, as far as I could ascertain as I groped my way through the darkness, it appeared, in the meeting and crossing of its numerous passages, to resemble the streets of a city—and of a city of no mean extent, for we sometimes walked for nearly half a mile without turning, between walls of coal or rock. To the right and left of the long lanes are workings, hollow spaces, five yards wide and twenty deep, between each of which a solid column, fifteen yards wide and twenty deep, is left for the support of the roof, so that only one third of a bed of coal is taken away. Mr. Pennant observed that these columns appeared to him to be stores for future fuel, but they are left standing merely from necessity, and no material portion of them could be removed without danger to the great superstructure which they tend to uphold.

The coals are dragged from the workings in baskets, one at a time, by horses, and carried to a place of general rendezvous, where by means of a crane they are placed on to the *trams*, nine of which, bearing a burthen of nearly six tons, are drawn by a single horse to the shaft. A tram is a square board supported by four very low wheels, and a horse drags nine of them with their full cargo along an iron rail-way, without any apparent effort.

The ventilation of the mine in its remotest corners is said to be as perfect as is necessary, though I confess that in some places I felt no little difficulty in breathing. The air is rarefied by heat from a large fire kept constantly burning, and the current directed to the various workings through conduits formed by boarded partitions placed about a foot distant from the walls. Doors are placed at intervals in the long passages, which stop the air in its course, and force it through the conduits in the workings to the right or left. A current of air circulating through a multiplicity of foul and heated passages and chambers, must necessarily become languid in its motion and impure in its quality as it gets remote from its source; but though I had occasionally to complain of some obstruction in the freedom of my respiration, our guide declared that he never felt the slightest inconvenience. I am not however inclined to generalize on the authority of this person's perception of the agreeable or disagreeable, for in the midst of every kind of abomination that could be offensive to the eyes, ears, and nose of a man, who felt as a man, he walked along as if he had no senses, or senses quite distinct from my own, with the most profound unconcern.

The sensations excited in me as I was descending down the pit did not readily subside, and I wandered about the mine with my mind very much upon the alert, and under an indistinct apprehension of some possible danger which gave intensity to my interest in every thing that I heard and saw. A dreariness pervaded the place which struck upon the heart—one felt as if beyond the bounds allotted to man or any living being, and transported to some hideous region unblest by every charm that cheers and adorns the habitable world.

world. We traced our way through passage after passage in the blackest darkness, sometimes rendered more awful by a death-like silence, which was now and then broken by the banging of some distant door, or an explosion of gunpowder, that pealed with a loud and long report through the unseen recesses of the mine, and gave us some idea of its vast extent. Occasionally a light appeared in the distance before us, which did not dispel the darkness so as to discover by whom it was borne, but advanced like a meteor through the gloom, accompanied by a loud rumbling noise, the cause of which was not explained to the eye till we were called upon to make way for a horse, which passed by with its long line of baskets, and driven by a young girl, covered with filth, debased and profligate, and uttering some low obscenity as she hurried by us. We were frequently interrupted in our march by the horses proceeding in this manner with their cargoes to the shaft, and always driven by girls, all of the same description, ragged and beastly in their appearance, and with a shameless indecency in their behaviour, which, awe-struck as one was by the gloom and loneliness around one, had something quite frightful in it, and gave the place the character of a hell. All the people whom we met with were distinguished by an extraordinary wretchedness; immoderate labour and a noxious atmosphere had marked their countenances with the signs of disease and decay; they were mostly half naked, blackened all over with dirt, and altogether so miserably disfigured and abused, that they looked like a race fallen from the common rank of men, and doomed, as in a kind of purgatory, to wear away their lives in these dismal shades.

I was much affected at the sight of the first individual whom I saw in one of the workings. He was sitting on a heap of coals, pausing from his labour, at the extremity of a narrow cavern, as gloomy a prison as ever was beheld. When we approached him he looked up, and shewed a countenance which might have been that from which Sterne drew his portrait of a captive. He was an old man, and suffering had so added to the effects of age in his looks, that it was truly pitiable to see so worn and wasted a creature still owing to hard labour the support of his cheerless life. He was naked down to his waist, and exposed a body lean and emaciated: his hair was grey, and his face deeply furrowed and seamed with lines made by streams of sweat that had trickled down his blackened skin—a figure expressive of more wretchedness and humiliation than I ever saw before in a human being. This man was considered a very fortunate person, for he had worked forty-two years in the mines and never met with an accident. Few of the miners had served a third of this time who could not shew some marks of the dangers of their employment, either from the firing of hydrogen or the fall of fragments of rock or coal. The coal is sometimes so loose and shattery that it cannot be safely worked without more caution than is often practised by the miners, who, if they escape all injury for one day, are apt to forget on another that there can be any danger.

One class of sufferers in the mine moved my compassion more than any other, a number of children who attend at the doors to open them when the horses pass through,

and who in this duty are compelled to linger through their lives, in silence, solitude, and darkness, for sixpence a day. When I first came to one of these doors, I saw it open without perceiving by what means, till, looking behind it, I beheld a miserable little wretch standing without a light, silent and motionless, and resembling in the abjectness of its condition some reptile peculiar to the place, rather than a human creature. On speaking to it I was touched with the patience and uncomplaining meekness with which it submitted to its horrible imprisonment, and the little sense that it had of the barbarity of its unnatural parents. Few of the children thus inhumanly sacrificed were more than eight years old, and several were considerably less, and had barely strength sufficient to perform the office that was required from them. On their first introduction into the mine the poor little victims struggle and scream with terror at the darkness, but there are found people brutal enough to force them to compliance, and after a few trials they become tame and spiritless, and yield themselves up at least without noise and resistance to any cruel slavery that it pleases their masters to impose upon them. In the winter-time they never see day-light except on a Sunday, for it has been discovered that they can serve for thirteen hours a day without perishing, and they are pitilessly compelled to such a term of solitary confinement, with as little consideration for the injury that they suffer, as is felt for the hinges and pullies of the doors at which they attend. As soon as they rise from their beds they descend down the pit, and they are not relieved from their prison till, exhausted with watching and fatigue, they return to their beds again. Surely the savages who murder the children which they cannot support are merciful compared with those who devote them to a life like this.

After rambling about for nearly an hour through the mazes of the mine, occasionally meeting a passenger, or visiting a labourer in his solitary cell, we were conducted to a spacious apartment, where our ears were saluted with the sound of many voices mingling together in noisy merriment. This was a place of rendezvous whither the baskets of coals were brought from the workings and fixed on the trams, and a party of men and girls had met together here, who were joining in a general expression of mirth, that was strangely contrasted with the apparent misery of their condition, and the dreariness of the spot where they were assembled. There was an unusual quantity of light in this chamber which showed its black roof and walls, and shone upon the haggard faces and ruffian-like figures of the people, who were roaring with laughter at a conversation which outraged all decency, and resembled, as it appeared to my imagination, a band of devils. Some coarse jokes levelled at myself and my companion, which we did not think it prudent either to parry or return, drove us from this boisterous assembly, and we were soon hidden again in the silent and lonely depths of the mine.

Our guide now led us to a passage where, in a small stream of water that flowed through it, we heard some air bubbling up which he knew to be hydrogen: he applied a candle to it, when it instantly took fire, burning with a clear blueish light, in a flame

not

not larger than that from a small lamp. It continued visible when we had receded to a considerable distance from it, and had a very beautiful appearance, shining like a brilliant star in the darkness, and giving an effect of exceeding depth to the gloomy avenue before us. While we were gazing at it with the profoundest stillness around us, we were startled by a report as loud as a clap of thunder, proceeding from an explosion of gunpowder. On going to the spot from whence it came, we found some men working a passage through a bed of rock, called, in the language of miners, a *fault*, a phenomenon too familiar in coal mines to require any comment from me. This part of the mine was very remote from the shaft, and so imperfectly ventilated, that the heat and stench in it were scarcely supportable.

Not far from this place our guide regarded me with a very big and significant look, and produced all the effect that he intended on my mind when he informed me that I was walking under the sea, and had probably ships sailing over my head. Considering this as the most extraordinary situation that we had been in during our subterranean excursion, he pulled out a bottle of spirits from his pocket and drank our healths and a safe return to us, with all due solemnity. This rite fulfilled we turned our steps towards the shaft, oppressed by the heat and foulness of the air, and anxious again to see the day. We had walked about four miles in various directions, but had not explored half the mine, even in its lower part, and had a labyrinth of excavations over our heads, as numerous and extensive as those through which we had been rambling, and separated from them by a roof only nine fathoms thick. I was astonished to hear that the whole of this immense work was the labour of scarcely ten years—that the extensive space through which we had passed, and the whole mine that we had left unexplored, were within this short period a solid body of coal and rock. The labour going on before our eyes appeared quite insignificant, and imagination could scarcely conceive the formation by such means of this vast place, which struck one rather as some strange creation by the giant hands of nature.

We ascended to the higher works by a very steep path, which, at an elevation of about sixty feet from the lower level, opens into the shaft. The miners figuratively call the shaft the *eye* of the mine, and this inlet into the upper excavations is denominated the High Eye. It was here that our guide had given his warning of ‘steady the basket,’ lest it should strike against the landing in its descent. All the coals procured from the under workings were formerly dragged up to this point by horses, but the task was found so difficult and tedious that it was thought expedient to sink the shaft to its present level. From the edge of the landing-place at the High Eye, I had a peep at the day through the opening which appeared at a dreadful height above my head, and contracted to a spot not bigger than the palm of my hand.

As we were not promised a sight of any novelty in the upper mine, we did not enter it, but returned to the lower one, from whence we proceeded to the shaft of the *James* mine,

mine, through a long up-cast passage, which, in consequence of a late accident, exhibits one of the most awful spectacles that can be conceived. An unusual quantity of coals were taken from it, and it was thought necessary, for the support of the roof, to plant two rows of posts under it, which were composed of the trunks of the largest oaks that could be procured. They had not been fixed long when the roof began to sink, descending very slowly, but with irresistible force, and bending or breaking every tree that stood beneath it. It did not sink much more than a foot, and people now pass fearlessly under it, in the conviction that it has permanently settled. The passage, however, bears a very tremendous appearance, and I did not go through it without some agitation. The broken and splintered trees still remain, and are such formidable mementos of the insecurity of the roof, that I involuntarily quickened my pace as I looked at them, lest I should hear the coals again cracking over my head. This part of our expedition was rendered exceedingly disagreeable by a sulphurous stream of water which flowed down the steep, casting forth an odour which touched even the nose of our guide. At the top of the passage are the stables belonging to the two mines, in which forty horses are kept, which never see the light. The animals were all remarkably sleek and fat, seeming to suffer no degree of injury from the impurity of the air, so pernicious to man. They have one advantage over their fellow-labourers of the nobler species, in being subject only to moderate work, and this may be one cause of their superior plumpness and healthiness.

After leaving the stables I soon heard the clank of the basket chain in the James's pit, which called upon me to collect my resolution for the journey that awaited me before I could again be lodged in safety on the surface of the earth. This pit is not so deep, by a hundred and twenty feet, as that by which we descended, and a faint circle of daylight appeared on the ground at the bottom, which, sick as I was of the darkness, I thought very beautiful. The man at the engine having been warned that we were about to ascend, we again committed ourselves to the basket, and soon mounted aloft, gliding through the void so softly and silently, that one might have imagined oneself under the wand of an enchanter. I watched the light with some anxiety as it strengthened upon the faces of my companions, till we reached the top, where the bright sky, and the fields, and the sea, and the busy crowd of people, and all the cheerful bustle of life, burst upon my view with an effect in the highest degree exhilarating and delightful.

I had certainly been very much entertained in the mine, and did not consider the annoyances that I endured, or the danger that I imagined as overbalancing the amusement of my visit to it. The time spent in the basket was a trial of the nerves not speedily to be forgotten, though a man should scarcely venture to talk of nerves on such an occasion, for it is no uncommon thing for ladies to go down the pit, and I have not heard of any who behaved otherwise than with courage and patience. Accidents sometimes happen from the inveterate carelessness of the people, who, in their familiarity with danger, lose all thought of caution. A few days before I descended, the rope had broken while the
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the empty basket was going down, not in consequence of any imperfection, that could not be reasonably suspected, but from having been worn out by long use. And yet there are people appointed to superintend all the machinery employed in the mines, and see, from time to time, that it is trust-worthy. The ropes used in these pits are flat, and are much more durable than round ropes, being less apt to be cramped or cracked as they roll round the windlass. A rope will last for three or four years, and this durability it is that encourages the thoughtlessness of those to whose observation they are trusted.

There are several passages into the mines by inclined planes, and six shafts; three, at considerable distances from each other, on each side of the town. The mines comprehend a connexion of workings from six to seven miles in extent east and west, and from two to three miles on the transverse line. The whole of the town is undermined, without the least danger, as is supposed, to its security; and the workings extend under the harbour, and seven hundred yards under the sea. Six hundred people, of various descriptions, are employed under ground, and more than a hundred horses. I was surprised to see so few men labouring at the excavations, till I learned the quantity of work that a single individual can perform. A man can separate five tons of coals in a day, and this is not considered as an extraordinary exertion. Twenty score of baskets, each basket containing 13 cwt. of coals, are drawn up from each of the six pits every day, which, calculating six days in the week, makes the annual quantity of coals separated from the mines amount to 486,720 tons.

In one's admiration of these vast results of industry and contrivance, one may spare a thought on the condition of the people employed, who are sunk into a state of the lowest wretchedness and wickedness. I have no disposition to indulge in any affectation of fine feeling, or to signalize my philanthropy by any idle sentimentality about the ordinary hardships incident to the labouring classes. The wants of society make it unavoidable that some of us should suffer under disgusting and unwholesome occupations. We must have coals, and men must be found to dig them, in contempt of evils that embitter and shorten their lives. But if, in consideration of the general good of the community, it is not fit that we should regard partial misery with too keen a sensibility, it is not necessary that we should run into the opposite extreme, and view with total indifference the condition of those who are toiling and suffering for our advantage. The people in the mines are looked upon as mere machinery, of no worth or importance beyond their *horse power*. The strength of a man is required in excavating the workings, women can drive the horses, and children can open the doors; and a child or a woman is sacrificed, where a man is not required, as a matter of economy, that makes not the smallest account of human life in its calculations. In consequence of the employment of women in the mines, the most abominable profligacy prevails among the people. One should scarcely have supposed that there would be any temptations to sin in these gloomy and loathsome caverns, but they are made the scenes of the most bestial debauchery. If a man and woman meet in
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them, and are excited by passion at the moment, they indulge it, without pausing to enquire if it be father and daughter, or brother and sister, that are polluting themselves with incest. In recording this shocking fact, I speak from authority that is not to be doubted. Great God! and can nothing be done for the redemption of these wretched slaves? Is it unavoidable, that while they give up almost every blessing of life, they must sacrifice soul as well as body? These dismal dungeons are certainly not fit places for women and children, the removal of whom would be an act of humanity not dearly paid for, though it should wring a few pounds from the hard economy that rules their service. The estimation in which women are held is one test of the civilization of a people; and it is somewhat scandalous, in a country of gallant men, to see them sacrificed to the rough drudgery of coal mines. If there were nothing but the filthiness of their occupation to complain of, it would be no extravagant refinement to feel that their sex should preserve them from it; it is not a little offensive to see them changed into devils in their appearance, but it is afflicting indeed to witness the perversion that takes place in their moral character. They lose every quality that is graceful in woman, and become a set of coarse, licentious wretches, scorning all kind of restraint, and yielding themselves up, with shameless audacity, to the most detestable sensuality. Their abominations are confined during the day to the dark recesses of the mines; but at night they are cast up from the pits like a pestilence, to contaminate the town. We must have coals, as I have said, but we may have them through the intercession of a little humanity and liberality, without this lavish waste of morality.

I have already adverted to the hapless condition of the children confined under ground, and I willingly say a word or two more in their behalf. Such an abuse of them is, without doubt, in the highest degree disgraceful to those who command their services, and calls for execration from every mind that is open to any feelings of kindness and charity. We have lately raised a cry that will save thousands, in a distant country, from the pains and the ignominy of a miserable slavery, and should not behold with unconcern any thing that bears the stamp of slavery at home. I am not comparing the injury done to these children to the wide-spread mischief of the slave trade, but they may both be referred to the same kind of cold-blooded tyranny; and a man torn from his country and his home, and forced under the lash of a task-master, in a foreign land, has scarcely more reason to complain of injustice and cruelty than a child thus dragged from the light, from all the natural joys in which childhood delights, and buried in a dark solitude for thirteen hours a day. One might have imagined, that in this country at least children might be committed to the care and protection of their parents without apprehending any material or extended abuse. But among people broken down by poverty, or brutalized by vice, the moral affections become cold and dull; and there are multitudes of wretches who, for bread or gin, are ready to sell their children to any kind of misery. The victims immured in these mines prove the fact; and in further confirmation of it one might adduce the

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the wretched little slaves of chimney-sweepers, a numerous class of beings most infamously oppressed, whom it is not too serious to call a reproach to the country. The law will not allow a man to starve his child or to flog it to death, but he may cast it from his care with impunity, and devote it to a servitude that does cruel violence to its nature—either sends it to an early grave, or, if it lives, leaves it to struggle with the torments of an enfeebled constitution. Surely some legislative interference is required to restrain so barbarous and unwarrantable an exertion of power—to prevent the exposure of children to loathsome and unhealthy occupations, at least till they are of an age to give their consent. The cries of the little beings condemned to the mines have never, I imagine, reached the ears of their noble proprietor; and if he should hear of their condition through my means, and secure their release, I shall have been accessory to an act of charity that I shall remember with pleasure through life.

I pursued my journey from Whitehaven alone, my friend's time being too valuable to him to permit him to make such frequent and long pauses as my more multifarious concerns made it necessary for me to do. On leaving this town my chief subject of attention was still the collieries, which give quite a character to the country: for many miles to the northward the eye is caught by the vast chimneys of the steam-engines sending forth clouds of black smoke; roads black with coal-dust lead to the various towns which are planted on the coast; files of coal-waggons are continually passing and repassing, and almost every person that one meets, shews, in his black figure, that coals here make up the grand business of life. The country is exceedingly populous; four considerable towns occurring on the coast within an interval of ten or twelve miles, besides many villages and hamlets. The appearance of the coast, enlivened by this great shew of human art and industry, is very striking, as viewed at some distance from sea. It forms a very beautiful line, being broken into a series of small bays, in each of which stands a town, with its harbour and thick cluster of masts in front, and backed immediately by gentle and cultivated hills, behind which, in the distance, appear the dark summits of the mountains.

Separated from the bay of Whitehaven by a rocky headland, is the large village of Parton, situated in a remarkably pretty bay. This place had once a great number of vessels belonging to it, and divided the business of the collieries with Whitehaven; but about eighteen years ago its harbour was totally destroyed by an irruption of the sea, and since that period it has afforded shelter only to fishermen. An extraordinary high tide was the cause of this violent invasion, and such another, accompanied by a western gale, would probably sweep away the whole village, which stands at the very edge of the sea, with no protection but a natural beach. It is a very neat village, and, with the scenery about it, presents a very pleasing subject for the eye of a painter. The bay is of a semi-lunar figure, with masses of broken rock at the points, and the village at the water's edge in the centre, closely bound in by a smooth green hill, with a little wood at its base. I was here on a delightful day, when there were no signs to encourage anticipations of wreck

and ruin. The bay was filled with a calm blue sea, without noise or motion, except where it sparkled in a line of silvery foam along the shore. A fleet of herring boats lay at anchor before the village, and groups of fishermen were loitering about, booted for sea, but delayed by the calm.

Not far from Parton, in the adjoining parish of Moresby, and close to the church, are the traces of a Roman encampment, an earth-work enclosing a square of several acres. Roman remains in this country afford but little matter for description, and the obvious reflections that spring from a sight of them have been too often committed to book to be tolerated again in print. The north-western coast of England being exposed to the incursions of the Caledonians, was guarded with peculiar care by our ancient conquerors, and a regular series of their fortifications may still be traced from the Solway Firth to Lancaster. Aware that all of them had been subjected to the keen observation of more experienced and industrious antiquaries than myself, I passed by them without troubling myself about taking elevations and measuring paces, content to look at them only as the sources of a little moralizing melancholy.

North of Moresby commence the collieries of Mr. Curwen, whose works are almost as extensive as those of Lord Lonsdale, and who is the sole shipper of coals from the ports of Harrington and Workington. This great staple commodity of the country continued, in spite of myself, to form the staple subject of my thoughts. After quitting the Roman encampment I soon found myself on an iron rail-road, which runs down a gentle declivity for about a mile and a half, when it terminates in a low steep bank over the harbour of Harrington, from whence the coals are precipitated by *hurries* into the vessels. Harrington very nearly resembles Parton in situation, and seems almost equally exposed to the danger of destruction, whenever a high tide or a gale from the west shall raise the might of the sea. I found little in it to detain me, the town being just such a one as it may be supposed colliers, publicans, and seamen love to dwell in; and its business being, in all its modes and contrivances, only a repetition of what I had studiously observed at Whitehaven. It has a good harbour, defended by a stone pier from the south and west sea, within which a narrow passage between two wooden jutties leads into an enclosed basin, where vessels lie in perfect security, and receive their lading in all weathers. The port musters sixty-four vessels, bearing a burthen of 7,388 tons. Six of these, carrying 1,076 tons, are employed in foreign commerce, and the remainder in the exportation of coals.

I proceeded from town to town on this populous coast with more than ordinary despatch, as little occurred in the scenery of the country to detain me, and the towns themselves having one common origin and pursuit, were all alike. I was now receding fast from the mountains, which no longer appeared in a continued and extended range, but scattered in insulated masses along the horizon. Near the sea, the country preserved a great sameness of character, consisting of a range of round wavy hills, rarely broken by any deep valleys or glens, and somewhat tiresome to the eye from the unvaried smoothness
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and uniformity of their surfaces. Not a tree appeared to interrupt the evenness of this monotonous landscape, which still however atoned for its barrenness in the picturesque, by an abundant display of corn—a kind of fruitfulness far more interesting to the multitudes that people the coast.

To the northward of the small bay of Parton, the coast becomes less bold and rugged, the cliffs of rock giving way to a green, shelving bank, at the base of which is a narrow stripe of flat land gradually wasting away before the advancing sea. On one side of Harrington this bank rises almost perpendicularly to the height of fifty or sixty feet, with a smooth front, which seems to have been cut and planed by art, for the purpose probably of rendering it inaccessible to an invading enemy. Our Scottish neighbours kept the inhabitants of this border country on the perpetual alarm, and many a guarded hill and headland remain as memorials of their hostility. About a mile and a half farther north, on the summit of a steep hill, called Chapel Holm, are the remains of a small square tower, designed in ancient times as a watch-tower. The name of the hill should signify that it was sacred to a different object, but the building now to be seen upon it has the character of a military and not a religious work. From its summit I had a good view of Workington, a long narrow town stretched along an elevated ridge of land above the Derwent—the mingling masts and ropes of vessels continuing the line to the sea.

On descending from this hill, I was surprised at the sight of two coal pits, with their steam-engines, at the brink of the sea. They are very conveniently situated for the conveyance of the coals to the harbour of Workington, but it was a bold experiment to sink them on a shore so exposed to the inroads of the sea. One of them is protected by a wall, though very imperfectly, for the sea is working its way round it, and on the occurrence of one of those overwhelming tides which occasionally commit such ravages on the coast, nothing could save the pit from inundation.

A few hundred yards north of these pits, the river Derwent discharges itself into the sea, forming a spacious and secure harbour at its mouth, but, like most harbours at the mouths of rivers, rendered difficult of access by shifting sands. A dreary waste of swampy land surrounds the harbour, but about half a mile up, it contracts into a pretty green valley, bounded by steep wooded banks, and watered by the river which winds from side to side, sparkling and murmuring over a pebbly bed. On the south bank stands the town of Workington, set off at one extremity by Workington Hall, the seat of Mr. Curwen, a handsome castellated mansion, screened by a fine grove, above which appear the blue summits of distant mountains.

I found the town in a state of extreme bustle and agitation, in consequence of the late arrival of a troop of soldiers, whose presence was thought necessary to quell a spirit of discontent and riot that had for some time shewn itself among Mr. Curwen's miners, and lately broken out into some acts of violence. The dispute was amongst themselves solely, and originated, it was said, in the turbulence of a party of Irish labourers, though from all I

could collect, I am inclined to believe that this turbulence was excited by the insolence and domineering disposition of the English party in the mines. Mr. Curwen employs a great number of Irish, much to the dissatisfaction of his English workmen, who protest against them generally as foreigners and papists, and are particularly irritated against them for sneakingly submitting to receive such wages as they can procure. The unfortunate Irish thus offending are subject to a system of petty persecution, and taunted and reviled till they can bear no more, and rise against their oppressors according to the custom of their country with clubs in their hands—a scuffle ensues, and some heads are broken, when it is thought prudent to send for soldiers, who overawe them at once, and terrify them into order. But it is not soldiers who can effectually pacify these poor people, for it is not the sword that can enlighten their minds, soften their manners, and redress their wrongs. These limited squabbles result from the same causes that spread discontent and confusion all over Ireland. In their own country, the Irish are the wildest and most disorderly people of civilized Europe, and amongst whatever strangers they settle there is an end of all quietness and subordination—nor can it be expected to be otherwise till something is done towards the amelioration of their condition, and the assimilation of their laws and rights to those of the parent country. They come over here a race of uncultivated savages, prepared for riot by the natural heat of their tempers, and a just sense of their injuries: abject and poverty-stricken in their appearance, they find themselves exposed to contemptuous usage wherever they go; treated like dogs by a people to whom by right of a community in laws and government they feel they ought to be equal—and can it be wondered at, if thus insulted and exasperated, they become desperate and ferocious? Soldiers may check their excesses and beat them down, but if we wish to see them tamed, we must have recourse to more conciliating modes of discipline—educate them, redeem them from oppression—subject them to an efficient and impartial magistracy, and give them an interest and a pride in supporting a constitution which respects their welfare and happiness.

Workington is a long, straggling, incompact town,—dirty enough, I could not help thinking, but clean, it is said, for a coal town. It contains between thirteen and fourteen thousand inhabitants. During half an hour's ramble, I saw every thing in it that could possibly be thought worth seeing, and nothing that it is worth while to talk about here. The quantity of coals shipped at this place is not much less than at Whitehaven. Two hundred vessels, of 27,899 tons burthen, belong to the port, all colliers, excepting a few employed in the North American and Baltic trades.

Somewhat less than a mile above its mouth, the Derwent is crossed by a handsome stone bridge of three arches, from whence the town, or a part of it, is seen to the best advantage, crowning a bold eminence, with a fertile valley beneath it. The valley has apparently been at some period the bed of a stream of water, having a surface as flat as a bowling green, and winding between high, steep banks, like a river. Probably the sea flowed

flowed into it till blocked out by depositions of sand brought down by the Derwent. This conjecture is rendered plausible by the appearance of the coast to the northward of the river, from whence the sea has evidently retired considerably at no very remote period, though now again advancing. A flat sandy tract extends for two or three miles along the shore, covered generally with heath or sea-bent, but naked in parts, and discovering beds of pebbles and shells. It is flanked in its whole length by a high precipitous bank, distant now more than half a mile from the sea, though once obviously its boundary. The flat is not susceptible of cultivation, but is valuable as a rabbit-warren.

On leaving Workington, my way was enlivened by the crowds of people whom I met, the Sabbath having given to the miners a day of respite from their dismal imprisonment under ground, and permitting them, with light hearts and clean faces, to enjoy the common benefits of nature,—the sunshine and the pure air. An old miner, with whom I entered into conversation, informed me, that he felt himself on a Sunday a being quite of a distinct nature from the creature that he was reduced to on work-days, and I could readily believe him, seeing that it was on a Sunday only that half his senses were not useless and inert, and the rest exercised only to be pained and disgusted. How fortunate it is for the proprietors of mines and the consumers of coals, that men can be found willing to submit to any sacrifices and mortifications for a little more than they could earn by ordinary labour—giving up in the pursuit of gain every comfort that should constitute its reward, and denying themselves enjoyments that are open to all, and more delightful than any that money can purchase. Two-thirds of mankind must labour with no benefit but the bare support of life; but thousands, like these poor miners, are content to live by means that poison all the pleasures of life, and cut short half of its duration.

I had little satisfaction in my day's walk but what I derived in common with the miners from the beauty and cheerfulness of a fine summer's day, the coast presenting nothing to gratify attention. To the northward of the Derwent, the country became less elevated, and being distributed into inclosures and diversified by hedge-rows, had a more agreeable aspect than the broad, bare hills that my eyes had so long rested upon, though still exhibiting nothing but tame and common-place scenery. A border of flat land continues along the shore as far as Maryport, where a branch from the range of hills juts out nearly into the sea, terminating with a very bold and abrupt declivity. The largest and most respectable part of the town of Maryport is very pleasantly situated on the high ground, beneath which are a few streets on a flat bordering the harbour at the mouth of the small river Ellen. This place has risen up entirely within the last sixty years, supported by the coal trade, and now contains full five thousand inhabitants. The upper town is well built, and regularly laid out, the houses neat, and the streets airy and spacious; but the lower division is as wretched as may be, betraying a condition of more shabbiness and filthiness than one should have supposed it could have fallen into in half a century. The town has no concern in any manufactures, owing its subsistence altogether to the mines. An
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attempt was made a few years ago to introduce the manufacture of cotton, and a large factory was raised, the first seen in this part of the country; but the building now stands with broken windows, empty and deserted, a melancholy memorial of the badness of the times.

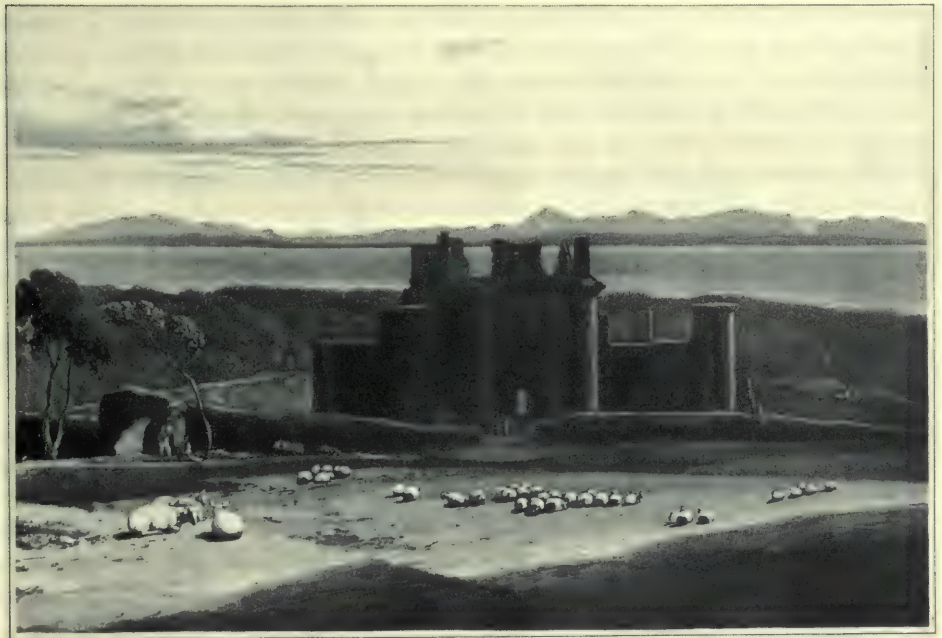
The harbour of Maryport is very small, and ill-suited to the wealth and commercial importance of the place. The channel is so narrow in parts, that two vessels can scarcely lie in it abreast; and the ship-builders are obliged to launch their vessels into the water sideways. It is protected against the swell of the sea by two wooden breakwaters, constructed at the entrance, which shew by various gaps and fractures the power of the body that they have to withstand, and the insufficiency of the materials of which they are composed. Violent remonstrances have been made to the lord of the manor by the ship-owners concerning the inconvenience and insecurity of the harbour, but he has not attended to them, and some of them have consequently deserted the port. I heard but a whisper of these matters, and cannot pretend to decide between the parties. Mr. Senhouse is lord of the manor, and the sole shipper of coals from Maryport, and it is certainly not very probable that he would refuse to comply with any reasonable requisitions, so much involving his own interest.

The port has an hundred and forty-three vessels, of 16,840 tons burthen, belonging to it; twenty-one of which, bearing 4125 tons, are employed in the West Indian, North American, and Baltic trades, but do not return with their cargoes to Maryport. There is depth of water sufficient in the harbour in spring tides for a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons; but one of that burthen would scarcely venture to approach it in its present condition, except in the very finest weather.

Maryport derives some dignity and interest from its situation close to a Roman station, the Volantium of ancient geographers, though there are doubts concerning the correctness of this name—playthings for more punctilious antiquarians than myself. The spot was judiciously chosen, combining many natural advantages to recommend it as a military post. The town is flanked on the south side by a lofty hill called the Castle Hill, which stands detached, and rises abruptly on all sides. There are no remains of any building upon it, but an artificial mount has been raised upon it, guarded by a wide and deep fosse at the base. The area of the summit is about an hundred yards in circumference, and divided into two parts by a trench. It commands the harbour, and an extensive view along the coast and over the country. Whether this simple fortification was the work of the Romans, I cannot say, and I know not that any one else has said; but on the high ground to the northward of the town there is indisputably a Roman encampment, and more distinctly marked than any that I have ever seen. It is a square inclosure, about eighty yards in diameter, surrounded by a low bank and a ditch. The bank is now covered with earth and grass, but is strengthened, I believe, by a foundation of stones. There is an entrance to each front, in one of which some walling is discovered, the stones of which are of great size, and laid together without cement, but squared and smoothed, and very nicely
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Mary Port, Cumberland



Carlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire

and regularly arranged. There are no traces of any regular building within the enclosed space, but it is covered with heaps of stones recently dug up, amongst which a rich store of curious remains was discovered. It is to be regretted that this interesting ground has been opened in a very coarse and bungling manner—with as little care for consequences as is manifested by a school-boy when he breaks his toy to pieces with a puerile curiosity to see what it is made of. It was not an Herculaneum or a Pompeii that was to be brought to light, but it was something at least which was the work of the same illustrious people, equally venerable on the score of antiquity, and particularly recommended to our estimation from its creation in our own soil. No extraordinary caution was required in removing the earth and extricating the ruins, but the little that was necessary was not bestowed, the business having been submitted to the pickaxe of a common labourer, who rooted up altars and columns with no consideration, as was natural enough, for their value, or the injury that they might suffer under his rough hands.

Most of the remains are deposited at Nether Hall, the seat of Mr. Senhouse, about a mile to the east of Maryport. The house was undergoing some repairs and alterations when I was there, and the fragments of Roman art lay tumbled about the premises; altars and inscribed tablets, and scraps of sculpture, mixed in singular confusion with stones and mortar and other litter of modern masonry. Pennant has prevented the necessity of my giving any particular description of the remains. They consist principally of altars and tables of stone, some square and some columnar, with inscriptions, all composed of white freestone. I noticed some rude efforts in sculpture, representations of men on horseback, resembling, in point of truth of design, the figures which one sees cut on the benches in public walks. These were probably done by the common soldiers; and who could look at them without interest, on adverting to the state of this country when these trivial works were first left in it, to their living down to this distant age, and being brought to light at this period of our grandeur and power, to be contemplated like the most magnificent works of their genius and industry, as the memorials of a people who live only in history! Some of the altars are of very elegant forms, and there are some specimens of sculpture of a better kind than those which I have just mentioned: I remarked particularly a warrior on horseback trampling on a fallen enemy, slightly finished, but with spirit and considerable force of effect. Though none of these works give us any idea of Roman art in its highest style of excellence, yet they must surely be regarded as valuable relics, and are worthy of being carefully preserved. The British Museum opens its cabinets to curiosities of a less interesting description, and might spare a corner for some of these slighted remains without any violence to the purposes of its institution.

On leaving Maryport and coming to the termination of the lofty bank that extends for about a mile to the northward of it, a beautiful and extensive prospect opened upon me, the coast receding into a pretty semicircular bay, bordered by a level and well cultivated country, and bounded at its farthest point by the white village of Allonby, with the
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bold hills of Galloway in the distance behind it. As I proceeded to the northward, the inland country still continued to decline in height, and as it rose in gentler undulations disclosed a deeper front of the distant mountains, amongst which the vast Skiddaw rose up with pre-eminent majesty. This is the most northern mountain of the Cumberland range distinguishable from the coast, and though not the loftiest, yet as it stands disconnected and rises from a narrow base abruptly to its summit, its height is more distinctly and intelligibly made out to the eye, and appears vaster than that of others of equal or superior elevation. Its summit is said to be one thousand and ninety yards above the level of the sea.

I was now entering upon a less populous and busy part of the country than I had lately been travelling in, and had turned my back upon rail-roads, waggons, and hurries, and all their noise and dirt. There are no collieries to the northward of Maryport, and no town or harbour between it and the Solway Firth. Allonby is a small watering-place, whose silence and dulness offered as strong a contrast as possible to the bustle and activity of the busy towns that I had just come from. I did not remain long enough in it to find out any thing to say about it, and I am inclined to believe that those who had survived a month's residence there were not much more amply stored.

I had a dull ride from this place to Skinburness, through a naked and dreary country, not unfruitful generally in corn, but interrupted towards the sea by moors and tracts of sand, and extending inland as far as the eye could reach in an unbroken flat. It is bounded along the shore by a long range of sand hills spreading out in places over a considerable extent of ground, and thrown up to a great height, and in very bold and picturesque groups. The sand is often blown over the country by the western gales with great injury to vegetation, but it is in some degree held together by the *elymus arenarius* and the *arundo arenaria*; which plants branch out at the roots into numerous creeping fibres, but they rise above the ground in single stems like rushes, thinly scattered, and leaving the surface of the sand loose and uncovered. The dog-rose, which grows well in sand, is better calculated for the protection of the surface, but its roots do not strike down to such a depth, or spread so widely. A combination of the plants with these opposite recommendations occurs at once to one as a plausible expedient, but as it has not been tried by those much interested in the result of such an experiment, I imagine that they will not grow amicably together. The coast swarms with rabbits, which thrive well enough on the little food that they can pick from this barren soil, and yield some compensation to the owners of the land for the scantiness of its vegetable produce. Beyond Allonby they appeared in amazing numbers, covering the ground on each side of the road like flocks of sea-fowl. I was amused by their motions and the various degrees of boldness or timidity that they manifested as I approached them. Sometimes a whole flock would remain quite steady and stationary till I was within a few yards of them, when another step seemed to be felt by them all like a wound, and they vanished as quick as lightning.

Few

Few animals, in a short trial, are more rapid in their action, or, if they have fair play,—are pursued, I mean, in an honourable and sportsman-like manner,—are caught with greater difficulty. A man with a gun might hope to make great havoc among them here, but he would find the sport very tantalizing, and rarely touch a rabbit out of the numbers that he would see popping in and out of their holes all round him.

Near Skinburness I was gratified by the disclosure of a more beautiful and animating prospect, the great expanse of the Solway Firth, and almost the whole southern border of Scotland, stretching out far into the western sea in a range of bold spiry hills, and along the shore of the Firth spotted with villages and farms, amidst meadows and corn fields,—the sea and the variegated surface of the wide expanded landscape all glowing under the golden light of the evening sun. Had I been a Scotchman I should certainly have felt my heart leap within me at such an exhibition of my country; and with no such right of exultation, I was not a little delighted with its beauty and the splendour of its effect.

I stopped at Skinburness where a guide resides who conducts passengers over the Wampool sands. He keeps one horse for this purpose, which he finds sufficient for a small party, and as much as his profits can enable him to support. Taking my place, according to rule, behind him, we set out upon the journey, which he endeavoured to make as interesting as possible by telling its dangers, particularly to those who were fool-hardy enough to venture without a guide. The sands from Skinburness to Cardonnock at the extremity of the peninsula, which separates them from the main branch of the Solway Firth, are about three miles across, and intersected by two rivers, the Waver and the Wampool, neither of them more than three or four feet deep, but so rapid that a man might find it difficult to keep his feet in fording them. In the winter time these sands are sometimes covered with dangerous spots occasioned by the snow: during neap tides a great part of them is left dry, and the snow lying in heaps upon them for several days sinks deep holes into them, which on the coming of the first spring tide are filled up with quick-sands, and present formidable traps to passengers. On crossing the Wampool our horse, well trained to the business, lay almost on his side to resist the violence of the stream, which rushed furiously down, and seemed to my eye to sweep us along with it. The posture of the horse as he laboured, with two people upon his back, through this roaring flood, looked really alarming, and I did not give up my expectations of being cast headlong into the water, till I felt the animal again straight upon his legs. We crossed during the ebb, the most dangerous time, as, in case of a fall, the current would every instant keep hurrying you into deeper water.

I dismounted immediately that we were out of the Wampool, having received my lawful six-penn'orth, and soon made good my landing on the firm ground, near Cardonnock, a beautiful village, and very singularly situated. Nearly the whole of the flat peninsula, lying between the Wampool and the Solway Firth, is a desolate peat-moss; but near its extreme point at Cardonnock there is a small tract, about two miles in cir-

cumference, of extraordinary fertility, that smiles like a garden in the desert, contrasting with its unvaried barrenness the mingling beauties of corn-fields, and meadows, and woods. The inhabitants of this select spot being shut out from any ready communication with the world beyond them, by a waste of sand on one side of their domains, and a trackless bog on another, are looked upon like foreigners pent up in an island of their own, and they are said to be distinguished by some slight peculiarities in their manners and customs, and a great love of their little land. My Skinburness guide observed on our passage, pointing to the clustering trees that rose above the dreary sands and marked their pleasant abode,—‘there is not a happier or a better fed set of people to be found than the *Cardonnockers*.’ They are little indebted to foreign supplies for any of the necessities or luxuries of life. The moss on their northern and eastern frontiers furnishes them with fuel; the Solway that washes their southern and western shores gives them fish in abundance; and the rich fields of the interior yield them food of every sort that the stomach of man can reasonably require.

I loitered here till the setting sun warned me that I was not a Cardonnock, and must travel further before I could rest for the night. I found a tolerable path along the shore of the Firth, and walked for several miles with a waste of wet sand to my left, and the moss spread out in boundless barrenness to my right. A part of this moss has been lately reclaimed, but it is still of vast extent. A great quantity of timber is dug out of it, some of it so fresh and sound that it is used for various purposes by carpenters. The trees are principally oak, birch, and fir. The revolutions which this barren tract has undergone are thus recorded in a traditional couplet, familiar in this neighbourhood.

“ Once a wood and then a sea,
Now a moss, and still will be.”

The early part of its history, as thus given, is probably correctly stated, and is supported by the opinions of geologists concerning the nature of peat-mosses in general; but the last prophetic decision, which dooms it to perpetual barrenness, is happily not likely to be justified, and indeed has in some degree been already refuted; for a considerable part of the moss has been brought into cultivation. I walked for some time with the gratifying sight before me of fields which, a very few years ago, were a portion of the moss, now covered with crops of ripened corn. Nearly in the middle of the moss there is a curious eminence, containing about forty acres of land; a pretty green spot, which looks like an island amidst the waste. The soil of this singular piece of ground is clay resting on a bed of gravel.

About five miles north-east of Cardonnock the flat along shore is interrupted by a gentle rising, on which, amongst pleasant fields and shaded with wood, stands the village of Bowness, where I found very humble quarters for the night. I was here again in the way of Roman antiquities. This village is almost entirely built with stones taken from
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the great Roman wall which was raised along the northern frontier of our island, to protect it from the incursions of the Caledonians. The wall was faced with freestone, and here and there on the outer covering some stones with inscriptions and rude carving upon them were discovered, and are now to be seen fixed in the walls of various cottages and barns in Bowness. As I walked up the village street without expecting such things, I was much interested on casting my eyes upon the venerable characters of a Roman inscription, scratched in a scrawling and clumsy manner on a small stone, now the key-stone of an arch which forms the door-way of a barn. The inscription ran thus—

I O M
PRO SALUTE
D. D. N. N. GALLI
ET VOLUSIANI
AUGG. SULPICIUS
SECUNDIAN
US. TRIB. COH.
POSUIT.

A large table of stone was shewn me in the wall of a barn-yard, with a grotesque figure carved upon it, of a man, woman, or child, I fancy, though so monstrously caricatured that I could scarcely conceive what it was designed for. I was amused with the simplicity of the *Cicerone* appointed to instruct me here, an honest countryman, who was well acquainted with all the *habits* of the inscriptions, but had not been taught to feel any reverence for them, and did not see that a few letters scratched by a Roman soldier eighteen centuries ago were at all more interesting than if they had been done by his next-door neighbour. When he had shewn me all the classical scraps, he led me to the door of a stable, and pointed to a stone over it, thus inscribed,—T. L. I. 22. He fixed his eyes upon me, evidently enjoying the puzzle into which these mystic capitals had thrown me, till, with a smile, in which pity for me and pride in himself were mixed, he relieved my ignorance. “Thomas Lawson, to be sure, Sir,” said he, “dead now some twenty years ago, but as worthy a man in his time as ever lived.”

Severus's Wall was not carried farther to the westward than Bowness, and it may still be traced to its eastern extremity at Newcastle, though the line is very often interrupted, the stones having been removed in many places to make way for the plough. It is very distinct for an extent of a mile or more east of Bowness, appearing in a confused heap of stones, spreading out to much more than the original breadth of the wall, and generally covered with earth and grass. It is very rarely that any part of the naked wall is seen standing, though I observed one fragment not a quarter of a mile from Bowness, which was seven or eight feet high. It had been entirely stripped of its facing, and

shewed a coarse mass of stone and mortar curiously mixed together, and consolidated into a body of amazing hardness. From the manner in which the cement encrusts the stones, it appears to have been poured in hot amongst them.

Such a wall as this seems to have been but a babyish defence against an enemy, even of the weakest and most insignificant description, and little more than sufficient to keep out old women and children. But we must remember the nature of the hostility to which this country was subject from the Caledonians before we venture to sneer at the precautions taken by our illustrious conquerors and protectors. In the time of the Romans, the borders were no doubt exposed to the same petty piratical incursions that they suffered from till within a recent period of our history—small bands of armed men being continually on the watch, and pouncing like vultures upon our shores whenever an opportunity presented itself for their slaughtering, burning, and robbing with impunity. Now a wall, though a very ineffectual barrier against a large army, must have been a sufficient defence against these petty bands, and if it could not altogether keep them out, would remove the great temptation to their attacks, by preventing their return with cattle or any other heavy booty. That it formed but a very weak shield against the whole combined force of the northern barbarians is evident from the hopeless condition to which the Britons were reduced on the departure of the Romans from the island, when they had no defence but this trifling barrier against the overwhelming attacks of their savage enemies.

The Solway Firth is fordable at Bowness, the sea retiring from it entirely about an hour before low water, and leaving only a small channel to pass, filled by the united streams of the Eden and the Esk and several smaller rivers. The tides run with amazing violence in the Firth, and together with the sand-banks, which puzzle seamen by continually shifting, render its navigation extremely dangerous. I was told that in a spring tide, with a strong westerly wind, the sea, on the first making of the flood, rushes over the sands with such velocity, that a man surprised by it would not be able to outrun it. Vessels of two hundred tons burden come up as high as Bowness, where they discharge their cargoes into flats of fifty or sixty tons, which can proceed as far as the rivers have any communication with the tide, about eight miles higher up.

The Solway spreads into a vast opening at its mouth, but contracts east of Cardonnock to about a mile and a half in breadth, and from thence runs twelve miles into the country, branching at its eastern extremity into two narrow arms, the estuaries of the Esk and the Eden. Its whole bed, except in the channels of the various rivers that discharge themselves into it, is dry at low water, exhibiting an immense plain of sand, once probably cultivated land, whose loss is far more than atoned for by the benefits derived from the Firth, which penetrates far into the channels of various rivers, forming safe harbours and opening a ready communication for commerce into distant parts of the country.

I continued my journey from Bowness along the level border of the Firth, quite charmed with the beauty of the scenery around me. The Solway, now swelled by the tide,

tide, formed a noble river, filling numberless bays and creeks on either shore, and bounded on each side by a low fertile country, variegated like a rich carpet, with the colouring of the autumnal vegetation, and girded round in the distance by a vast amphitheatre of mountains.

About four miles above Bowness I entered upon the Burgh Marsh, covered with herds of cattle. It is five miles long and about one and a half broad, as flat as a planed board, and covered with a short grass of the brightest verdure. This is a valuable tract, but is unfortunately suffering continual waste from the advances of the sea. Each coast of the Solway, in its whole length, shews manifest signs of injury from the same enemy, but particularly this marsh, which is hollowed into a deep bay, with a narrow stripe of land at one point of it, jutting out more than half a mile into the Firth, and worn away towards its extreme point to a few yards in breadth.

Near the east end of the marsh, and about half a mile from the sea, stands Edward the First's monument, erected on the spot where he died, while encamped with an army collected for the invasion of Scotland. The original monument raised here to his memory fell to ruin, and the present one was built a few years ago by Lord Lonsdale. It is a quadrangular column, about thirty feet high, raised on a basement of three steps, and ornamented on the capital with four semicircular niches, crowned with a small pinnacle and cross. Considering that it is sacred to a king, it is a very mean unimposing kind of thing, and not at all improved by being, according to the perverse taste of the county, daubed over with whitewash. There is the following inscription upon it, copied, I suppose, from the original monument.

Memoriæ æternæ
Edvardi I. Regis Angliæ longè
Clarissimi, Qui in belli apparatu
contra Scotos occupatus. Hic
In castris obiit 7. Julii,
A. D. 1307.

Underneath this is another inscription as follows:—

Omni veneratione prosequens
Inclytam Edvardi Primi Famam
Optimi Angliæ Regis
Columnnam Hanc
Humi fusam dirutamque
Hic reponendam curavit
Gulielmus Vicecomes De Lowther,
Anno Salutus, MDCCCIII.

I proceeded

I proceeded as far as the small hamlet of Sandsfield, in the hope of being able to ford the river there; but found the tide too high, and would not venture to let my horse swim across with me, as was seriously proposed to me by a man who had ridden with me from Bowness, with some little hesitation, not on the score of his own safety or mine, but that of his horses. Vessels of fifty or sixty tons come up as high as this place with coals, timber, groceries, &c. &c. for the town of Carlisle, which are conveyed thither from hence by land, the river being navigable only for a short distance above this point. To wait at Sandsfield, with nothing to do but to watch the retreat of the water, was impossible; I therefore rode a mile or two higher up, where the Eden, quite out of the reach of the tide, became fordable. I had a glimpse of the towers of Carlisle, peeping over a fine fertile country, through which the river glided in a broad, clear, quiet stream, between high banks, over-arched with wood.

Having crossed the stream, I passed over a flat swampy tract, called Rockcliff Marsh, to the border of the Esk, a fine river abounding with salmon. I forded it, and still found myself on a muddy marsh, overflowed occasionally by the tides of the Solway. I had a view to my right of the Solway Moss, which, about forty years ago, floated from its station in a black flood, and devastated a great quantity of fine land. About a mile north of the Esk, I came to firmer ground recently inclosed, and presently hopped over the Sark, and took off my hat in Scotland. Before me lay the far-famed Gretna, awakening, of course, many interesting reflections, and calling to my mind all the hurry, and ardour, and anxiety of fugitive lovers in chaises and four. The country about it is exceedingly pretty, rising above the Firth in gentle banks and gnolls, covered with a profusion of wood, which shews itself from a distance, and is the first welcome signal to trembling couples of their approaching deliverance. The village itself is not such as one might wish to see amidst Cyprian bowers and groves, consisting only, excepting a church and one decent house, of three or four miserable huts, with no public accommodations but oat-cake and whisky at the worst hut in the place, which is at once the inn and the post-office. It is not here, however, that the marriages are celebrated, but at the neighbouring village of Springfield, where there are two inns, at which people, with more time to care about eating and drinking than lovers, could have no reason to grumble. I enquired particularly, as it may be supposed, for the blacksmith, who has had the credit with us in the south of being the Hymen of Gretna, ever since we have known that there was such a place. There is no such person however now in existence, nor could I ascertain that there ever was, though the business has been performed, and still continues to be, by dignitaries of equally humble callings. The trade is now in the hands of two people, hedgers and ditchers; one of whom, as I heard, is a very profligate fellow, ready to do worse things for a guinea than cheat the clergy of their dues. These are the regular traders, but in case they should be out of the way, there are plenty of jobbers prepared to supply their places. They are very exorbitant in their demands, raising them according to the number
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of horses in a chaise, which are signs of the wealth or haste of the parties—both good grounds of extortion. The ceremony used, for those who think it necessary to stop for any, is that of the church of England.

At the risk of incurring the scorn of all masters and misses under twenty-one, I venture to raise my voice against this prophanation of a solemn and beautiful service, by these vulgar mercenaries. It would be sad canting to talk about the sin of those who profit by their assistance; but there is unquestionably an indecency and a profligacy in this abuse of a sacred rite, worth the consideration of cooler heads than those of the couples who post to Gretna. The law of Scotland may not be able to check these irregularities, but there is a power, I suppose, that can alter or add to the law, and it would surely be no great encroachment on the liberty of the subject to insist that, while a man must have a licence to sell whisky, he should not unconditionally practise the trade of marrying. It is singular, that the abuse should have been so long connived at, that while our dignitaries of the church interfere with laudable zeal to pull down the curtains of our theatres on the first moment of the Sabbath, and visit with a fine the impious butcher or baker that sells a bit of meat or bread to a poor man on a Sunday, who has no money to buy either at any other time, they should not have exerted their influence to suppress the unholy prelacy of these blacksmiths and ditchers at Gretna.

I proceeded from this notorious place to Annan, through a well-cultivated country, quite flat along the shore of the Firth, but rising a little inland in gentle undulations. The Scottish side of the Solway has recently assumed an entirely new face. Thirty years ago, it was an open common, left in a state of nature as it had been for ages, the borderers in days of old having little interest in agricultural pursuits, as by covering their lands with corn they would only have presented temptations to the ravages of their watchful enemies on the opposite coast. The whole is now enclosed, generally in tillage, and varied by numerous plantations.

As Annan was the first town that I had the pleasure of seeing in Scotland, I entered it with some curiosity, looking out narrowly for its peculiar marks and distinctions. It is very agreeably situated on an eminence above a fertile valley, watered by the Annan, which, about a mile to the southward, discharges itself into the Solway. The town contains eighteen hundred inhabitants, and consists principally of one broad unpaved street, headed at one end by the gaol with a tower and spire, and flanked on each side by respectable houses and shops, of various elevations, and jutting out in various degrees of projection, with here and there a hut amongst them, not more wretched, I can scarcely think, than some other huts that I have seen, but singular from their being permitted to take their places in the great street. They are built with unhewn stones thrown together as if by accident, and covered with a thatched roof black with rottenness, but giving nourishment to a harvest of rank grass and weeds, and topped by most uncouth chimneys, each formed by four stakes placed about a foot asunder, and wrapped round with bands of straw, or filled up
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with sods of earth. One is not surprised at seeing such kind of habitations among the wilds of the mountains, where every man builds his own house in a Robinson Crusoe-like manner, with any make-shift materials and tools that he can find, but I should really scarcely have expected to find them in a land of bricks and mortar. There are two or three alleys in Annan filled with such huts, excepting which, it has a very creditable appearance, and is not deformed by any of those nuisances which an Englishman is taught to believe are inseparable from the constitution of a Scottish town.

That whisky is the favourite drink of the people is very evident, not only from the prevalence of red noses, but from a direct notice that it is to be bought at every other house in the place. The vending of it is combined with every trade, every dealer well knowing that whatever may be his success in other ventures, he is sure of a few customers for this seductive cordial. Opposite to me, as I sat in the inn, I perceived a "*draper and dealer in spirits*;" a little lower down is a "*grocer and dealer in spirits*;" and in the town is a still more extraordinary union, a "*banker and dealer in spirits*." Exclusive of these supplementary dealers, there are plenty of professed publicans, so that a stranger might suspect that this was the great whisky magazine of the nation, till he discovered that in the copiousness of its store, it is only like every other town in Scotland.

I must find fault with the state of the gaol at Annan, though I was requested to observe by a person with naturally somewhat more pride in the dignity of the town than I could have, that it had at least a very decent exterior. The keeper begged leave to step in before me, to put things a little in order; but I pushed in after him, wishing to see in what order they were usually kept, for the benefit of those more immediately interested than myself. There was very little I found to put in order, for I observed nothing but bare walls and floors, and these were as dirty as possible. The gaol is much too small for the accommodation of the prisoners, and wants every convenience in every part of it that could contribute to their health and comfort. Debtors here have no outer court to walk in for the benefit of air and exercise, and are confined in a filthy dungeon of a room, in which one should be shocked to see the worst of malefactors. But this is not the most miserable apartment in the prison. "There is a hole for a thief," said the keeper, pointing to a loathsome den, about twelve feet square, with one window, which admitted the cold and wet, being defended only by iron bars, and a stone floor, without a single article of furniture upon it, except a bundle of black damp straw in one corner, designed for a bed. Vagrants and people taken up on suspicion are confined here. If on examination they cannot render a good account of themselves, they are sent to Dumfries to wait for their trial; and if they prove themselves innocent, are dismissed—but not, perhaps, till after a confinement of some days in this horrid hole, where a man of delicate constitution could not pass a night without danger to his life.

Happily this place is not much frequented, the blessings of early education and religious instruction that are extended to the lowest class of the community here pre-serving

serving society in order, and leaving little necessity for prisons and houses of correction. There is a classical and commercial school at Annan for the better orders, and another for the children of the poor; not as we too often see it in England, under the management of some unqualified, illiterate fellow, or some old woman just able, in the feebleness of her decline, to keep a few brats out of harm's way, but a man of substantial acquirements, capable of fulfilling all the duties of a tutor with the utmost credit. The parish schools, justly the boast of Scotland, formed interesting subjects of inquiry and observation to me during my tour in the country. I was pleased at seeing here, for the first time, a room full of dirty, ragged boys, some learning English, some Latin, and some arithmetic, and all obviously in earnest and attentive to their tasks, from a proper reverence for their respectable teacher. Those who fear lest the whole order of society should be reversed by our teaching those to read and write whose business it is to dig and delve, might have looked with horror at these little boys with no shoes to their feet and Latin grammars in their hands; but, in effect, not the slightest evil is found to weigh against the many advantages which they derive from such instruction; and they grow up to be as good weavers and ploughmen, and soldiers and sailors, as if they had never been treated like creatures with souls, not at all supposing that the learning which they receive in common with all their countrymen is to lift them from their humble station, and give them bread without labour. The lower classes in Scotland furnish the most satisfactory refutation of all the arguments that have been adduced against the policy and humanity of a system of universal education. They are beyond all comparison the best informed, the most moral and orderly people in Europe, not only not manifesting the smallest tendency to insubordination and discontentedness, but distinguishing themselves for their regularity and industry in all their pursuits, and the propriety and decency of their conduct in all the relations of life. Their education, it may be justly affirmed, is of no direct use to them in the ordinary business of their lives, and gives them no superior power or facility in the mechanical arts, by which they are clothed and fed; but it does no harm, and has a good effect on their general character; softens their manners, quickens their moral sense, and awakens in them a pride that keeps them above base and grovelling vice. It does not disqualify or indispose them for the humblest occupations, while it sometimes extricates talent from an order of the community usually doomed to hopeless obscurity, and advances it for the benefit of the world to a wider sphere of action and usefulness. The Scotch consequently, while they fag and plod quite as ably and cheerfully as their neighbours to the south, furnish far more instances of men rising from low stations to rank and wealth, whose example operates as a stimulus to general industry and good conduct. I shall have occasion to speak further of the good effects resulting from this general cultivation of the people as I go on.

The trade of Annan, from the pressure of the times, has been on the decline of late years. It formerly imported considerable quantities of wine, and had some share in the

West India trade, but has now no foreign commerce. It exports grain of all kinds, potatoes, various sorts of Scotch timber, freestone, &c. &c. Coal, limestone, slates, with a variety of merchant goods from Whitehaven and Liverpool, and a cargo or two of timber annually from North America, are imported. Vessels of a hundred and fifty tons can come within a few hundred yards of the town, but the navigation of the river is much obstructed by a ledge of rocks running across it, half a mile above its mouth. The rock is a soft sandstone, and might be removed without difficulty and at no great expense.

The Annan, like all the rivers which discharge themselves into the Solway, abounds with salmon. The fisheries are on a large scale, and well conducted. The Newby fishery extending about three miles up this river, and six or seven miles along the shore of the Firth, is rented at £900 per annum, and yields probably £2500. The fish are sold on an average at 10*d.* per pound. The nets employed to catch them are called trap nets. Stakes are fixed in the sand in a zig-zag line, with a trap at every angle, on the principle of certain mouse-traps that one has seen. Two converging nets open with a narrow aperture into an enclosed space, leaving the fish no outlet but that through which it entered, and which in all its plans of escape it never thinks of, though it has no frightful spikes to contend against, like the unfortunate mouse under similar circumstances of embarrassment. There is another mode of salmon fishing practised here called *shauling*, from its being pursued in shallow water. A man is armed with an instrument called a *lister*, a three-pronged fork, with a shaft twenty or twenty-four feet long, which he fixes in the sand edgeways, and thrusts before him like a shrimp-net. But there is a more spirited manner of using this weapon, and one requiring considerably more skill. It is often used as a spear, the sportsman being on horseback, and hurling it sometimes at speed. Some of the people are said to be very dexterous at this exercise, transfixing a fish with certainty at a great distance.

At Newby, close to the shore, a little west of the Annan, are the remains of a castle: some fragments of walls of enormous thickness lie scattered about the ground, and the foundations of the building still appear in ridges covered with earth, from which we may collect that it was of immense size. It was built by one of the Bruces, Lords of Annandale. The great Robert Bruce had a castle at Annan, and I was shewn a high mount, partly artificial, in a gentleman's garden, which he was willing (and I heartily went along with him) to think the site of it. There is not a vestige of any building upon it, and I was too much inclined to think for the interest of the moment that the summit of the mount had too limited a surface to support a castle suited to the dignity of Bruce.

Having got Annan quite by heart, I set out again on my tour, meeting with nothing worthy of notice till I came to Comlongan castle, the ancient seat of the Stormonts, which has all that grandeur that is derived from great breadth of parts, and extraordinary plainness and simplicity. It consists of a single square tower, with much the air of a prison, entered through one small door-way guarded by an iron door, and shewing on each broad
unornamented

unornamented front a few irregular windows, through which the eye cannot penetrate into the chambers within, seeing only the vast thickness of the walls. The interior is laid out and finished with as little respect for comfort or show as possible, as if the architect had determined to lay bare the strength of his building before the eye, undistinguished by one form of ornament or convenience. The entrance opens immediately upon a winding stone stair-case, from which you step on the second story into a dark dismal apartment, occupying the whole length and breadth of the space within the walls, and lighted (if one may say so) by square windows, formerly defended by iron bars. The walls are twelve feet thick, narrowing the room within to a compass that surprises one after looking at the breadth of their external surface. This apartment is only twenty-four feet long and sixteen wide, and was the only day-room in the castle. Above it is a chamber of equal dimensions, which has no appearance of having ever been subdivided, leaving one to guess how the family could sleep more privately than they dined, and how in their hours of rest they kept themselves detached from their servants. On the ground floor there is a very small room with a vaulted roof, in which there was formerly a well. There is another place on this floor which, had I coveted the martyrdom of an antiquary, I might easily have broken my neck in attempting to examine. I supposed it to have been the kitchen, and it might have been likewise the servants hall and bed-room; an apartment of the same kind of comprehensive character as the cobbler's stall in the song. The tower is crowned with battlements and two low turrets, from whence there is a magnificent view of the Cumberland mountains and the Solway Firth, with every estuary, bay, and creek on its varied shores, and its broad stream opening with the grandeur of an American river into the main sea.

I have been particular in my description of this castle, as it very much resembles almost all the old castles now to be seen in Scotland, and is curious as a specimen of the sort of habitations that men of rank, wealth, and power in this country were content to live in at no very remote period. It was inhabited not a century ago, and was the birth-place of the celebrated Lord Mansfield.

Adjoining the castle is a modern house, in which a factor of Lord Mansfield's resides, with every comfort and accommodation about him, held in so much contempt by the ancient lords of the domain. Great improvements have been lately made on the estate under the skilful superintendence of this gentleman, who pointed out to me as the peculiar object of his care and pride, a plantation covering more than two hundred acres of ground and shooting up prosperously. On the shore below the castle a tract of two hundred acres has just been recovered by means of an embankment from the sea, which is, however, taking ample revenge on other parts of the coast for this act of usurpation. The estuary of the river Locher, a little north of the redeemed land, which a few years ago was only fifty yards wide, is now considerably more than half a mile, and is bounded on one side by a singular little peninsula, called Blackshaw Point, now almost worn away,

and running out like a ribband nearly a mile into the sea. The whole coast on this side of the Solway is perfectly flat, and not protected by any depth of beach along the shore. Its defenceless state between the Annan and the Locher is the more serious, as in this interval there is not a hill for many miles inland to limit the advances of the sea. The land might be secured by a well constructed embankment, and if these were times for vigorous enterprise in agriculture, there is no doubt that a great extent of ground might be recovered from the Solway. In neap tides the sea does not approach the border of the sands within half a mile, so that an opportunity would be afforded of giving several days of uninterrupted labour to an embankment, as neap tides recurred, besides six or seven hours daily by the ordinary ebbing of the tide.

At a short distance west of Comlongan I came to the village of Powhellin, which gave me a more complete idea of the utmost rudeness of Scottish cottages than I had yet formed. It contained twelve mud huts, with walls full of grooves and hollows, the effects of the rains, thatched roofs, ready for the scythe, and the same kind of grotesque and preposterous chimneys that I had seen at Annan,—altogether such a cluster of dwellings as a man would not have seen for the first time without surprise in the remotest regions of the uncivilized world. These mud-huts, however, as they are called, in spite of the exceeding meanness of their exterior, are far superior in positive comfort to many stone-built cottages such as one sees in this country and in many parts of England too—cottages with a better name, and of a less *wig-wamish* appearance, but not half so warm and substantial, admitting wind and water through numberless chinks and crevices, occasioned by irreconcilable differences between the points and angles of unhewn and uncemented stones. Mud-huts have the cardinal merit of being perfectly weather-proof. Those at Powhellin have a foundation of stone three feet high, on which is raised a wall two feet thick, composed of clay mixed with straw. A hut so constructed will last thirty or forty years, wasting away only on the side that is exposed to the stormy rains from the south. The insides of them baffle all description. As each usually contains only one room, in which the family with all their worldly property must somehow be packed, it would be harsh and unreasonable to complain of a want of neatness and tidiness of arrangement; but the dirt that shews itself amidst the jumbled litter of children, dogs, chickens, beds, chairs, old coats, and breeches, and stockings, scythes, shrimp-nets, pitchforks, and spinning wheels, and an incredible number of other materials that are and are not wanted, is quite abominable. If one had not actually seen the people sitting in all the calmness of domestic ease before him, he might have supposed on looking into one of these comfortless dwellings that it had not been inhabited for years, and was reserved as the common lumber-room of the village, in which any one might cram a chair, or throw a tool, or house a pig that he knew not how otherwise to dispose of. That it was a place in which a family, not Hottentots, performed the ceremonies of eating, drinking, and sleeping, one should not have entertained the suspicion of a moment.

Yet

Yet in these miserable hovels I found the people exceedingly decent in their manners, with their minds improved and refined by education,—sunk into a state of the profoundest piggishness in all their forms of living, yet highly civilized, intelligent, and moral. There was not a man or woman in the village that could not read and write, nor a single hut without a book. A little boy not more than nine years old, without shoes or shirt, and only half a sleeve to his jacket, and not a button or button-hole about him, came running up to me with some shells for sale: I offered to buy his whole stock if he could read a page in my itinerary, and he fulfilled the condition with the utmost facility.

This general diffusion of knowledge amongst the lowest classes of the people is really quite delightful, and gives a redeeming grace to them, which shines like a gem amidst all the poverty and wretchedness and squalidness of their condition. I am not prone to enthusiastic exaggeration, and am not stating as facts the mere fanciful results of speculative opinions. It is impossible for any man with any degree of observation and discrimination to pass through this country without perceiving the marked and happy effects produced on the character of the poor by education, without noting an evident distinction between them and people of the same rank in England, in their general civility, in the uniform decency of their moral conduct, and the extent of their intellectual advancement. Travelling through obscure villages and holding conversations continually with their humble inhabitants, I had a good opportunity of discovering how impartially education had extended its benefits, even to the poorest, and of observing how much of real cultivation and improvement there was in those whom, from their apparent poverty and the unaccountable wretchedness of their habitations, a hasty traveller might have supposed to have lived quite despised and neglected. Wherever I went, I met with the same civility and intelligence. If I took a guide from a mud-hut, I was sure to find him a man of some information, understanding readily the objects of my pursuit, not receiving my questions with a silly shyness and suspicion, or a stupid stare of insuperable incapacity, but stirring himself to satisfy my enquiries, and acquainting me with many little facts concerning his native place, and the nature and condition of the country about him, that would certainly not have occurred as of any importance, if they had occurred at all, to one whose mind had not been in some degree enlarged by instruction. And yet with all this intelligence they combine no absurd pride and self importance, and none of that insolence and impertinent assumption which many imagine to be the unavoidable results of education in the poor. On the contrary, they are remarkable for the respectfulness of their behaviour, and do not more excel the people of the south in acuteness and knowledge, than in courtesy and amenity of manners.

It is not too much knowledge, but too much money that has sometimes an injurious effect upon the minds of the common people, and inclines them to be dissatisfied with the laborious drudgery to which they are born. Knowledge gives power and command when a man possesses an extraordinary measure of it; but that degree of it which he
shares

shares in common with the whole community, of which he is a member, gives none, and leads to no consideration, and procures and promises no distinctions that can stimulate insolence and pride. But money is power in all hands, and when possessed by the lower orders in a proportion more than necessary to their comfortable maintenance, it gives them a command over luxuries and dissipation, and creates tastes and desires in them, that are incompatible with plodding industry, and are apt to make them discontented with their proper place in society. Look to the rude unimproved manufacturer of Lancashire, with his pockets full of money, and to the penniless Scotchman, with his power of reading and writing, and, if you please to put an extreme case, with his smattering of Latin and mathematics, and it will soon be seen which is most disposed to be loud and turbulent, and grumble at that order of things under which he is bound to a life of hard and humble toil. I am scarcely contending in these times that too much money is the only or the most fertile source of the vices and miseries of the labouring people, but simply that it is sometimes productive of that peculiar mischief, which many, with a perverse inattention to the results of experiment, have supposed to be the natural consequence of education. There are temptations to vicious courses and unlawful modes of relief springing from extreme poverty, which it requires some strength of moral principle, derived from early precept and instruction, to resist, and the Scotch distinguish themselves far above their uneducated neighbours in the south, by their quiet submission and steady conduct under the pressure and pain of this galling load.

It is very extraordinary that the lower orders in Scotland, though thus distinguished above the poor of any other country for their mental cultivation, should in their domestic habits be nearly as unformed as the Hottentots. This combination of intellectual improvement and moral elevation with so lamentable an ignorance of all the comforts and conveniences of life, or rather, perhaps, with so supreme an indifference for them, forms an exception to the general harmony and correspondence of character that is ordinarily preserved in all the ramifications and subdivisions of civilization, for which I cannot at all account. Man sometimes continues perfectly stationary for ages, in a state of complete barbarism, but when he begins to improve, he goes on regularly and consistently—puts on breeches, takes to washing his hands and face, and as his mind becomes cultivated and his knowledge extended, grows still more nice in his taste and more elaborate in his refinements, joyfully employing all the resources of his art to make his person and his habitation decent and comfortable. When he is acquainted with the general discoveries of society, and can read and write, we do not find him clinging to his pristine way of eating his meal unroasted; and when he has conquered his ignorance, the first great cause of all his barbarism, should certainly be surprised to see him more behindhand in some of the simplest elements of civilization, than when ashamed of his nakedness and his dirt he first coveted breeches and soap. Yet we really do see this in Scotland, where the lower classes, though partaking very unusually of the benefits of knowledge, are yet not reclaimed

reclaimed from the coarseness and filthiness of savage life—betraying in the whole style and management of their homes a degree of rudeness, scarcely less astonishing to one familiar only with the neatness and comeliness of English cottages, than if he had found them going naked and living upon raw flesh. Here are the Irish, the most barbarous, and the Scotch, the most cultivated people of Europe, living in the same kind of habitations, equally remote from all that art can do to give them grace and comfort.

It is not extreme poverty that is the cause of this unseemly and incongruous rudeness, for we find it in those who have all the command over cleanliness and decent show that money can give, and sometimes see a strong cast of it in people quite in another rank of life, whom we have been accustomed to consider as long since naturalized in the paths of elegance and refinement. It prevails in every part of the Lowlands of Scotland through which I have travelled, and I have seen it still more strikingly exemplified in the Highlands. There that dirt-born complaint, vulgarly styled the fiddle of this country, still lives unmolested, transmitted from generation to generation with the security of property confirmed by venerable descent, and long legitimacy. It is not unusual to see a Highland farmer, with land in fee-simple, the owner of herds of cattle, deliberately scratching his fingers all the while that he is talking to you of his growing improvements, and shewing from the composure of his countenance that he is suffering nothing either from pain or shame. If you were to ask him why he did not have recourse to the simple remedy that would relieve him from his disorder, he would tell you that it gave him no kind of uneasiness, that it was always so, and was as natural to his fingers as his nails. I have seen a gentleman in the Highlands who received this odious distemper, together with his rent, from one of his most respectable tenants, and was consequently obliged to perform quarantine in his own house, seeing his wife and family only through the key-hole. The complaint I am happy to think is nearly extirpated in the Lowlands, as I do not remember to have seen one instance of it there.

This description of national manners and habits, the result of actual and extended observation, is somewhat prematurely introduced in this early part of my tour in the country, but the subject was in a manner forced upon me on my notice of the little village of Powhellin, whose inhabitants furnish striking examples of that mingled cultivation and barbarism, that form so generally the distinctions of the Scottish peasantry. There is a mixture of sour and sweet in my remarks, but the latter predominates, and may well atone for the other; for after all, intellectual refinement and moral rectitude are far nobler subjects of pride to a people than external cleanliness and polish. It would undoubtedly, however, be highly desirable to see them combined, and as there seem to be no obstacles to their union but a little perversity and prejudice on the part of the people, I have thought it fair to attack their deformities with some ridicule, as the best and most searching weapon that could be employed. I hope that I shall not provoke

voke the animosity of any one; but be that as it may, I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have not wilfully mis-stated any thing, and in telling the truth, have told it with the best intentions. "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"—is an excellent rule for a tourist, and I have at least the merit of not having offended against the latter and most essential part of it. I beg to declare that my remarks on the filthiness of Scottish cottages are meant to apply only to the small towns and the villages, and cannot with any justice be extended, in their full force, to the large towns, where the people have been forced and shamed into more refinement by the example of the higher orders, and the nuisance-routing arm of the police.

The poor inhabitants of Powhellyn help to eke out a subsistence by making salt, which they do in a peculiar manner, and at a more than ordinary cost of care and pains. As it is only with spring tides that the sea approaches near enough to their pans to permit them to get salt water, they collect the sand that has been impregnated by it, and placing it in a heap, pour fresh water over it, which filters through it into a receiver, and is then boiled in shallow pans till it evaporates and lets fall the salt. As not the slightest attention is paid to cleanliness in the whole process of preparation, the material comes forth quite as like in appearance to coal-dust as salt; but does very well, as I was told, for curing fish. They sell it at three-farthings a pound, and can afford to sell it at this cheap rate, having the privilege of making it duty-free. The privilege is derived from a royal grant, and is peculiar to this place. James the Sixth, prior to his accession to the throne of England, in passing through the country, noticed the people here at their employment of salt-making, and was so pleased with their industry, that he rewarded them by relieving it from all incumbrance.

About a mile west of the village, the Locher discharges itself into the sea, a very small river, which flows through Locher Moss, a vast tract of barrenness, lying in the heart of a cultivated country. This moss is ten miles in length and between two and three in breadth, containing ten thousand acres of land. The tradition of the neighbourhood here is, that it travelled from Ireland at some remote period, and invaded and usurped a fertile plain which it now covers. The itinerary disposition of these surfaces is sufficiently established by the mischievous restlessness of the Solway moss; but the miraculous journey of this wandering bog from Ireland is not countenanced by signs at present observed about it, which seem to determine that it owed its origin to an irruption of the sea. Sea-sand and sleech are found beneath it, and fragments of boats, oars, and anchors and cables have been dug out of it. Cultivation is slowly creeping in upon this wide-spread waste round its edges, and in better times we may see the whole covered with pasture and corn.

The Locker, though a very insignificant stream in appearance, is very productive. It abounds with pike, perch, trout, and eel. A few otters frequent it, sore enemies to the pike,

pike, but not without use, as the ravenous pike are enemies to all the other fish. Flocks of wild ducks and teals are seen here throughout the year, and a few herons in their season keep their lonely watch upon the swampy banks at the river's mouth.

Half a mile further to the westward, on a peninsula guarded by the rivers Locker and Nith, and by the Solway Firth, stands the famous castle of Caerlaveroc, once the seat of the Maxwells, a building of a very different character from that of Comlongon, retaining traces of much magnificence, with more of elegance and decoration than we often see combined with the solidity and strength of military architecture. There are few remains of castles like this in Scotland. I have seen none at all comparable with it, nor any other that gave me any idea of a princely palace, though it is in a melancholy state of ruin, and left open to the wanton mischief of all who choose to despoil it. Its grandeur is purely its own, for it is in a very bad situation, at least for the purposes of show, standing on a flat, from which it cannot be seen to advantage from any distance. The ground, however, is improved by some fine trees, which give a gloom and solemnity to it, harmonizing with the antiquity and the ruinousness of the building.

One is struck with the little precaution that was employed in the construction of this fortress to keep an enemy at a distance from the body of the building. It has no outworks, except a deep ditch surrounding it at the distance of a few yards from the walls. The castle forms a triangle, with a round tower at each point of the base, and two noble towers at the upper point, between which is a lofty Gothic arch forming the entrance. The wall connecting the two towers over the arch is crowned with a small square tower, which had formerly turrets at the angles. An arched passage, which was very strongly guarded by portcullises and several gates, leads into the court. Two gateways, one on each side of it, lead into small spaces, designed, I imagine, for dungeons, which open into the round towers. On entering the court, a mournful exhibition of faded and ruinous magnificence bursts upon the eye; sculptured walls, and windows, and doorways, and spacious and beautiful apartments, all broken and disfigured, and hastening to the ground.

On the east side were the state apartments, the walls of which are elevated considerably above those of any other part of the building between the towers. The front is divided into three stories, and displays nine square windows diminishing in size from the ground story upwards, and all crowned with small arches resting on pilasters, and ornamented in the spaces within them with devices of sculpture, coats of arms on the lower tier, and designs from legendary tales on the tiers above. The whole front is faced with a beautiful freestone, and from the profusion of sculpture upon it, executed with great spirit and elegance, has a very rich and splendid effect. The walls on the opposite side are plain, but the apartments within, like those indeed of the whole castle, exhibit traces of the same kind of costly decoration. At the north end is the great hall, ninety-one feet long, and twenty-six feet wide, lighted by very large and highly ornamented windows, and entered by a handsome doorway supported by round columns, which we may still see had some

rich carving on their capitals. This once superb apartment has suffered pre-eminently from violence, but still retains enough of its original character to shew that it was suited to the pomp of a king. The castle altogether, in point of vastness and dignity of situation, is not to be compared with several castles to be seen in Wales; but in the splendour of its architecture, it conveys a greater idea than any of them of princely luxury and magnificence.

The most memorable event recorded in the history of this fortress is the appearance before it of Edward the First in person, in the year 1300, at the head of a large army, with which he had invaded Scotland under great anger and alarm at the rising power and daring of the hero Wallace. The castle was taken after a gallant resistance, and the garrison honourably and humanely treated. Caerlavaroc had its full share of honours and defeats, and ruin and renovation in the turbulent periods of Scottish history in after times, though it still retains much the same form and appearance as described in an old manuscript poem in barbarous French that records the events of the siege under Edward.

Continuing my journey westward, I soon came to the broad estuary of the Nith, distinct in every point of scenery from the rivers that had so frequently intercepted me in my way of late, and which, as far as I could trace their course, flowed through marshes or mosses between low and muddy banks. A long and lofty ridge separates the Nith from Locker Moss, descending to the water with a rapid slope. This ridge, for an extent of several miles up the river, is rough and naked; but nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery on the opposite side, which presented itself to me under a most brilliant effect produced by the western sun. The river, raised by the tide, was nearly a mile in breadth, and had all the clearness, and smoothness, and splendour of a lake. The mountain Criffel stood sentinel at the mouth, rising to the height of more than six hundred yards, a vast, solemn mass, dark and barren, but with a small tract of cultivated ground between its base and the river. To the northward of this mountain appeared the summits of a range of rude and heath-clad hills, the back ground to a varied landscape of wooded glens and hollows, amidst hills and braes, crowned with wild verdure, or adorned with fields of corn and meadows spotted with cattle—the silvery river shining in front, and reflecting with the distinctness of reality a long line of wood that darkened its border. A few miles higher up the stream contracts, but still preserves a fine breadth, and flows to Dumfries through a lovely valley, verdant and shady, with the country on each side in the highest state of cultivation, and animated by gentlemen's seats, and farms, and cottages, and all the cheerful signs of populousness and prosperous industry.

I thought the entrance into Dumfries, the capital of the south of Scotland, very unpromising, and as I passed through a mean street between two rows of the aboriginal huts of the island, was preparing some bitter reproaches; but before I had time to note them down in my common-place-book, I was in the High-street, which at once changed my disposition, displaying a stateliness suited to a town of this rank and importance in the country.

country. This street, containing the largest and most respectable part of the town, is irregular, and laid out on rough steep ground, not happily adapted to the security and convenience of horses and carriages; but it is of a fine breadth, with houses and shops on each side of a magnitude, beauty, and elegance, that would do credit to any town in the kingdom. The eye is offended by the awkward situation of the town-hall, which stands plump in the middle of the street, interfering materially with the beauty of its perspective, and not a little with its commodiousness as a thoroughfare. There are several other very good streets, one in particular of great elegance, called Buccleugh-street, but just finished, and not yet inhabited. Dumfries, like all the towns of any consequence in Scotland, is built of stone, which adds much to the beauty and dignity of its appearance. I strayed into one or two miserable alleys, and observed that some of the better streets, with their modern improvements, were deformed by the unseemly intervention of some of the ancient huts; but the battering-ram of reform, which is active in its operations here, will soon, it has been foretold, level them with the dust.

There are eight thousand inhabitants in this town, and two thousand in its dependent village of Maxwell, on the opposite bank of the river. This village furnishes a striking example of the energy and rapidity of improvement in this district. A few years ago it was a sink of filth, wretchedness, and worthlessness, peopled principally by vagrants from Ireland, noted for their laziness, drunkenness, and quarrelsomeness. It now bears a very different character: the houses have been thoroughly cleansed inside and out, and are neat and decent; and the people having undergone the same operation, have become sober, quiet, and industrious.

The public buildings and charitable establishments of Dumfries are all on a scale suited to its wealth and respectability. There is a public infirmary here, supported by subscription, which was founded thirty-seven years ago, and was the second institution of the kind established in Scotland. It includes a military ward and a lunatic asylum. The building is spacious and commodious, and kept in the nicest order, with a pious attention to cleanliness. It has comfortable accommodations for forty patients; and the medical attendants give assistance to as many out-patients as their time will permit. The charity extends to persons from all parts of the kingdom when properly recommended.

The gaol, in the cleanliness of all its divisions, does credit to the officers who have the charge of it; but it is too confined to admit of a proper classification of the prisoners—the most serious objection that could be formed against it, were it not in a country where few criminals are found of any desperate wickedness. The walls of the prison inclose the courts of justice, and as a new court-house is now building, these may be converted into rooms for the prisoners, and obviate the defect that I have mentioned. The assizes for Kircudbrightshire and Dumfriesshire are holden here, and were just about to take place for the trial of a single prisoner, a woman, for some petty offence. On an average, not more than six cases for trial occur in a year, a most striking and gratifying fact, and well worth the attention of those who would withhold the blessings of education from the poor.

There are two churches in Dumfries, marked by the plainness and simplicity, which are the essential distinctions of the kirk of Scotland. But in one of them, St. Michael's, that ostentatious decoration denied to the church has been amply conferred on the burial-place, which, in the grandeur and costliness of its monuments, far excels any piece of ground of equal extent that I ever saw in any part of the kingdom. On passing down the street in which the church stands, the attention of the stranger is imperatively arrested by three or four immense masses of stone standing above the outer wall, which have a resemblance to huge irregular battlements. These uncouth cumbrous structures, which bear the dates of 1629, 32, 33, are loaded with much vulgar finery in the way of sculptural embellishment, and covered with Latin inscriptions full of unmeasured panegyric, common-place morality, and bad spelling. From these originals a kind of taste seems to have sprung for monumental parade, which has been regularly transmitted down to the present time; and the churchyard is now so crowded with columns, pyramids, and canopies, that to have a monument here is clearly a fashion and not a distinction. I hope not to give offence, but there really seems to be a very frivolous ostentation in this indiscriminate waste of sepulchral honours on individuals, most of whom had certainly no title, and probably no desire, to live anywhere beyond the grave but in heaven and the memory of their friends. On casting one's eye over this pompous burial-ground, one might imagine that it was the chosen cemetery of the warriors and sages of the world, instead of the peaceful and plodding dealers and chapmen of a provincial town.

In a corner of the church-yard, a little detached from this crowd of ambitious trophies, stands the tomb of Burns, a plain flat stone, raised on supporters a little above the ground, with his name, age, and the time of his death inscribed upon it, together with those of two of his sons, who lie buried with him. A subscription for a more splendid and suitable monument for him was just set on foot when I was at Dumfries. I have not been so much gratified by any privilege in the course of writing this voyage as by the opportunity which I now have of publicly expressing my affection and admiration for the memory of this extraordinary man. No person perhaps has more signally proved how genius is consecrated by the grave—no one, when he could claim that melancholy interest which we feel for those that are gone, was ever the subject of more general pity and regard. I say pity, for that I think is the prevailing feeling that mixes with our recollections of him: we must reverence his genius, but it is his genius joined with the softer and more simple qualities of our common nature, and with his large share of the familiar sufferings of man, that peculiarly endears him to us—his passion, his tenderness, and his sociability; the miseries of his ill-directed life, and his premature death. Few travellers pass through Dumfries who have not some sentiment to gratify in visiting his grave. When the mail stops there at night, it is a common thing to see the passengers hurrying with a lantern to his humble grave, all pleased to pluck a blade or two of grass from the sod that covers him. His widow, so familiar to all who read his poetry, still lives at

Dumfries

Dumfries in the same house where he resided, and which his name now makes interesting, though there so lately, neglected and degraded, he groaned under the base drudgery to which his patrons had subjected him.

I had the pleasure of conversing here with several people who had been on terms of intimacy with him, and had often seen him in those convivial hours so fatal to his happiness, but in which all the vigour and brilliancy of his wit and his romantic fancy were warmed into action. He was much liked in the town for his social disposition and many amiable qualities; but his acquaintance, particularly of the humbler order, stood somewhat in awe of him, for he was very apt to be satirical, and sometimes employed the energies of his superior mind in mortifying and humbling those who offered him no provocation but their helplessness. In parties where he did not think it necessary to constrain himself by any forms of politeness, he usually selected a *but*, whom he played upon without mercy, and often with great coarseness of raillery, but edged with such keenness, and seasoned with such irresistible humour and vivacity, that there was only one of the company that could listen to him without delight. He was remarkable, as is well known, for his bold and animating flow of language; and his eloquence, though often coarse, rather gained in vehemence and volubility, from his disdain of all critical rules of taste and propriety. He had a high reputation for this rich gift even amongst his lowest associates; and indeed it is doubted whether his power of language was not most strikingly illustrated, when he conversed in the broadest and most unmixed dialect of his country. I met with a publican not far from Dumfries, a shrewd intelligent fellow, who had been one of the boon companions of Burns, and gave me a strong idea of his wonderful strength of expression. No one, he observed, could stand against him; he could make any one appear ridiculous, and had a power of retort that was terrible. On the whole, however, he was good humoured and affable, known to be kind and compassionate at heart, and was so much the patron of convivial meetings that he made no lasting enemies.

Dumfries being the largest and most respectable town in the south of Scotland, is the winter residence of many families of note from the surrounding country. Amongst its establishments for gaiety and amusement it numbers a theatre, but a small one, and by no means suited to the general elegance that is observable in the buildings of the place, for the drama is not very liberally patronized in Scotland. The town is little distinguished as a place of trade, though a considerable quantity of hats and stockings are made in it, and sold to chapmen from various parts of the country. It is principally enriched by the great fairs for black cattle and pigs that are held in it, immense flocks arriving weekly from Ayrshire and Galloway on their way to the English markets. A few vessels belong to the port, which bring in coals, lime, groceries, &c. and carry away grain, timber, and a few manufactured goods. Vessels of small burthen can approach within a short distance of the town; but the larger vessels bound to the port discharge their cargoes a little below the mouth of the river.

There

There are two bridges over the Nith at Dumfries, close to each other, one of them of great antiquity, and very singularly constructed. There is no record of the period of its foundation, but it was evidently built when the science of engineering was in its infancy. It had formerly nine arches, but there are now only eight, which are of very unequal sizes, not diminishing from the centre towards the extremities, but placed irregularly, some circular and some pointed, the largest occupying the west end, and the least the east. The space between the parapets is so narrow that it will not admit two carriages abreast. This bridge is curious from its antiquity, but it is now of no use, and is rather an unsightly object, interfering with the effect of the new bridge, which is a very handsome structure, with five elliptical arches, and a fine broad road.

I left Dumfries on a Sunday, and was amused on my road by a droll exhibition of Scottish economy among the lasses, who were flocking from the neighbouring villages and farms to the kirk. They were mostly very gaily attired, but had all their shoes and stockings off, which they carried wrapped up in their handkerchiefs, and would not put on till the moment before their entrance into the town. From this notable expedient there obviously results a most important saving in the wear and tear of the articles, besides the advantage of preserving them unsoiled till the instant of public exhibition—and all this at no expense of ease or comfort, for these hardy damsels consider shoes and stockings as things of mere ornament, and rather encumbrances than otherwise to those who walk. I observed that some of them, and some of the smartest too, were altogether without them, and these would flaunt into Dumfries without fear or danger of ridicule, though the eye of an Englishman was not much less startled by their appearance than it might have been had he seen gentlemen straying in the streets without their breeches. When engaged in their ordinary occupations, and dressed in coarse and suitable garments, their bare legs and feet do very well, and a lover of the picturesque might probably prefer them, rough, dirty, and weather-beaten as they are, to shoes and stockings; but nothing can be more ridiculous than the effect of them when seen in a person who is just fresh from the cares of her toilet, and in every other respect studiously ornamented. Here you may see a lady with a white gown, a silk shawl or spencer, and a straw bonnet with artificial flowers in it, nay, with gloves on too, and all this finery terminated by a huge pair of bare, begrimed legs and feet, which look as if they could scarcely belong to her. The legs and feet, from exposure to wet, and cold, and the sun, become red and puffy, resembling in surface and colour a great over-grown radish, most unfortunately set off certainly when seen peeping from beneath a white muslin gown. So violent an incongruity is as if

turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

Or if this should be thought too strained a comparison, and we cannot say either to the very letter—

— ut

ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ ;—

the most partial judge must admit that there is a direct and inexcusable deviation from that valuable rule which is given as a caution against such monstrous associations :

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.

These Scottish lasses might shelter themselves perhaps from the sarcasms of the Roman satirist, under the authority of the ladies of ancient Greece, who certainly did not wear stockings; but those models of beauty and grace, in every point of natural form, and in every art of decoration, were much in the habit of washing the legs which they did not hesitate to expose, and it may be questioned whether they had not altogether a different description of legs from those that I have just mentioned. For my part, if I was ready to concede that bare legs had not certain vulgar associations to contend against that render them scarcely reconcilable with muslin gowns, gloves, and other finery, I should still plead for stockings in behalf of our cotton manufacturers; and I am sure that the poor stocking-weavers of Dumfries will heartily go along with me in my animadversions upon the *nudipedes* of this neighbourhood, and see the whole impropriety either of their being without stockings altogether or carrying them in their pocket handkerchiefs.

A few miles below Dumfries stands New Abbey, which retains enough of its original beauty and magnificence to give a melancholy interest to its ruins. Nothing remains but the church, which was a noble structure built of red freestone in the form of a cross, and in that sumptuous style of Gothic architecture that prevailed in the reign of Edward the Third. It has no roof, and the lateral walls are destroyed, but the nave and choir still remain; and though much shattered and sadly mutilated in all their ornaments, still present a grand perspective of highly pointed arches and lofty clustered columns of great beauty and elegance, firm and substantial, but light and graceful in the highest degree. The whole length of the building from east to west is two hundred feet, and the breadth of the nave twenty-five feet. Six arches on each side divide the nave from the aisles: the choir occupies the area of the tower, which rests on four arches of vast magnitude. At the east and west ends are two magnificent windows filled with tracery, which take up nearly the whole breadth of the nave, and reached to the vaulting. The transepts are standing, and are very elegant. On each side of the choir is a very small chapel with a stone roof, vaulted and divided into four compartments by two intersecting ribs. There is not a single monument in any part of the church. Not the slightest care is taken to preserve this beautiful ruin from the invasion of the mischievous, or to keep it free from the most offensive nuisances, and it is consequently in many parts in a very beastly condition. About half a century ago it was bought merely for the sake of the stone, and the Vandal of a purchaser had actually begun to pull it down, when he was stopped in his unhallowed work by some gentlemen of the country, who redeemed it from his hands for a small

small sum raised by subscription. It were to be wished that some gracious mediators would interfere to defend it from the irreverent usage to which it is now subjected.

A small modern church is now a part of the ancient building, one of its sides being formed by the wall of the southern aisle. Service was being performed when I was on the spot, and as I wandered through the grass-grown aisles of this once splendid fabric, I could distinguish the voice of the preacher from the little lowly church that has risen upon its ruins, and it quickened, it will not be doubted, those solemn reflections on the revolutions of society that the fallen and faded grandeur around me inspired.

The abbey was founded late in the twelfth century by Devorgilla, daughter to Alan, Lord of Galloway, and wife of John Baliol, Lord of Castle-Bernard. On the death of her husband this pious lady embalmed his heart, and deposited it in an ivory case bound with silver, which she fixed in the walls of the church near the high altar. In commemoration of this act of reverence and affection the building was called Sweetheart Abbey, but in the course of time lost this tender title and assumed that of New Abbey.

I proceeded from hence towards the mouth of the Nith skirting the base of Criffel, which rose with great majesty to my right. This mountain rises abruptly from its base to its summit, but has a smooth surface covered with heath. When seen from the plain it appears to taper to a point, but there is a flat peat-moss on its very summit of considerable extent. At its base is a small lake well stocked with trout and other fish. Seamen have reported that from some distance at sea, a bright spot is often to be seen high up this mountain, which shines like a diamond, and no doubt is one, they say, sufficient to make the fortunes of any twenty who may have the luck to find it. But the perverse jewel mocks pursuit, and though it has been the object of many an anxious search, never shews itself but to tantalize the distant observer.

Crossing a narrow swampy tract which lies between the base of Criffel and the sea, I arrived at Carsethorn, a small village a little below the mouth of the Nith, consisting of a few mean houses for the reception of bathers. I found the best inn poor and dirty, full of tobacco smoke and the reek of whisky-punch, but ill provided with every comfort that a traveller looks for after a long walk, unless indeed tobacco and whisky be the consummation of all his desires. I met with extreme civility, however, which, if it will not exactly appease a hungry stomach, tends to make a man bear it with patience and good humour. I was asked here whether I chose to sleep in sheets or blankets, a question which really sounded not much less preposterous to me, than if I had been asked whether I chose to eat my meat raw or roasted. The same question was proposed to me in many other places during my tour in Scotland, so that I suppose there actually are found people, even in the king's European dominions, who choose the blankets.

On rising in the morning at this place I was quite charmed with the magnificence of the prospect that I beheld from my window, comprehending the whole length of the Solway Firth, with both its coasts, which the eye embraced as component parts of one

vast

vast landscape—the Scottish side clearly marked in all its variety of hill and valley, corn-fields, meadows, and woodlands, and the English border distinguishable only in a few scattered eminences which resembled islands, but with the mountains towering most sublimely in the farthest distance,—the general forms of their multiplied summits distinct, but soft and shadowy through the medium of a blue misty atmosphere. The Firth lay extended in an immense desert of sand, warmed by a golden hue from the broad and level beams of the sun, which had not yet mounted far above the horizon. The figures of some shrimpers appeared far remote on this wide plain, looming up as if they trod in air; here and there was a flock of gulls, enlarged to a monstrous size, and occasionally a solitary heron sprung with a piercing scream from its marshy borders.

I was warned before I left this village that I had a very rough journey before me, and must make huts my resting-places, and such food as huts afford my fare, for several days. Had I been prudent I might have provided against the meagerness and coarseness of hut diet, by laying in stock at Dumfries, though really one finds so much moral refinement and cultivation in the huts of Scotland, that I should have hesitated to wound the pride of the people by a display of precautions suited to the interior of Africa. A little hardship too gives dignity and interest to a man's travels, or if it cannot be admitted that there is either dignity or interest in eating oat-cake and sitting up to one's knees in dirt, it must be granted that such trials have their use in making a man, after all is over, more acutely sensible of the value of loaves and clean floors, and giving the piquancy of luxuries to the most ordinary comforts and indulgences. I had moreover been well seasoned in Wales by a long course of experience in all the ways of dirt, so that I started on my journey to meet my threatened sufferings with a reasonable confidence in my hardihood and patience.

About a mile to the southward of Carsethorn, a low ledge of rocks appears along the shore, the first that I had observed on the borders of the Solway Firth. On rounding a point a little further south a beautiful bank presents itself as the boundary of the sea, with a very steep front broken in places by projecting masses of rock, and clothed nearly down to the water's edge with oak and ash trees, many of which, in spite of their exposure to the sea-winds, have attained a considerable size. On the summit of this bank near the north end I observed one of those ancient fortifications called *Moats*, which occur so frequently on the coasts of Scotland. It consists of a low circular mount, surrounded by a ditch except in one part where it terminates at the edge of the precipice above the sea. The area of the summit is flat, and not more than eighteen yards in diameter. It is difficult to conceive in what system of warfare this tiny fort could have been of any service to the natives of the country. It commands a view of a very small extent of coast, and could therefore not have been designed for a post of observation, neither does it guard any creek or landing-place. A small party of men might have defended themselves on it against a large force, but they might speedily have been starved into submission, and there

was not room enough upon it as a place of security for any considerable number of people, or for cattle during a moment of sudden alarm; besides that a refuge of this sort would have been placed in the interior, as far from the reach of invaders as possible. There never was any kind of building upon the mount, nor any provision for water, so that for whatever purposes it was used, they must have been very transient. Some have supposed that these small fortifications were not raised by the natives but by their invaders, as strong holds in which they might leave a few men to guard their boats while they scoured the country for booty. But to the reasonableness of this conjecture may be opposed the appearance of so many of these moats quite entire, for on the retreat of an enemy, the first act of the inhabitants would undoubtedly have been to destroy every work that could give facility to their operations in another attack.

As I proceeded south from the moat I was struck with the size of some of the trees that grew on the bank to my left, stretching their branches over the sea and exposing their bare roots to the spray. These wonders are on the estate of Mr. Craig, whose house, surrounded by a large and thriving plantation, stands at a short distance from the shore. This gentleman is noted in this part of the country for the extent of his agricultural improvements, and the fine trees that he has reared in a situation so unfriendly to their growth are conspicuous proofs of his skill. His estate exhibited the last beauties of cultivation that I was to see for some time, the country farther westward assuming a character that bids defiance to the art of man. The wooded bank soon terminates, the coast at its south end receding into a sandy bay, opening in front into a bleak naked country, and bounded to the south by Saltorness Point a low reef of rocks jutting far into the sea, and covered with a black grove of firs. Near the point is a small village, which I found full of poor invalids who had come from various parts of the country for the benefit of sea-bathing. A few miserable creatures were pacing about upon the sands, and their woeful figures, with the dreariness of this wild bay, composed a very melancholy picture, the more impressive from its contrast to the rich gay country from which I had but just taken my eye.

At Saltorness Point the coast makes a sharp angle, and stretches to the westward in a range of sand-hills, which spread out to a considerable depth, and when seen in long perspective from the point, have a most wild and dreary aspect. A prodigious quantity of sand has been accumulated at this extremity of the Firth; the tides here, in consequence of the increased breadth of the strait, running with less violence and allowing the sand to settle, which is born down by the various rivers that discharge themselves into it. Between Saltorness and the mouth of the Orr, a vast bank runs out more than two miles from the shore, and forms a terrible obstruction in the way of navigation. At half ebb almost the whole of it is dry, and there is not sufficient water over it, at any time of tide, for vessels drawing more than four or five feet. There is a lighthouse on Saltorness Point, which warns vessels of the position of this shoal, and it is indicated too by the breakers that are
constantly

constantly bursting upon it; but in gales from the south, the most furious that blow, vessels entering the Firth from the westward have this dreadful bank to leeward of them, and many are wrecked upon it in spite of every precaution.

To the westward of Salturness a total change takes place in the whole form and character of the inland country; the cultivated fields that I had hitherto seen bordering the shores of the Firth, giving way to a chain of lofty, rude, barren hills, which extends from Criffel to the utmost visible distance to the westward. When travelling along the Cumberland coast I had often admired the bold and picturesque outline of this long serrated range of hills, and they appeared to still more advantage on a nearer view, when seen in their real magnitude and under the various colouring of rock, and heath, and wood. In point of height they may almost claim the dignity of mountains, and they have a perfect resemblance to them in character and expression, in their ruggedness and abruptness, and in the savage grandeur of the rocks on their broken summits. About two miles west of Salturness these hills, terminating in bold abrupt cliffs, bound the sea-shore, but at the head of the range a singular peninsula, as flat as the sands of the sea, lies at their base, jutting into the Firth in a semicircle about two miles broad in the broadest part. This flat is composed entirely of sand, and from this circumstance, and the discovery of various marine remains upon it, there can be no doubt but that it was once covered by the sea. It is bounded too by a line of broken and precipitous cliffs, which have evidently been exposed to the battering of the waves. The retreat of the sea from this tract took place very recently (geologically speaking), for among other proofs of its former submersion, I was informed that an anchor was lately discovered under the sand. No great benefit has hitherto been derived from the recovered land, the greater part of it being an open common, scantily covered with short dry grass; but a portion of it has been inclosed, and forced by abundant manuring into more fertility.

From Salturness I turned my steps inland, and proceeded across the flat till I came to the ruins of an old castle, called the Reas, built by an Earl of Moreton. There are only a few fragments of the walls standing, the greater part having been lately pulled down, and the materials employed to make stone dykes for enclosures. The building was very small, consisting only of a single square tower, rudely put together, but remarkable for its strength, the most valuable property no doubt of a gentleman's house at the time that this was built. A farmer lives in a small house close to the ruins, who told me that in taking down one side of the castle a cavity was discovered in the walls, in which were lodged a quantity of human bones. There have not been wanting, of course, stories of blood and murder to account for the appearance of such remains so carefully concealed in such a place, and as there is no circumstance known in the history of the castle that throws any light on the mystery, every one is at liberty to frame what conjectures he pleases. One is not a little indignant at seeing an old building like this pulled down for the sake of the coarse stones of which it was composed, while the hills at the distance of

half a mile would furnish stones enough, all loose and portable, to build a city with. There is not much cause for wonder or reproach in the conduct of the thrifty farmer, who valuing the castle for nothing but its materials, thought it advisable to turn them to some account, but it might have been hoped that some one with feelings less dull and limited would have interposed to save it from destruction. It had no grandeur or beauty about it, and was not memorable as the scene of any illustrious actions, but it was interesting merely from its antiquity, and as a memorial of times gone by, was the more curious from its rudeness and its contrast with the habitations of the great and wealthy of the present day.

I was driven from hence by a sudden and violent rain which, interrupting me in my day's march, while I was yet at a considerable distance from the place that I had fixed upon as its boundary, sent me for shelter to a neighbouring hamlet, called (I could not ascertain why) Man's Riddle. There was a small public house in it open to receive me, which, had it been far more unprepossessing than I found it, I must of necessity have submitted to. On entering a house of no greater promise externally in England, a wet traveller would bustle to the fire, and brightening up in the anticipation of refreshment, would rub his hands and briskly ask, "Now, what can I have for dinner?" But I asked no such question here, being thoroughly convinced that though I might choose to dine, I could have no choice of dinner. That, however, which I had here as a matter of destiny, though very humble, was so civilly put before me, and the manners of the people were so friendly and cordial, that I was absolutely obliged to feel content. I was pleased with the simplicity of my host, who, not imagining that I had the smallest cause of complaint, brought me some oat-cake and butter, and a *mutchkin* of whisky, observing, as if he had set before me a feast for a prince,—“There, Sir, sit you doon and fill yoursel.” The oat-cake as made in Scotland is a very coarse kind of bread, and I often found it so rank and bitter, that with every disposition to make the best of things, I could scarcely consent to swallow it. At least one third of the husk of the grain is mixed up in the cake, so that when baked hard it has a surface like a file, and proves very offensive to gums not properly seasoned. I know not whether it be from this quality of roughness that it has an unpleasant effect on the bowels of those unaccustomed to such rugged food. Yet, coarse as it is, this is the bread which the majority of the people of Scotland are content to eat, and I have often heard it contended amongst them, that it is not less palatable and far more nutritious than wheaten bread. Labouring people have told me that if they had a severe day's toil to go through, and had their choice between oaten and wheaten bread, they should prefer the former as best calculated to sustain their strength. I am not at all disposed to despise such authority, yet I cannot consent to give up my English prejudices in favour of wheat, which is undoubtedly a more glutinous grain than oats, and therefore, I imagine, decidedly more nutritious. If it be true that an oat-cake as made in this country would give more substantial support to a man than an equal weight of wheaten bread,

bread, there must be a great difference indeed in the quality of the two grains, for the husk that is mixed so plentifully in the cake is not to be digested by a stomach weaker than that of an ostrich.

It was a stormy morning when I started again on my journey, and the gloom of the sky gave character and effect to the rude grandeur of the country. The sea, raised by a strong gale from the south, was bursting in tiers of breakers upon the sand-banks; the wind was roaring amongst the bending woods on the sides of the hills, and the driving scud whirling in rapid eddies about their summits. I followed the public road, which, though carried over a rugged tract, is an excellent one, and gives the traveller, together with the pleasure of ease in his progress, as fine views of the scenery of the country as he could select. About a mile from Man's Riddle stands a small elegant house, the seat of General Dunlop, shrouded in the gloom of a thick wood, with a rapid burn foaming before it, and overhung by the rocky summits of tremendous hills—a situation of the most romantic wildness and seclusion that can be imagined. After crossing the burn the road ascends and is carried along the face of a hill which rises to a great height to the right of it, its summit abrupt and craggy, and to the left descends to the flat in a broken and rocky precipice hung with ivy, and tufted with coppice wood. A little farther on the flat terminates, and the sea flows up to the base of the precipice. The scenery here reminded me of some of the wild beauties of Caernarvonshire. To the right the eye was prevented from roaming by a vast barrier of hills, covered, saving their savage tops, with dark masses of wood, and to the left was a raging sea, whose roar was the chief sound that broke upon the solitude. Half a mile further west the road descends into a deep and narrow valley, opening into a small bay, and enclosed on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, their sides and every glen and hollow amongst them still clothed with wood, and their summits towering up, peak beyond peak, in masses of naked rock. On the west side of the valley, close to the sea, is a small village, of a rudeness, which, for the sake of its agreement with the surrounding scenery, one would not wish to see softened.

Passing the village I soon lost sight of the sea, and entered a valley of peat-moss, bounded by dark barren hills, which on the south side descend so rapidly to the sea that the road could not be continued along their front. Following the road for about two miles through this dreary valley, I came to a small village on the border of a dismal lake, enclosed all round by bare and shattered rocks. There was something so gloomy and horridly cheerless in the situation of this village, that I did not pass it without a sigh for its poor inhabitants, though I soon took comfort on adverting to that love of soil, or rock, as it must be here, which grows up in every man wherever he may have happened to be born and bred. Near the lake I turned into a lane that led me down to the shore at the mouth of the water of Orr, a considerable river, which discharges itself into the sea through a wide opening between the hills, at high water filled by the tide. At its mouth
thus

this inlet is two miles in breadth, but a little within it a lofty ridge of rocks juts out into the channel, and divides the Orr from the bay of Belcarry, which penetrates deep into the country on the western side of the promontory. The hills which enclose the Orr have an Alpine grandeur and rudeness, and the whole scenery of the estuary, under the incidental effect given to it by a dark sky and a tempestuous sea, was magnificently wild. Just within the entrance, near the west point, is a small island called Hasten Isle, which was now almost buried under the foam of the sea.

I scrambled for a mile or two over a rocky broken path along the eastern side of the Orr, till I came to Cap Ford, a small village inhabited by shipwrights, who build small craft for coasters and fishermen. The larger vessels that enter the Orr discharge their cargoes at this place, but sloops from fifty to a hundred tons burthen can proceed four or five miles higher up the river. I was now in a very rude and unfrequented part of the country, where a traveller of very ordinary importance was an object of some curiosity, and might be flattered at the little stir and bustle occasioned by his presence in the recluse villages at which he paused to satisfy his wants and enquiries. My sudden arrival at Cap Ford, and immediate demand for breakfast, evidently excited a kind of tumult in the place, and I could venture to say that there were not two individuals amongst the inhabitants who were not in some way accessory to the great plot of providing for me. There were many open and audible consultations *en masse*, besides an incalculable number of sly movements and private conferences; and full two hours had elapsed before I was fairly seated down to my tea and oat-cake. The cottage in which I was entertained, the whisky-shop of the village, was remarkable for its cleanliness, and I was treated by my hostess with a refinement of courtesy that was exceedingly pleasing. She sat herself down unsolicited to preside at the breakfast-table, and could not be prevailed upon to leave me by myself during my meal, thinking that as the mistress of the house she owed this sort of attention to a stranger and her guest. There was nothing in her behaviour like the overstrained and oppressive civility that we commonly meet with at an inn, but a cordial politeness that had all the grace of unpurchased hospitality. Her good offices indeed were as nearly gratuitous as possible, for her demand upon me, after all her planning, preparing, and serving, amounted only to sixpence. I hope that such slight traits of manners will not be considered as too insignificant for notice, and subject me to the reproach of frivolous amplification. Such small attentions, when uniformly manifested in the conduct of a people, give a great charm to social life, and the difference is immense when they are exchanged for acts of selfishness and incivility, not more than equal in degree and as constantly expressed. In travelling through Lancashire I noticed amongst the lower classes a style of manners exactly the reverse of that courtesy with which I was so much pleased in Scotland; and though the instances of rudeness that I met with are not worth mentioning individually, yet they were sufficient in their combination to fix in my mind an unfavourable opinion of the people. There are many who
prefer

prefer a certain blunt and unconceding temper as the surest test of honesty and independence of spirit, and that tendency to *booing*, which has long been attributed to our countrymen of Scotland, has been supposed to spring from a time-serving disposition, more prone, for selfish purposes, to flattery than truth. But if we consider the question with candour, and can forego a prescriptive joke, I think it will be found that there is not necessarily the most honesty where there is the least politeness; and that this study to please which distinguishes our neighbours has a nobler origin, and more generous views than it has general credit for, being the natural result of that system of education peculiar to the country, which softens the manners of the people, while it teaches them to respect the higher duties of morality. If I were to see a person much addicted to *booing* at the levee of a great man, I should certainly follow the popular belief as to his designs; but when we find a similar complaisance and easiness of nature in the cottages of the poor, nothing but dulness, or malevolence, or both, could refer them to similar motives.

On putting my head out of the house again, I found that the storm had increased, and blew with such violence that I thought it scarcely practicable to cross the river with safety. I begged, however, to consult with the ferry-man.—"She's coming, Sir," replied my hostess, and presently a woman made her appearance, who did not spare me a moment for further hesitation, but bounded into the boat, ordered me to my seat, and pulled me across the stream with the greatest ease, thoroughly drenched, and quite in admiration of her strength and dexterity. This bold and brawny female plies regularly and by authority at the ferry, and few men could be found better able to perform the duty of her station, in contempt of wind and weather. Men generally, and perhaps justly, claim a superiority over the other sex in strength both of body and mind, but we occasionally meet with a paragon of this sort to mortify our vanity, and take the oars out of our hands.

It was decided in full council at Cap Ford, that after crossing the ferry, my shortest and easiest way would be to proceed to the mouth of the Orr, and then cut across the sands of Belcarry Bay; but I was stopped in my progress by a peasant, who warned me that the flood-tide was far advanced, and there would be danger in crossing the sands. I know not whether he was more to be relied upon than my first counsellors; but as an error on his side threatened the least mischief, I resolved to follow his advice, and made a path for myself over the rugged ridge of hills that bounds the eastern side of the Orr. From the summit I had a good view of the deep Bay of Belcarry, girded by an iron-bound coast, and with a tremendous sea rolling into it. On its eastern border stands Orchardton, the seat of Mr. Douglas, which, with its woods and the little embellishments about it, forms a conspicuous object amidst the rudeness of this stormy coast. At the western point of the bay is Belcarry House, the residence of Colonel Urban, in a more exposed situation, but sheltered, like the opposite villa, by a small plantation. Saving these two spots, the whole country around was dismally bleak and barren, discovering scarcely a mark of cultivation, and indeed of so rugged a surface as almost to defy the art of man.

Skirting

Skirting the front of the bay, I arrived at Auchincairn, a large straggling village, built in the very coarsest style of the country. The cottages are constructed with stone, there being plenty of this material on the neighbouring hills; but they are so shapelessly put together, that they look as if they were falling down in a hundred directions, and are all topped with straw chimnies, black and ragged from the effects of time and the weather. The people here live in a state of poverty unknown in any part of England. I had now been travelling for three days since I left Dumfries, and had not been able to procure a morsel of flesh meat, and at Auchincairn I could get no butter to my oat-cake. Potatoes, oatmeal, and whisky, compose the principal fare of the people, and occasionally a salt herring is added to the dish to make up a dinner. A bit of beef or mutton is a delicacy reserved only for two or three festive days during the year. The people have not that appearance of full and florid health that I observed among the well-fed peasantry of Lancashire; and the reason is, I have no doubt, that they have too little meat and too much whisky. They drink whisky to a shocking excess, not having recourse to it as a stimulus for extraordinary occasions, but making it their common and daily beverage. They sometimes mix it with water, but more frequently take it undiluted, swallowing it glass after glass as one drinks wine. I have seen a man, not at all noted for insobriety, drink a pint of it in this manner, in the course of an hour; and for high days, a quart bottle of it is not considered by any means an extravagant allowance. The people regard it as extremely wholesome, and therefore take it freely, and without fear, though, whatever were their opinion of its effects, they might excuse their devotion to it on the ground of their having nothing else to drink. I say nothing, for water is suited only to allay thirst, and to confine the people to this simple liquid would in their estimation be dooming them never to be merry again. Fermented liquor, in some form or other, must be administered to the inhabitants of this country; it is a part of our constitution no more to be given up than Magna Charta—the great national comforter, made by the habits and prejudices of the people as much a necessary of life as their bread. This being the case, the matter is to discover that which is least pernicious, and he who could cover all its peat-mosses with barley would be less a benefactor to Scotland than he who should introduce malt-liquor as the common drink of the people instead of whisky. Ale, it is generally admitted, is a wholesome and nourishing drink, and it does not tempt men to excess so potently as whisky. A kind of infatuation frequently takes possession of a person who has once devoted himself to spirituous liquors; life would be odious and intolerable to him without them, and he will sacrifice every other blessing of life to obtain them. A dram-drinker is easily made, and seldom to be reformed; none are insensible to the captivation of that hilarity, and that glow and intensity of animal feeling excited by ardent spirits, and few who have once yielded themselves up to them, whatever may be their powers of mind, can forego the delight of this preternatural elevation, or bear with patience the melancholy and the death-like deliquium that oppress them, when deprived of their stimulating cordial. A man who
makes

makes spirits his ordinary drink, is always in danger of falling into the worst extreme; and if he avoids it, he does not escape unhurt, for the habitual use even of a very small quantity materially injures the strength and sensibility of the stomach, and renders it dead to any moderate and safe excitement. There is a difference in the opinions of medical men as to the beneficial effects of wine and ale, but all agree that spirits are poison.

A visible degree of mischief has already arisen from the universal addiction of the lower classes in Scotland to whisky; and it is not too serious, I think, to anticipate from it the complete corruption and degradation of the people. Their moral character is in danger, and a certain injury accrues to their vigour of mind and body, which is transmitted to their children, and from them will descend to another generation, still under new aggravations, till—really I am afraid to finish the period. I have had such frequent occasion to speak of the existing virtue and moral refinement of the mass of society in this country, that I am grieved to mention habits so likely to pervert them; but as we do not lessen an evil by looking at it with only half an eye, I have set it forth in what I conceive to be its just magnitude.

There being no bed for a stranger at Auchincarn, I was obliged to leave it somewhat late in the evening, to search for another resting place. There is some very grand scenery along shore, to the westward of Belcarry Bay; but the approach of night and the roughness of the weather induced me to defer visiting it till another day, and make the best of my way for shelter. My road lay over a most desolate country, generally covered with heath and morass. Darkness, together with torrents of rain, overtook me before I was housed, and it was not without difficulty that I found out the village of Dundrennan, where I took up my quarters in a wretched house, and, as usual of late, met with nothing but civility, in atonement for the want of every kind of comfort and accommodation. I was forcibly struck here with the decent manners and intelligence of the people, contrasted with the barbarous rudeness of their habitation, and the whole style of their domestic life. Here was a place that carried the imagination back to those dark and dirty times that preceded the invention of mops and brooms; a den of filth and disorder, in which, had there been any harmony and homogeneity in the several parts of their system and condition, one should have expected to see people not yet beyond the A, B, C, of any kind of knowledge, and unable to count up to ten. On the contrary, here was a little family, every individual of which that could speak could read; the master of the house, who sat upon a chair with half a bottom to it, and a broken leg, talked politics with me, and ventured upon some hints for setting up Europe straight and steady; and his barefooted help-mate, who had obviously never touched the heads of her children with a comb, proved to me in the course of the evening that there was not a *bairn o'em* that could not spell *but*. It is really melancholy to see people so cultivated and improved, sunk into a state of such absolute piggishness in their domestic life; and though, as a wet, weary

and hungry traveller, I might have been justified in feeling some little indignation at the meanness and coarseness of my accommodations, yet the people were so obliging in their attentions, and so respectable from their knowledge, that I had grace enough to feel more on their account than my own. Laziness, and a great attachment to ancient habits, stand in the way of their reform; and these impediments are not likely soon to be removed in a sequestered village, where their prescriptive tranquillity is so seldom disturbed by the intrusion of a stranger. A *Mrs. Mason* transplanted to every village in Scotland, with all her resolution, patience, and good-humour, might make every village a *Glenburnie*; but nothing less than her unremitting perseverance could drive old Error from his strong holds and dusty corners, supported as he is by those obstinate allies—“*I canna be fash’d,*” and “*It will do weel eneugh.*”

My supper at Dundrennan consisted of barley-broth, served up in a brown earthenware bason, with a great horn-spoon in it, the bowl of which might have suited the capacious mouth of a shark. This broth is a national and very popular dish, seen at the tables of the rich and poor, and must be eminently good, since it obtained the good word of Doctor Johnson. To have complained of insufficiency, with such a feast before me, may appear unreasonable; I must therefore explain, that my broth was made without the usual and very essential ingredient of flesh-meat, and formed but a Gallican kind of supper for a man who had had no dinner.

In the morning I went to see the ruins of Dundrennan Abbey, which stand close to the village, in a narrow valley, sheltered by high, bleak, mossy hills. This was one of the largest and most magnificent fabrics in Scotland; but its extent is now to be traced only in its foundations. The church was in the form of a cross, the transept of which is all that is standing. The architecture is Gothic, of the same light and elegant character as that of New Abbey. It is built with a grey freestone, of a very beautiful quality, which was procured on the coast, at a short distance from Dundrennan. The Abbey was for Monks of the Cistercian order, and was founded by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, in the year 1142. The wretched Queen Mary was conducted by the Lord Herries from Terreagles to Dundrennan, on her fatal way to England, and spent at the Abbey the last hours that she was to see in Scotland. A small burn passes the building, and discharges itself into the sea two miles further south, through a creek in the rocks, called Port Mary, being the place where the Queen stepped into the boat that was to bear her for ever from her country.

After an hour or two spent amongst the ruins, I proceeded, under the direction of an intelligent guide, to visit the coast that I had passed by unnoticed on the preceding evening, with a view particularly to see the noted Cavern of Barlocco, noted at least by all the world at Dundrennan. Turning east from the village, we ascended the hills, and came to the house of Orlan, which was in the possession, I was told, of the family of the Cutlers for six hundred years. The last proprietor named Cutler recently died, and the house and farm are now held by a distant relation of the family, of a new name. The land of this farm
does

does not indicate that any agricultural skill was transmitted with their estate through the numerous generations of the Cutlers, for at this venerable period of its descent it is yet in the infancy of cultivation. The whole parish in which this farm lies consists of lofty hills, covered with heath and furze, with here and there a good field laboured out of the general barrenness. The house of Orlan has been lately rebuilt; but there are a few weather-beaten ash trees about it, of great age, with their branches curiously warped and twisted, as they have shrunk from the poison of the western wind.

From hence we passed on to Barlocco House, standing on the very summit of a high, bare hill, a mark for every storm that blows. It belongs to a small farmer, whom I had been forewarned that I should find an obliging man, capable of assisting me materially in my day's pursuit. On knocking at his door, we were informed by his wife that he was not at home; but she would not allow us to escape without fortifying us with a drop of whisky, which done, she sent us into the corn-field, where we found our man amongst his reapers. He proved, according to report, a plain, civil creature, proud of being supposed able to give any information to a traveller, and still more so of saying that the greatest natural curiosities in the parish were on his own estate. The hill on which his house stands shelves from its summit with a smooth and gentle declivity, till it terminates in a precipice over the sea, a hundred and fifty feet in height, about which were the objects that I came to see, and which have gained a name in this part of the country as being among the wonders of nature. The farmer led the way to the spot, nor stopped when, as I supposed, he was at the brink of an inaccessible precipice, but hurried unconcernedly on, while I followed him down a desperate descent, where a false step had been fatal. The cliff in this part, or the *hugh*, as it is here called, was overspread with grass, and just not perpendicular, obliging us to make a slanting path down it, clinging with our hands at every step to the grass. In this manner sidelong we worked our way, till we came to some rugged and projecting crags, which surmounted, we reached the bottom, and were almost repaid, I thought, for the risk that we had run by the grandeur of the spectacle that presented itself to us. We stood upon a pile of loose and broken rocks, just out of the reach of the sea, which, as its waves burst upon the shore, rushed, foaming, leaping, and whirling into every creek and crevice beneath our feet. On each side of us, as far as we could see, lay ruinous heaps of rocks, like those on which we stood, with the same wild waters continually breaking and roaring amongst them; and, bounding this scene of devastation, rose a terrible precipice, worn into many caverns at its base, and shewing on its whole front the most awful signs of violence and destruction.

The vast cave of Barlocco was immediately opposite to us, and I did not think that fame had in any degree exaggerated its magnificence. The entrance forms a pointed and very regularly proportioned arch, by admeasurement sixty feet high, and ninety feet broad at the base. The cavern is two hundred and forty feet deep, and one hundred and fifty feet broad at the extreme end, which is its broadest part. A stupendous mass of rock overhangs it, and

the wide-spreading arch, and this immense superstructure, have the grandest effect imaginable. The state of the tide did not allow us to enter the cavern; but we had a perfect view of its whole extent; for from the width of the entrance, and the straightness of the passage, a strong light reaches over every part of it.

The rock at Barlocco is a pudding-stone, being a mass of argillaceous pebbles in a cement of very coarse red sand-stone. There is but just cement enough to hold the pebbles together, and on the upper part of the cliff it is so soft that it may be crumbled with the fingers; though lower down, where exposed to the spray of the sea, it is exceedingly close and hard. This mass of pudding-stone does not extend beyond the hill of Barlocco, on each side of which the coast is composed of sand-stone, which interrupts a bed of schistose rocks at Belcarry Bay, and continues in a line of lofty cliffs, much broken and indented, as far as Port Mary, to the westward of which the schist again makes its appearance, in a bold promontory, called the Abbey Head. The bulk of the sand-stone is red, but it is intersected by strata of white sand-stone, and in places intermixed with mill-stone grit and beds of shale.

I never made a more perilous experiment, in the whole course of my practice among rocks and precipices, than that of clambering up from the cavern to the summit of the cliff, nor could the whole domain of Barlocco, in fee-simple, have tempted me to repeat it. The farmer admitted the reasonableness of my feelings, though he was so familiar with every step of the pass that he made very light of the danger to his own person. The remaining curiosities on his estate, I was glad to find, were visible without any kind of risk, for he was resolutely bent upon my seeing every thing that he called curious. To the east of Barlocco is a small bay, bounded at one point by a lofty headland, called Castel-more Point, which bears the marks of an ancient fortification. It projects into the sea in a square form, with a smooth perpendicular face on three sides, and cut off from the land by a deep trench. The portion thus separated contains a flat area, about fifty yards square. The name of the point is Earse, and should prove that it was fortified at a very early period, before the aboriginal inhabitants of Scotland were driven, as their last refuge, to the fastnesses of the Highlands. There is a headland, guarded in a similar manner, and called by the same name, at the south point of Red Wharf Bay, on the coast of Anglesey.

I saw other sights, under the direction of my worthy friend of Barlocco; but if they were worth seeing, they are not worth talking about. I returned along the edge of the cliff, and observed nothing that particularly attracted my attention till I came to Port Mary House, a gentleman's seat, in a most romantic situation, with some decorations about it, which I might not have noticed in a less rugged country, but which had a very pleasing effect in my eyes, contrasted with the savage scenes that I had just been exploring. The house stands on a small plot of level ground, closed in on three sides by hills, and opening in front into a semicircular bay, guarded by tremendous bulwarks of rock

rock at the points, but between them bordered by a low beach, over which and through the branches of a wood that shelters it, the house commands a fine view of the ocean.

Passing this bay I arrived at Port Mary, which I did not visit without interest, from its connexion with the history of the beautiful and miserable queen whose name it bears. A more dangerous and incommodious harbour I have never seen, though it is occasionally frequented by vessels of forty or fifty tons. The creek is only just wide enough for their admission, and is to be approached only in the finest weather. It is completely exposed to the sea, and if a vessel were to be surprised in it by a sudden storm from the south, nothing could save her from destruction. The tide does not run more than three hundred yards up it, and sometimes rolls in with so heavy a swell, that a vessel floats and strikes with every wave. Lime for manure, and coals for the more opulent people of the neighbourhood, who do not burn turf, are the principal articles imported.

There was a small sloop in the creek at this time, about which a little cluster of people were assembled, condoling with the captain on his being aground on the first day of a neap tide, a mischance which would occasion him a certain loss of time, and might expose his vessel to danger, before a spring tide should return to liberate her. My arrival with my guide brought an addition of strength, which we cheerfully employed in his service; but, in spite of all our pushing and pulling, the vessel proved immoveable.

The various labours of the day had occupied so much time, that it was evening before I left Port Mary, and I had to collect my courage for another night at Dundrennan. I walked from the creek along the side of the Abbey burn, which, from Dundrennan to the sea, flows through a very pretty glen, thickly planted with ash-trees. A fall of rain spoiled my pleasure during this part of my excursion, and I was glad to find shelter, such as it was, at the village, and not unthankfully again sat down to my barley broth and horn spoon. In the course of the evening we had an influx of company, the captain of the sloop that I had left at Port Mary having collected together a few friends, and repaired hither to drown the memory of neap tides in whisky. Their noisy jollity did not allow me or any individual in the house a moment of repose, for they never ceased drinking and singing till six o'clock in the morning. In vain the landlord implored them to leave his house: they would hear of no such thing, but mercilessly called him from his bed twenty times during the night for more whisky, till he grew quite outrageous, when they locked him up in their room, made him as drunk as themselves, and then carried all before them. When I rose in the morning I saw these boisterous revellers staggering to their homes, amidst the loud reproaches of their indignant wives, whose resolute interference alone had had power to break up their party.

Rain and a storm of wind conspired to oppose my escape from hence after this rough night; but so many worse annoyances combined to disturb me within doors, that I resolved, at all hazards, to pursue my journey. I made my way over swamp and bog to the sea-side, west of the Abbey Head, where I beheld some far grander scenes of rock than any I
had

had yet seen on the Scottish shore. The cliffs are composed of a schistose rock, in strata declining a little generally from a vertical position towards the sea, but in places exhibiting an extraordinary confusion in their posture and inclinations. Externally they are perfectly black, and from their colour and their sharp and jagged fractures have a terrible aspect. The cliffs are on a vast scale, rising in places to the height of two hundred feet perpendicularly, with a most rugged front, shewing tremendous signs of its exposure to a stormy sea. From Port Mary to the mouth of the Dee, they are broken into a series of small bays, guarded by huge black headlands, each with a low narrow ledge of rocks jutting out from its extreme point far into the sea. Between the headlands in every bay the shore is strewed with vast piles of broken rocks, some in enormous fragments, and presenting images of ruin that one could scarcely look upon without terror. From a far projecting point I had a fine view of the multiplied promontories that thrust themselves into the sea, seen in long perspective, dark precipice beyond precipice, each with its rugged outwork, on which the sea was raging in perpetual foam, while it rolled majestically in round unbroken billows into the bays. I had seldom seen a more striking display of the untamed magnificence of nature: here was the ocean in all its grandeur, ploughed up by a storm, and bursting with a continued and sullen roar against precipices of rock, awful from their vastness, black and dreadful, and exposing on their battered sides a combination of all rugged and horrid forms. The inland country accords in character with this rude scenery along shore, being little better than a waste, patched with a few cultivated fields, but covered generally with black heath and furze.

On the summit of Rayberry Head, the loftiest promontory on the coast, there once stood a castle, one of the seats of the great Douglasses; but there is not a stone of it remaining, nor an inequality on the surface of the ground, to mark its foundation. There is, however, an interesting stone, of several tons weight, at the edge of the precipice, which tradition declares was pitched up from the shore by the iron-armed Wallace, in a kind of frolicksome trial of his strength. Fifty men of this puny age would strive in vain to push it from its place. The impression of the hero's fingers is said to be clearly visible on the stone, but it somehow escaped my observation. Rayberry Head is exactly such a situation as one might have chosen in imagination for the residence of the Douglasses; a stormy steep, combining all that is most wild and rude in external nature to accord with the romantic character of those fiery and lawless chiefs. It forms one point of a small bay, called Mullock Bay, and is guarded at its base by a terrible barrier of outlying rocks, between which a burn ripples to the sea, forming a narrow creek, through which a small vessel may have access to the bay in fine weather. The Head is singularly broken, consisting of a vast central mass, from each extremity of which a rocky point projects like a horn into the sea. The castle is supposed to have stood on the summit of the central height, which is the loftiest, and in such a situation a very little assistance from art might have rendered it perfectly impregnable. On the opposite side of the bay is Netherby Point,

Point, a magnificent promontory of great projection, and exposing on its western side a curious specimen of nature's masonry, in a long series of strata, inclining a little towards the sea, and resembling the nicety of man's art in their uniformity, and the regularity of their divisions.

As I was rambling among these rocks the sky became clearer, and the sun soon bursting forth flashed upon the heaving sea, and shewed every wave to a far distance, tipped with sparkling foam, and here and there a vessel, before concealed, pitching and labouring on her course. The mountains of Cumberland now appeared above the horizon to the south-east, discovered in changing groups and forms, and at new elevations, as the retiring clouds opened or closed amongst them.

Rounding the Point of Bemay I entered upon the estuary of the Dee; a wide inlet, always filled with a great depth of water, and furnishing the best harbour in the south of Scotland. It is more than two miles broad at the entrance, and having a bold shore on each side, may be entered safely by the largest vessels with any wind. At its mouth, on the western side, rises the Great Ross, a long and lofty ridge of rock, once, I imagine, an island, though now connected with the land by a flat, sandy isthmus. Just off the extreme point of this promontory lies the Little Ross, a small rocky island, of service to the haven as a break-water against the western sea.

I proceeded along the eastern shore, noticing no change in the ruggedness of the coast, or the cheerless barrenness of the inland country, till, rounding a vast promontory called Torr Point, a scene of an entirely altered character opened upon my view, and one of extraordinary beauty. The fine expanse of the Dee before me was forked by St. Mary's Isle, so entirely covered with wood, that it looked like a grove rising from the water: beyond it the river was lost to the sight amidst closing hills, with their summits crowned with woods, and their sloping sides adorned by corn-fields and meadows—a fairy land indeed, compared with the rough and naked wastes which still bordered the shore to my right. These sudden changes of scenery are very delightful, affecting the mind with that kind of pleasure that one feels on the unexpected bursting forth of the sun on a gloomy day. A man who looks upon a country only for the gratification of his eye should occasionally travel through tracts of barrenness and desolation, that he may enjoy with proper vivacity the charms of cultivation, and the cheerfulness of every sign that indicates the presence and the art of man. His perceptions of beauty become sluggish and cold in regions of uninterrupted fertility, and require the application of some rough discipline, like that which I had just suffered, to stimulate their exhausted excitability. My tastes and feelings had now been doing penance so long, as the vulgar say, under the washing tub, that I could look with lively gratification on objects which, in the listlessness of a pampered appetite, I had often turned from with indifference; and my proud stomach had come so completely down, that a crust of wheaten bread occurred to it as a luxury.

After

After advancing about a mile and a half up the Dee, the coast being less exposed to the sea, became less rocky and broken; and a mile higher up the rocks disappeared, and gave way to a sandy flat, bordered at a little distance from the water by gentle hills covered with young plantations.

Passing a pretty bay, which penetrates deep into the land, detaching from it a part of St. Mary's Isle, I came to the base of a high and thickly-wooded hill, which bounds and shelters the neat town of Kircudbright, where I stopped, nothing loth, and to be consoled, after all my toiling and fasting, by the comforts of a clean and plentiful inn.

I found the town in a state of amazing bustle and agitation, with music playing, colours flying, and nearly all the men of the place pacing in procession through the principal street. This was the day for electing the Deacons of trades, and the people were now marching with due pomp and solemnity to the town-hall, where, after the grand business of election was over, the night was to conclude with dancing, whisky, and tobacco. These deacons are very useful personages, and tend greatly, without the blustering and tyranny that are sometimes manifested by officers of more power, to preserve the harmony and good order which distinguish the towns of Scotland. If a taylor or shoe-maker, for instance, should intrude into a town, without a proper licence and qualification, or if any other sin should be committed against the common interests of either trade, up starts Mr. Deacon, who, meeting the offender at the moment of his crime, forces him to immediate atonement, and by this quick justice, frequently prevents the necessity of a protracted and troublesome litigation. Nor does he superintend only the general concerns of his peculiar profession, but interferes, by common consent, with a very beneficial authority in many little matters of domestic economy, among his fraternity. If the members of a certain trade wish to lay in a stock of meal or potatoes, as well as of materials for their business, the deacon is charged with the duty of procuring the supply, and bargaining for the price, and he usually gives a bill at three months in payment; a great accommodation to the purchasers, who may not always have money in their possession at the times when they can take in stock to the greatest advantage. The bill is never objected to, as every individual of the trade, on the account of which it is passed, is liable to discharge it. The deacons are chosen annually, and as the office is open to every one of fair character, it operates as an incitement to general good conduct.

Kircudbright is a very small town, consisting principally of two short streets, neat, clean, and quiet, without manufactures, and with very limited commercial relations beyond its own immediate vicinity. It contains nothing that can claim the notice of a traveller, except an old castle, and that is interesting only from its antiquity, being nothing more than a plain strong house, called a castle, and constructed at least with the solidity of one, as was formerly the house of every private gentleman of any note in the country, whose wealth and rank were temptations to rapacity and violence in times of
general



Kirkcudbright



The Mull of Galloway, Wigtonshire

general turbulence. It is built of coarse unhewn stones, and from its gloominess, want of windows, and every kind of ornament, might be mistaken for a gaol. It has no outworks, and only one small ill-guarded entrance, which if an enemy had made himself master of, he had no other impediment to arrest his progress, for it opens directly upon a flight of steps leading to the chambers. On a slab of freestone over the doorway are quartered the arms, six hedgehogs, beneath which are the date 1582 and the following inscription :

Dons—Dedit :
The Hows of Herries.

We do not always see the greatest commercial spirit and activity in places which hold out the most striking natural advantages to trade. Kircudbright has or might have the benefit of an excellent harbour, with water sufficient for ships of five hundred tons, but there is only one vessel of more than fifty tons belonging to the port, and no quay or any kind of convenience for loading and unloading vessels. The place seems to be in much the same state as described in the travels of De Foe. "I saw nothing," he observes, "but a harbour without ships, a port without trade, and a fishery without nets. This is owing," he adds, "partly to the poverty and partly to the disposition of the inhabitants, who are indeed a sober, grave, religious sort of people, but have no notion of acquiring wealth by trade; for they strictly obey the Scriptures in the very letter of the text, by '*being content with such things as they have.*'" I did not become sufficiently acquainted with the inhabitants of this peaceful town to declare whether their want of enterprise can still be referred in any degree to such a principle of pious and philosophical forbearance, but certainly to be content with such things as they have is not generally a characteristic mark of the people of Scotland. I think, however, that it will be doing them no more than justice to say, that they are content with such things as they can get.

There are forty vessels belonging to Kircudbright, from thirty to fifty tons burthen, and one of a hundred and eighty which brings timber from North America. The other imports are merely a few articles of general consumption for the use of the town and neighbourhood. Potatoes and a small quantity of grain are exported to Liverpool and the Highlands. On applying at the custom-house for this momentous sum of information, I could not help smiling at the mysterious solemnity with which I was received, and the doubts which it was thought necessary to entertain of my patriotism, when I requested to look into the secrets of the books. Though I endured a long trial of cross-questioning, and asserted again and again the spotlessness of my loyalty, I could perceive that I was still very mistrustfully regarded by my wary auditor, and he dismissed me, after all, on my first visit, with no other concession than that I was not absolutely to despair. When I called again, I found him still cold and deliberate in his manner, and he handed to me a bit of paper containing the information that I required, with a look which intimated that he had made too hasty a sacrifice of his caution to my importunity. I assured him most

absolutely, on casting my eye over the paper, that I would not betray his confidence; and he replied, but still not cordially or in a tone of faith, "I hope not, Sir." His doubts may have been assumed to magnify the favour that he accorded me, and raise my notions of his importance, but I rather believe that he felt all the distrust which he expressed, and saw me depart master of his last quarter's accounts, with a dire foreboding of mischief in his heart. At this moment of universal peace one should rarely meet, perhaps, with an instance of such extravagant alarm in a custom-house officer; but when I was here, Buonaparte had still his sword in his hand, and such was the fear of his power, and his hocus-pocus kind of stratagems, that a man in a situation of some trust might not think it safe to disclose to the conjuror that meal and potatoes were sent from Kircudbright to the Highlands.

The country about Kircudbright is very agreeably diversified by hills, and valleys, and woods, and the walks on St. Mary's Isle, on which stands the house of Lord Selkirk, are amongst the most beautiful to be seen in the country, being laid out with great taste between narrow openings in a thick grove, through which the eye catches glimpses of the river, the rocky cliffs that guard its entrance, and the distant sea. The house is small, and remarkable only for its unostentatious plainness and simplicity. St. Mary's Isle had, at an early period, an establishment for religious recluses upon it, but there are now no remains of any ancient buildings to be seen. Though still bearing the name of an island, it is now only a peninsula, being connected with the east bank of the Dee by a flat, so cultivated and adorned, that there is no mark but its flatness to indicate that it was once covered by water. The names of many places in this neighbourhood signify that they were once consecrated to the use of religious bodies; but the reformation seems to have expended its violence here without mercy, and spared not a monument to its enemies. On the west bank of the river is a spot called Nun's Mill, and about two miles below St. Mary's Isle is Monksman's Lake, an excellent roadstead, of great importance as a place of general shelter for all classes of vessels in the winter time.

Having enjoyed a reasonable allowance of rest and refreshment at Kircudbright, and undergone a complete refit, I crossed the ferry and continued my journey. Ferry-boats and fares are in general so justly the objects of a traveller's indignation and reproaches, that I must mention with due praise the admirable appointment of the boat at this place, and the extreme moderation of the fare. The boat runs along a rope stretched across the river, and is pushed along by a single person, whatever may be the load, with great ease and expedition. The charge for a man is a half-penny, and for a horse a penny. The rope is a simple and excellent contrivance, which prevents the boat from being borne away by the tide, and conducts it with certainty to the proper landing-place.

From the western bank of the river, the town and its old gloomy castle, with the water in front, and a high wooded hill rising abruptly behind them, have a very picturesque

turesque effect. I proceeded towards the mouth of the river, along the base of a steep bank, shaded with ash, birch, and fir trees, till I approached the sea, when the wood disappeared, and a naked weather-beaten coast opposed its rocks to the expanding estuary. A sandy bay runs far into the land on the northern side of the Great Ross, beyond which I found no road, and was obliged to give up my horse to a lad who attended me, with an injunction to make his way to the mouth of the river Fleet and wait for me there, while I pursued my usual rugged course along the sea-side. On rounding the Great Ross, a coast of the same grand and savage character lay before me as that to the eastward of the Dee, composed of the same kind of rock, and exposing a front equally broken and ruinous. The inland country reassumed all its dreariness, consisting of lofty naked hills, left in open wastes, or divided into enclosures by stone walls. The hills run north and south, terminating in the sea in a series of bold promontories, between which are small bays, deeply indented into the land, and all bounded between the points by low rugged reefs of shattered rock.

At low water these reefs appear running out more than half a mile from the shore, and discover an extraordinary scene of waste and destruction among the rocks, terrible from the ideas which it raises in the mind of the power of the mighty element, which has spread this solid matter in ruins before it. There is a regularity and an appearance of contrivance in the structure of these rocks, which, as the work of nature, affect the beholder with a pleasing kind of wonder, and give a superadded interest to the awful grandeur of their disjointed and broken strata. A variety of singular forms may be seen among the ruins along the shore; in places whole masses of strata have been broken down to a level with the sea, saving here and there a single stratum, notched along the summit like a rude battlemented wall, or a few slabs which stand up like grave-stones in a church-yard. The promontories are very magnificent, rising on all sides in tremendous precipices, split into huge wedges by deep fissures and chasms, and surrounded at their base by outlying rocks, shewing their black splintered tops above the foaming and eddying sea.

From the summit of Borness, the first great promontory to the westward of the Dee, I caught a view of Wigton Bay, running many miles into the country, with a group of mountains rising beyond its furthest point of recess, amongst which was the majestic Cairnsmuir, the loftiest mountain in the south of Scotland. The whole western coast of the bay was visible down to the Burrow Head, which in this part of the country divides with the Mull of Galloway the reputation of being the most southern point of Scotland. It is impossible to decide the question of projection by the eye, and, therefore, though the preference is given to the Mull of Galloway, in our maps and charts, those who contend for at least an equal claim on the part of its rival cape will not give up their point.

Descending from Borness, I crossed a flat penetrated by several deep creeks, har-

hours for smugglers. Before me was the promontory of Moncraig, opposing a long front to the sea, and rising in places to the height of two hundred feet perpendicularly. I ascended it in the expectation of seeing some remains of ancient fortifications, but I cannot give my testimony in favour of their existence, though I searched for them with sufficient earnestness and perseverance. West of the promontory I entered upon another level tract, and proceeded along a singular shore, split into numerous creeks, with a succession of low ledges of rock projecting into the sea like the teeth of a comb. At the head of one of these creeks, near the mouth of the Fleet, is the village of Kirk-Andrew, a place of considerable antiquity, which, if it was ever otherwise than as it is, must have been in a better condition, for it is now at the *ne plus ultra* of lowliness and obscurity. It was not always so, as I was informed by an old man of the place, though likely to continue so, he observed, unless it should please God to send times very different from the present, that is, as he meant, unless it should please God to exterminate excisemen, or at least keep them away from Kirk-Andrew. This was the spot where St. Andrew is said to have landed after his passage from Ireland, and a church was erected here and dedicated to that illustrious personage, but the ground thus sanctified was profaned in aftertimes by hordes of smugglers, who carried on their business here with great spirit and success, till their audacity exposed them to the observation of the custom-house officers of the country, who pounced upon them, seized their boats, broke up their magazines, and discovered and sacked their hiding-places, destroying at one fell swoop the whole equipment of their trade. No other sources of profit have yet been discovered to atone for the ravages of this disastrous day, and the poor inhabitants of the village pick up a subsistence the Lord knows how. On enquiring whether some relief might not be derived from fishing, I was told that the funds of the whole village would be insufficient to provide a single boat; and if there were twenty boats, few would be found willing to use them for the sake of earning less in a month than their former business might yield them in a day. Smugglers, like gamblers, become unfitted for every occupation requiring patient and steady industry; accustomed to sudden gains, they prefer them, with a life of risk and anxiety, to the slow rewards of a secure and toilsome pursuit.

I was pretty well tired, more by the roughness than the length of my walk, when I arrived at this place, and looked out with some impatience for my horse, but could see nothing of him, and had the mortification to hear that I must give up all expectation of meeting him at the appointed place, there being no road to it for a horse. And yet the plan of my movements had been very deliberately considered by my host at Kircudbright, and he had decided upon the existence of the road, which I found wanting, as positively as if he had travelled over it a hundred times. I proceeded, as my best course in this difficulty, to the road which lay nearest to the mouth of the Fleet, but found no horse; waited there for an hour—but still no horse; toiled on for seven long miles—but still

still no horse; and arrived at Gatehouse, where I had still to keep wondering what could have become of my horse. The boy to whose care I had confided him had a part of my *materiel* in his possession, which I could not bear the thought of losing, and I had immediately, as I imagined, to hasten after him to Kircudbright; but at this critical moment of my embarrassment, the sound of distant hoofs was heard in the village, and presently a jaded, limping horse made his appearance, his nose drooping to the ground, and his bent legs sprawling about with the clatter of a whole troop, as he stumbled along at an undefined pace between a walk and a trot. He had evidently been fighting his way through no common difficulties, for he was not only lean and weary, but plaistered over, head and back and all, with cakes of mud. I had started from Kircudbright on a rough looking beast, it is true, but I could recognize no trace of him in this deplorable animal, and when he stopped at the door of the inn, amidst the undisguised merriment of a cluster of travellers, waiters, and chamber-maids, I certainly felt very much disposed to deny that I had any concern in him. The boy I found, true to his trust and my service, had contrived to get to the mouth of the Fleet, where he waited for me till he conceived there was no chance of seeing me, and then determined to push on to Gatehouse. He could discover no road, and made his way over hedges, ditches, and gates, till his poor beastie, he observed, who had regularly fallen upon his knees, or tumbled over and over, at every leap that he attempted, had scarcely a leg to stand upon. Both horse and rider, however, had fortunately escaped with whole bones, and I saw them depart on the following morning with a fair prospect of seeing home again.

On coming within sight of the Fleet, I was surprised by a sudden change of scenery; a transition from a rude waste to the grace and gaiety of a well cultivated and peopled country, more striking even than that which I noted with admiration on the Dee. I have not often seen a more beautiful and diversified landscape, one combining a greater variety of character within the compass of a single and distinct view, than that presented on the banks of the Fleet, from Gatehouse to the sea. About a mile below the village, the river expands into a broad estuary, bordered on each side by gentle banks, and broken near its junction with the open sea by clusters of islands and rocks. On the eastern side is Caly, the seat of Mr. Murray, of Broughton, said to be the largest and most splendid mansion in Galloway. It stands in a beautiful park, which occupies nearly the whole length of the estuary, descending from a considerable height with an easy slope to the water, spread with a bright verdure, and decorated with wood, in single trees, and all ornamental combinations. The house is of a light yellow colour, and standing high on the bank, with an open lawn before it, forms a conspicuous object, which forces itself at once, and in all its dignity, upon the eye.

The scenery on the opposite coast is less elegant, but more varied and picturesque. The vast hill of Cairnharrow, dark and precipitous, rises immediately behind the fertile banks that bound the shore at the entrance of the estuary, and from thence a range of gentler

gentler hills continues to the northward, rising in easy slopes from the water, clothed with a profusion of wood. Several gentlemen's seats decorate the borders, and at the head of the estuary stands the ancient castle of Cardoness, perched on the summit of an elevated mount at the edge of a beautiful bay, girded all round by a close dark wood. North of this bay the river contracts into a small stream, and flows through a pretty valley, in which appears the village of Gatehouse amidst meadows and woods, enclosed by high green hills, beyond which, to the northward, are seen the rough and naked summits of mountains.

Gatehouse is a large village, remarkable for the neatness and regularity of its streets and houses. It was built not many years ago on the estate and under the direction of the late Mr. Murray, and having been extended within a short period to its present size, is not deformed by any of those irregularities which necessarily break in upon places of slower growth, but shews in its whole arrangement the uniformity and consistency of a simple design. The main street is spacious and well paved, and the houses on each side of it are of good size and very compact, mostly white-washed, and roofed with slates. At one extremity this street is connected with a handsome bridge, which, on the opposite side of the river, leads into another street equally neat and clean. Two rows of cottages running parallel with the main street, and divided from it and each other by gardens, complete the village, which I have pleasure in describing thus minutely, from its agreeable contrast to such combinations of raggedness, dirt, and disorder as Powhellin and Auchincairn.

Gatehouse was not begun with any ambitious expectations, but soon after its foundation some enterprising manufacturers, who had made an unsuccessful attempt at a settlement in Kircudbright, obtained a piece of ground here from Mr. Murray, with permission to build a cotton-factory upon it, and this establishment raising a great demand for people, the village speedily swelled out into an unexpected size and importance. On the first introduction of the business, the people were found very ill disposed to submit to the long confinement and regular industry that it required from them; but high wages soon reconciled them to these mortifications, and it was not long before an extraordinary zeal manifested itself in this part of the country for this new and profitable employment. The first manufactory at Gatehouse meeting with success, several others were raised, and the village designed for a few country people and shop-keepers contained, in a very few years, fifteen hundred inhabitants. Its prosperity stimulated the activity of other adventurers, and several rival villages, which I shall hereafter have to mention, supported by similar means, started up with equal rapidity in the neighbouring country.

I should be happy if nothing were required to be added to this short account of these new raised communities, and I could leave them to the fancy of my reader still pushing on earnestly and prosperously in the way of industry. But unfortunately their present condition will not justify any such flattering representations. The short prosperity
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Port Patrick, Wigtonshire



Cardness Castle, near Gatehouse, Kirkcudbrightshire

that attended the manufactures has yielded to the pressure of these calamitous times, and the factories in this part of the country, so lately founded, are now stripped and deserted. The manufacturing of cotton on a small scale, and with such machinery as the poor people could procure and set up in their own houses, is still the chief business of Gatehouse, but the great establishments which collected the inhabitants together being closed, many are necessarily left with very slight means of support, and general poverty and gloom have succeeded to days of cheerfulness and competency. As the village lies on the public road to Port Patrick, it derives a certain aid from the influx of travellers, which supports a good inn, and a few shops, but contributes little benefit to the mass of the people.

After all there are many, and I feel disposed to agree with them, who will see reason for rejoicing rather than repining that the manufacturing system has not obtained a more complete ascendancy in this part of the country, as it inevitably would have tended to corrupt the morals of the people, and have laid the foundations of more extended and permanent evil than results from its failure. During the short trial that was made of it in this village, a manifest change took place in the character and deportment of the inhabitants, who, from a grave, quiet, and orderly race, were becoming loose and dissipated, and sinking fast into reckless profligacy and licentiousness. Gaining more money than was necessary to their support, they spent the overplus in an additional allowance of whisky, and all became eager for money with a view solely to this dangerous indulgence. While manufactures flourished and the people were in full pay, there were consumed in this small place one hundred and fifty gallons of whisky weekly, for six successive months. There can be no question that where money gives men no other benefit than an unlimited power over whisky, the nearer they are to a state which confines them to bread and water the better. I am not contending that our national happiness and prosperity would be advanced by the general abolition of our manufactures, but it is certain that whatever good they yield us is not purchased without a great sum of evil, which one would not wish to see visited upon a division of our people peculiarly distinguished for the purity of their morals.

I found a very jolly and turbulent party assembled at the inn in Gatehouse, composed of *riders* or bag-men, as they are called, an order of itinerant traders, with whom I had been associated in the course of my travels, far more frequently than was agreeable to me, but whom I found particularly troublesome in Scotland, where they abounded so that it was impossible to keep out of their way. Every body, I imagine, must be familiar with the sort of personages I allude to; a set of men in drab great-coats, who are seen jogging along the road on very decent horses, with their skirts projecting forth on each side as if they sat upon a sack of meal. They have a room set apart for them in every inn, called the travellers room, and into this common receptacle, hung round with coats and whips, filled in every corner with bags and bundles, and reeking with the steam of punch, I had of late been regularly introduced,

introduced, with an assurance always that there was no private apartment disengaged. It was disagreeable to be forced, whether one would or no, into a company of strangers, but when I was not too tired to be pleased, I sometimes found them not unentertaining companions. They were travellers from all parts of the kingdom, and I was willing to listen to the peculiar anecdotes and points of information and personal adventures, which all were eager to communicate, in spite of their professional slang and vulgarity, if indeed these were not the most amusing properties about them. They are men of high pretension, have a bustling, swaggering importance in their manner, affect a nice judgment in their drink, and talk more of their horses than their bags. From their numbers and the constancy of their custom, they are treated with great respect at all the inns which they frequent, and a man who values a bottle from the best bin in the cellar more than privacy, will find his account in joining the mess in the travellers room.

On leaving Gatehouse I proceeded to visit a hill which bears the traces of one of those singular structures called *vitrified forts*. The hill lies about a quarter of a mile below the village on the western side of the Fleet, and is remarkable for a brighter verdure than any of the adjoining hills, a distinction which it is said to preserve invariably throughout the year. It inclines to a conical figure, but has a flat area on the summit, round the edge of which is seen in places a low ridge of earth, covering the remains of a wall. Some small holes have been made in different parts of the ridge, in which heaps of stones are discovered, some in a state of complete vitrification, and all shewing very evident marks of having been acted upon by fire. Some of them adhere together, but whether the whole wall was compacted into one mass cannot be decided from the parts that are visible, as they have been broken to pieces by people visiting the spot.

Many conflicting opinions have been started by antiquarians as to the means employed in forming these extraordinary works, but they have not yet, I think, received the light of any clear and satisfactory explanation. This is a very imperfect specimen, and ill prepared for examination, but a single glance at it is sufficient to convince any one, not system-mad, that the stones, scorched, blistered, and vitrified as they are, were not thrown up by a volcano. That they were disposed into their present form by the hands of man there cannot be a question, and even had they been discovered in heaps bearing no marks of artificial arrangement, the general appearance of the hill would have been sufficient to determine that they could not be volcanic remains.

In the Highlands of Scotland there are several of these forts, far more remarkable than this, from their magnitude, the art and skilful contrivance that they discover, and the complete vitrification of the materials of which they are composed. The most extraordinary work of the kind is that on Craig Phadrick, a conical hill of no great height, on the borders of Loch Ness. This hill seems to have been fortified, with respect to the disposition of the walls, in precisely the same manner as a variety of hills described by Pennant, in North Wales. Surrounding the summit is a wall of considerable height, and
great

great thickness, below which is another, and various rude works of defence guarding the approaches where danger was most to be apprehended. The walls seem to have been reduced to a state of perfect fusion, forming solid masses, which adhere firmly to the native rock. On the east side, where the hill is easily accessible, it is defended by a prodigious mound of vitrified matter, above forty feet in thickness. It is not easy to conceive by what means a sufficient degree of heat was applied to these vast masses, to produce so powerful an effect on them. That the walls were designedly subjected to the action of fire, for the purpose of cementing, or rather consolidating their parts, has been the general opinion, though it is controverted in an article in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*, in which the fort on Craig Phadrick, and several others on hills in the same neighbourhood, are very minutely described, and the vitrification of the walls explained as the accidental effect of fire on combustible materials, which composed a large part of their substance. The writer of the article in question imagines that on building one of these forts, the work was begun by planting a double row of strong stakes in the ground, in the form of the intended structure; and that in the intermediate space were thrown the boughs and trunks of trees, and quantities of earth and stones, which were all bound firmly together by branches of trees interlaced on the top and sides, according to a common mode of building of the highest antiquity, described by Palladio. A wall constructed in this manner, it is added, on ground by nature rugged and difficult of access, would have been strong enough to resist the ordinary means of attack in the power of a rude people, but would have been very liable to injury from fire, which would, no doubt, have been sometimes successfully employed by a besieging enemy, and which, when once fairly lodged, might easily, it is supposed, with the assistance of the wind, have spread into a general conflagration through every part of the work, reducing it to the state in which we now see it.

Those, however, who are anxious that all the doubts and difficulties which occur to them on the subject of these masses of vitrification should subside into the tranquillity of complete conviction, will not feel satisfied with this explanation. The means stated are utterly and palpably inadequate to the effect that has been produced. A mound of stones, forty feet in thickness, could certainly not have been melted down to a state of perfect fusion by a fire supplied with no other fuel but the branches of trees that were bound round it. The heat so produced might possibly have vitrified the external stones of the wall, but would unquestionably have been insufficient to penetrate through the whole mass, and reduce it to one solid body of vitrification. A modern stone house, with its furniture, has, no doubt, a much greater quantity of combustible materials in it, proportioned to its weight of stone, than were mixed in the walls of these ancient forts, yet we often see them burnt to the bare walls, without the slightest appearance of that effect, the probability of which is here contended for. The boughs and trunks of trees are mentioned as being thrown together with stones into the space between the rows of stakes,

to account, I suppose, for the entire fusion of the mass; but it is not likely that such materials were used with such lavish extravagance, as they could not be found in any great profusion on the spot, and were not nearly so well calculated for the construction of a wall as stones, which might be picked up in unlimited abundance on the rocky boundaries of Loch Ness. The builders, too, of these forts would scarcely, without some pressing necessity, have employed a material so dangerous to their security, and which, as it is stated, exposed them to the only mode of offence by which they could readily be injured. It may be doubted, perhaps, admitting that the trunks of trees made up as large a portion of the walls as is asserted, whether fire would have been a very formidable engine in the power of the assailants; whether the besieged might not have remained unhurt in the enclosed space, while the walls were burning around them. In this view of the subject, it might be conceived that the wood was employed by the builders of the forts, that when all other means of defence had failed they might fly to their torches, and intrench themselves in a circle of fire. This, indeed, appears very unlikely, as a conflagration could not have been raised in a moment, on a sudden emergency, from grounds so prepared; and it is still more unlikely, that in the hands of the assailants a little fire, hastily applied to the exterior of the wall, could have penetrated through obstructions of stone to the wood within. But it is useless to reason on suppositions that are obviously fallacious. The remains of the walls distinctly prove that their principal bulk was composed of stone; and by whatever means the heat was applied that vitrified them, it must have been very intense, and long continued, and could not, most undoubtedly, have been supported by the stakes, and the wattling of wood which may have surrounded them.

But if such objections did not lie against this explanation of the causes that operated in the formation of these singular structures, their rarity, as it appears to me, would be sufficient to over-rule it. If the compound kind of masonry, which it is maintained was adopted in raising these walls, was the common system of building of the country, and if fire was the only instrument of offence by which they could be effectually attacked, vitrified forts would be seen in much greater abundance; for it is incredible, that through ages of perpetual warfare a nation would meet with no more than half a dozen reverses in its places of strength. At the remote period when these forts were raised, the inhabitants of Ireland and Wales, being from the same stock, had, no doubt, with the same language and customs, the same modes of art in the construction of their fortifications as those of the Highlands of Scotland; but though hill-forts, resembling those of the Highlands in their general plan, are very numerous in both those countries, no one has ever been seen bearing the least marks of exposure to fire. I have seen many in Wales, consisting invariably of vast dry walls of stone, of far more strength and durability than such structures as are stated to have been the foundations of the vitrified forts. Indeed, at no great distance from Craig Phadrick, there is a hill fortified by similar walls, still in parts entire, and unmixed with wood.

Upon

Upon the whole, I think, the common opinion is the least objectionable one, that these forts were exposed to fire by the builders of them, who, not having attained to the art of uniting stones by cement, hit upon this expedient, accidentally disclosed to them, perhaps, by the action of fire on some beacon, as a means of compacting them together. How such immense masses were ignited is another question, but not the most distressing one, for if they were subjected to this process of vitrification, for a purpose that must have been equally essential to all the forts in the country, there still remains the difficulty of accounting for their rarity. If there had been only one or two of them, one might have conceived that they were designed as places of superior strength, worked out with uncommon labour and skill, for the chief regulus of the country, or the great ministers of religion, in times of urgent danger; but they are too numerous for us to admit of any such special purposes in their design, and yet too rare for us to suppose that they were formed with this extraordinary strength and solidity merely as common military works. One can imagine no exclusive and peculiar cause that should have denied them to Ireland and Wales, the people of which countries were equally interested in having a refuge of the utmost security for their princes and priests, and in availing themselves of every art that could give strength to their ordinary fortifications. My reader will perceive that I have nearly expended myself upon the subject, and will distinctly see that this multiplication of doubts and negatives does not bespeak the pride of a man who is big, or fancies himself to be big with some mighty discovery. I have, in truth, nothing affirmative to offer on this dark topic, for the difficulties that I have mentioned meet me at every turn that I take in the labyrinth of conjecture; and as I strive, in vain, to see through them, or jump over them, I must give up the struggle, and confess myself overcome. I had conceived it probable that these vitrified forts were designed—but no—these are like more last words, and would come with so ill a grace, that they shall not escape me.

Pursuing my journey, the next object that demanded my attention was Cardoness castle, formerly the seat of the M'Cullochs, one of the most ancient families in Gallo-way. It stands on a high mount, made steep on every side by art. The building is small, consisting of one square tower, which presents nothing to the eye but four black sides of stone—a specimen of the utmost degree of plainness that masonry can admit of. The rooms are as little decorated as the walls without, and very small, the whole interior not containing space enough for such accommodations as an humble family of the present day would consider necessary to their comfort. The entrance opens directly upon a flight of stone stairs; and one is puzzled to discover, as I have observed of other Scottish castles, what apartments were reserved for the lower functionaries of the household, the indispensable cook, and others of minor importance. The castle, however, in spite of its exceeding rudeness, when seen from a little distance, and combined with the scenery of a very picturesque bay, is a good object, possessing the interest of evident antiquity, and not without some appearance of dignity.

The old castles that are thickly scattered over Scotland strike one generally as extremely mean and insignificant, combining none of those imposing qualities of grandeur and power that we are accustomed to consider as natural to every fabric distinguished by the title of castle. But it must be remembered that they were not national fortresses, designed for the reception of regular troops, and trusted to the charge of governors acting for the public service, but the houses merely of private individuals, built with the strength of castles, and so called in those lawless times, when every gentleman lived in his house with no other defence against violence and plunder than thick walls and guarded doors. They are all in the same style of plainness, or rudeness rather, and formed most gloomy and dismal habitations, the rough gentry of former days having little care for what modern delicacy calls convenience and comfort, and no taste at all for elegance, which, indeed, they could not well have combined with that clumsy solidity so essential to the security of their houses. But though without any kind of majesty, or any architectural beauty, these ancient castles give great interest to the country, calling up the memory of other times, with all their turbulence, danger, and distrust, as a contrast to the peacefulness and confidence of the days we live in. Here and there one of these black desolate buildings shews itself, like a fallen and forsaken tyrant, amongst cheerful farms, and airy open-windowed houses, surrounded by fertile fields, smiling under the hands of secure industry; and the traveller, while he muses on the days of its power and pride, blesses himself that they have passed away. These castles are mostly very entire; and as they offer nothing to tempt rapacity, they may stand for ages to come, the memorials of a hateful state of life no doubt, but graced with a spirit of boldness, and enterprise, and enthusiasm, which captivates the imagination, and gives it something of the wild and ardent character of romance.

From Cardoness I proceeded towards the mouth of the Fleet, passing through the grounds of Sir David Maxwell, who has a delightful house here, sheltered by fine woods, and commanding a view of the river, opening between islands into the sea. These islands are rocky and barren; but they have a pretty effect, and, with the addition of a little wood, not an impracticable embellishment, might be made very ornamental. They lie across the mouth of the estuary, as if the sea had burst through the land in some violent irruption, leaving only these remnants, whose elevation and solidity preserved them from destruction. Barlocco and Ardwell, the two largest, are neither of them quite a mile in circumference, and lie near the eastern shore. Murray's Isles, which are but just divided, and not together so large as either of the other two, stand in the centre of the channel; and Cat's Craig, or the Whale Rock (these names may have their history, though I am ignorant of it), is the smallest of them, and a mere rock, lying at the head of the line on the western shore. On the highest point of Ardwell, the loftiest of these islands, there is a carne, or an imitation of one, for I strongly suspect that it was raised very long indeed after the age of Noah, even by hands yet warm with life. I cannot commend counterfeits of works like these,
which



Near Carsleith, Galloway



Wigton, Galloway

which have not the slightest claim to admiration for any art that they exhibit, and can be interesting only as monuments of antiquity. To heap a few stones together, call them a *carne*, and take any delight in the deed, appears to me to be quite unpardonable. Besides, independent of the puerility of the thing, there is really something very ungenerous in the practice of such deceitfultricks, for a puiſne antiquary, like myself, might be betrayed by them into perilous mistakes, and be finding out the Lord knows what, in places where no such matter was ever heard of. I know not, for instance, that I have not now been casting some very impertinent imputations of modernism upon a bona fide *carne*, so often have I been abused by counterfeiters.

As I advanced up Wigton Bay, the coast gradually became less rugged and broken, still rising in steep rocky cliffs, but not so lofty, or so much indented, as the more exposed coast at the entrance of the bay. About half a mile above the mouth of the Fleet is a *moat*, a square mount, raised on a projecting point of rock, guarded towards the sea by inaccessible precipices, and on the land side by a deep trench. A little further on I stopped to gaze at a very singular point, called Saddle Leap, running out like a wall, so narrow along the summit that a man would scarcely venture to walk upon it, but spreading out considerably towards the base, and shewing a rugged and cavernous front. This was the last mass of rock that I observed on this side of Wigton Bay, the shore higher up being bounded by a steep bank, covered with coppice wood, which continues for a mile or two, when it terminates in a sandy flat. The country inland rises gradually from the shore to a considerable height, and has a very pleasing appearance, being ornamented with a profusion of natural wood, which spreads itself in immense thickets over the hills. The trees are cut once in twenty years, a practice which the lovers of the picturesque will certainly cry out against, and which some of the learned in agricultural economy contend is not only a cruel waste of beauty, but the worst plan of turning trees to account, considered merely as objects of profit. It is one, however, by which they are made to yield a speedy if not a large return, a consideration of pressing importance to planters, who must look to their own benefit, and cannot afford to put off the harvest of their lands to the season of their posterity.

The whole stage between Gatehouse and Creetown, at the head of Wigton Bay, has been stated to be one of the finest rides in Scotland, and, as far as my observation has extended, I am not disposed to think that such signal praise is unmeasured and undeserved. A fine level road, carried along the shore the whole way, must be mentioned as one circumstance in its favour, and the sea on one side, and lofty hills on the other, spread with wood and diversified by gentlemen's seats and parks, with here and there an old castle, complete the sum of its attractions. A few hundred yards beyond the strange point of Saddle Leap, the castle of Barholm just shews its black walls above the woods to the right of the road, and about a mile and a half farther on stands Carsluth, on the border of the sea. Both these castles are so like that of Cardoness, that they will not require

require from me any particular description. Over the doorway of Barholm is some sculpture representing a folded serpent, death's heads, with several non-descript monsters; and over that of Carsluth is a coat of arms, with the initials I. B. inscribed; the motto, *Dominus Fortitudo*—and the date 9th of November, 1561.

High up on the hill, which rises above Carsluth, is a splendid house, built some years ago by Sir Samuel Hannaw, but never inhabited nor perfectly finished. With every decoration about it suited to the dignity of rank and wealth, it reminds one, silent and deserted as it is, of one of those fabled mansions whose haunted chambers no one dares to enter. It is in a most charming situation, screened on all sides by wood except in front, where a sloping lawn spreads before it, and gives it an uninterrupted view of the open sea, and the deep inlet of Wigton Bay, with every creek and promontory along its western shore.

I observed nothing else particularly worthy of remark till I arrived at Creetown, a large village, which owed its origin, or at least three fourths of its extent, to the introduction of cotton-factories, and has shewn more instant and obvious signs of distress from the failure of the great means on which it rested for support than Gatehouse. Its situation is quite romantic in itself, and commands an extensive and various prospect. It stands close on the border of the bay, backed immediately by wooded banks and glens, and flanked on each side by a rapid and noisy burn. Nor far from it to the east rises the vast hill of Larg, black with heath, and to the northward appear clear and distinct the majestic mountains of Cairnsmuir and Minigaff. In front is a beautiful view of the bay, with the pretty town of Wigton directly opposite, covering the face of a hill which slopes gently to the water.

There is one good street in Creetown, but it has straggling lines, and disorderly clusters of shabby cottages branching from it, which prove that it had not a single and controlling master to preside over its design, like Gatehouse. The Money Pool, one of the burns which passes by it, and discharges itself into the Cree, a few hundred yards from the shore, is navigable at high water up to the village for vessels of forty or fifty tons. There is a ferry here over the Cree, from the western side of which people at low water may walk two or three miles across the sands to Wigton, though from the intervention of several small rivers, and the wetness of the sands, the passage is very disagreeable. It should not be attempted after much rain, for the rivers, though small, are often so swollen and run with such violence, that they cannot be forded with safety. I was detained here for five hours in a state of extreme agitation, waiting for a young lad who had been despatched for me by the ferryman to Wigton for letters. He might have been back, it was said, with ease in two hours, and when three had elapsed while he was yet absent, his mother became distracted with alarm, lest he should have been carried away in crossing one of the rivers. Her husband, or she herself, who had sent away a boy too young to be trusted, were the only persons deserving of reproach, but as he was employed



Cree-town, Kirkcudbrightshire



Dunskey Castle, near Port Patrick, Wigtonshire

ployed for my service, I felt an extraordinary degree of anxiety about him, and when his mother, who with straining eyes and a beating heart had long been keeping watch by the river's side, screamed out that she saw him, I felt a joy exceeded only by her own. The youth, a fine little fellow, made his appearance with a free, bold countenance, for he had in fact been exposed to no danger, and had been delayed by the irresistible attractions of a game at marbles with some of his friends at Wigton.

I proceeded from Creetown through a black valley of peat-moss to Newton-Stewart, which, according to the plan of my voyage, does not properly come under my consideration, and which formed the boundary of my summer's excursion.

END OF VOL. II.

ERRATA.

- Page 21, line 4, for *eminary*, read *seminary*.
 44, line 25, for *confidentl*, read *confidently*.
 54, line 22, for *Lord Selkirk*, read *Lord Kirkwall*.
 56, line 23, for *look about upon*, read *look upon*.
 72, line 39, after *feeling*, place a semicolon.
 75, line 10, for *Epicureans*, read *Epicures*.
 88, line 5, for *with care*, read *with ease*.
 95, line 16, for *or of any*, read *of any*.
 99, line 39, for *in those*, read *in these*.
 110, line 17, for *It situation*, read *Its situation*.
 151, line 36, for *tract*, read *track*.

A

VOYAGE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN,

UNDERTAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1813,

AND COMMENCING FROM THE LAND'S-END, CORNWALL.

WITH

A SERIES OF VIEWS,

Illustrative of the Character and Prominent Features of the Coast,

BY WILLIAM DANIELL, A.R.A.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND WILLIAM DANIELL, NO. 9, CLEVELAND-STREET, FITZROY-SQUARE.

1818.

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TO

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SIR,

IN completing the present portion of my undertaking, I look back with grateful feelings on the time when I was occupied in collecting the materials for it. The many acts of kindness and hospitality which cheered my voyage along the western coast and isles of Scotland, greatly facilitated the attainment of its objects, and almost converted it into an excursion of pleasure. I am glad to acknowledge, Sir, that the introductions you had the politeness to give me were very efficacious in procuring for me these advantages ; and that I derived great benefit from the remarks you made to me in conversation respecting a region which you had recently explored with a poet's eye, and which your genius has rescued from obscurity.

The present series of views, however humble their merit, will in some degree associate themselves with the vivid pictures which your last great poem presents of the magnificent scenery of the Isles. To whom then can I dedicate them with so much propriety as to you ? If that were a question upon which it were possible, without presumption, to take the sense of the British public, the mention of your name would be greeted

DEDICATION.

with a general smile of approval, and the highest circles would cheerfully acquiesce in such a preference. Few names are so cordially, so “freshly remembered;” few are endeared by so many pleasing recollections. Under such sanction, I may trust that these labours will obtain generally that indulgent regard which your good-nature will bestow on them. Through you, Sir, I may also most effectually convey this public acknowledgment of the hospitalities and kind assistance which I have received in Scotland, and which animate my hopes of success in hastening to the prosecution of my voyage. Be pleased to accept this testimonial of respect, and believe me,

Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

W. DANIELL.

Cleveland-street, London,

April, 1818.

V O Y A G E

ROUND GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

THE country on which we are about to enter is one of the most picturesque in the whole circuit of the island. It has been repeatedly explored and described; but the curiosity of the public respecting it is still unsatisfied, especially in whatever regards the illustration derived from the pencil. None of the tours in the west of Scotland now extant contain engravings at all worthy of their respective subjects; and it is a matter somewhat surprising, that a tract so inviting to the painter should not have called forth a single series of views. To supply this deficiency in some degree, and at the same time to meet the general wishes of the subscribers, it has been determined to effect an alteration in the present work, by condensing and abridging the narrative, in order to make room for a greater proportion of engravings. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Ayton's account of the voyage is to be considered as terminating at the close of the preceding volume.

The shire of Wigton, on the east frontier of which this narrative is resumed, has a sea-coast of more than 130 miles in extent, comprehending three fine bays, and possessing many natural advantages for the establishment of an extensive commerce. These advantages, however, are at present of little avail, except in the export of agricultural produce to the Scottish, English, and Irish markets, and they are not likely to be speedily improved. The want of coal, a defect incident to this county in common with almost the whole southern border of Scotland, must be considered a circumstance unfavourable to the introduction and spread of manufactures, and of course to the extension of that species of trade which is connected with them.

The mountain scenery which is viewed from the road between Newton Stewart and Wigton is uncommonly grand, though not picturesque, the forms of the mountains being too vast, and the outlines heavy and undulating. The lower hills, being in general free from projecting rocks, are very accessible to the plough; and it is observable that the richest lands lie near the coast, where the means of improvement are most abundant.

The royal burgh of Wigton is a small decent town, situated near the mouth of a stream called Bladenoch, on an eminence at a considerable elevation from the sea. In this respect it differs from the small towns on the coast, which are generally situated in valleys. It commands a very striking and extensive view of the bay. The scarcity of fuel is one of its greatest disadvantages; peat, which is the only kind consumed here, is procured from a tract in the neighbourhood, of about two miles in length, and one and a half in breadth, which bears all the marks of having been once covered by the sea. The soil consists of a kind of sea-slime condensed into a hard substance of great depth, intermixed with strata of shells. It is almost one uninterrupted level, considerably lower than the rest of the parish. This tract, after the receding of the sea, must have been covered with wood, as trunks of trees are still found in great numbers interspersed through the whole of it. They are mostly oak; many of them between thirty and forty feet long, and lying generally in such a direction as if they had yielded to the force of the west wind, which is most violent in these districts. A great part of the tract has been cleared; nearly the half of it, however, is still covered with moss in some places, to the depth of from five to ten feet, under which, lying on the stratum of clay, the trees are mostly found.

Between Wigton and Burrowhead is Galloway-house, the seat of the Earl of Galloway, the plantations of which are remarkable for the successful experiment made by his lordship in the propagation of the pinaster or maritime pine. It has been found to thrive vigorously in situations so exposed to the sea air as to be fatal even to the Scottish fir in this south-western district; and under its protection almost any other wood may be planted with safety. To the above-mentioned nobleman are to be ascribed several important improvements on this coast; among others, the village of Garlieston, founded by him, which now contains between 500 and 600 inhabitants, and is in a flourishing state. It stands on a small bay of the same name, and is built in the form of a crescent, with a good inn. The vessels belonging to it are employed in the coasting trade. About a mile beyond Galloway-house are the ruins of Craigillan Castle, totally dilapidated, with the exception of one small arch. Its situation is high, and the coast about it, for a short distance either way, is very rocky.

Near the extremity of the peninsula formed by the bay of Wigton and the bay of Luce stands the royal burgh of Whithorn. In ancient times it was a place of some consequence, being the capital of the Novantes, a British tribe who possessed all Galloway beyond the river Dee. It was also a Roman station. The town at present consists chiefly of one street, running north and south, intersected by several cross lanes. The town-hall is adorned with a spire, and turrets furnished with a set of bells. The isle of Whithorn has a small, convenient pier, and is considered a safe port, from which, with fair winds, vessels may sail to Whitehaven in four hours, to the Isle of Man in three, to Dublin, Greenock, or Liverpool, in eighteen hours. Here are the vestiges of a church dedicated to St. Martin, which was founded in the fourth century by Ninian, after he had been ordained a bishop of the Britons.

The

The coast from Whithorn to Port William is rocky and rather low, except about the cape or point of Burrowhead, where it is rather lofty, and very rugged. From it the Isle of Man is seen distinctly, and appears high above the level of the sea. Port William is a place of miserably cheerless aspect, having few of the characteristics of a port except a diminutive pier for small vessels. This side of Glenluce bay is altogether bleak and dreary, presenting a bold and rocky shore, with scarcely a tree visible, for the greater part of the way to Glenluce.

This village lies at the extremity of the bay to which it gives name, in a pretty sequestered glen, well sheltered with wood. Near it are the ruins of Glenluce Abbey, which was founded in the year 1190, by Rolland, lord of Galloway, and constable of Scotland. The chapter-house still remains entire, together with some adjoining vaults, and two gables of the western part of the church. In the middle of the apartment belonging to the former is a pillar about fourteen feet high, from which eight arches spring, and terminate in the surrounding walls. This pillar, probably from the hazard attending its removal, has escaped the general destruction, and is still admired for its just proportions. The centre of every arch is adorned with figures and foliage. The zeal for reformation, which, two centuries ago, made such havoc among monastic edifices, was so intense and unsparing in Scotland, that a relic of this kind excites interest merely by its rarity.

The road from Glenluce to Capel Rossan extends over the sands for about eight miles. In the course of this ride an incident occurred which was rather amusing. It was ebb tide, and a large dog-fish, which had ventured too far at flood, was stranded; in which situation a flock of arctic gulls observing that his retreat was cut off, made a seemingly concerted attack upon him. He flounced about and defended himself with all his might, but the odds were so great, and he so much out of his element, that victory soon declared in favour of the gulls. Having deprived him of life, they were hastening to devour him, when the largest and strongest bird in the flock mounted his carcase, and keeping all the rest at bay, deliberately fell to, nor would he suffer a single gull to taste a morsel until he had satisfied his appetite. The right of the strongest, it may be supposed, would be claimed in succession by only a few, who, having picked the choicest of the fare, would leave the scraps and offal to the indiscriminate multitude. Numerous flocks of these arctic gulls, distinguishable by the black back and white breast, are to be met with about these shores. They are by nature extremely wild, and withal extremely voracious. About three years ago they were so tamed by the severity of the winter, that they approached the huts, and, mingling with the poultry, picked up whatever food they could find.

The Mull of Galloway, in proceeding to which it was necessary to have a guide, is a rugged and rather lofty headland, forming the western horn of Glenluce bay, and the most southern point of Scotland. At certain periods of the tide a strong current sets against it with extreme rapidity. It is unfortunately destitute of a light-house, though the measure of erecting one has been repeatedly suggested, and is rendered necessary by the peculiar

dangers

dangers attending navigation in this sea. In dark and hazy weather vessels sometimes mistake Glencluce bay for the Irish channel, and, when keeping a northerly course, run on shore between Glencluce and the Mull of Galloway. Such a mistake is almost sure to be fatal, as the ship, when left by the tide, remains among quicksands of such a retentive nature, that after-tides serve only to dash her in pieces.

A more rocky coast is rarely to be found than that which extends between the Mull of Galloway and Port Nessick, which is rather an open bay, bounded on either side by low rocky shores. An animated scene here presented itself, there being in the bay about an hundred and fifty sail of boats on the herring fishery, each boat manned with from five to eight men. The project of building a pier at this port has been for some time in agitation, the situation as a harbour being considered preferable in every respect to that of Port Patrick. The distance to the Irish coast is said to be equally short, the haven more commodious, and its entrance less difficult. This scheme of diverting the course of trade from an established channel is liable to many objections, both on the score of public convenience and private interest; those of the latter class may alone be of sufficient weight to cause its abandonment.

Since leaving the Great Orme's Head in Wales, there has not occurred so rugged a tract of coast as that between the Mull of Galloway and Port Patrick. It was necessary to take a circuitous route to the latter place, the direct one, along shore, being quite impracticable.

The harbour of Port Patrick was originally a mere inlet between two ridges of rocks which advance into the sea, forming a bay of about 220 feet clear width, and about 550 feet extent inland. The coast of Ireland lies right in front, extending from S. W. to N. W. at the distance of about twenty miles. The ledge of rocks on the north side of the harbour rises considerably above high water; and as the land extends from north to south, the quarter in which the harbour lay unprotected was from south to south-west inclusive, the ledge of rocks on the south side being too low to afford any considerable shelter. Hence in time of storms it was necessary to run vessels ashore and secure them by means of ropes, on which account they required to be made so strong, and of so flat a construction, as not to sail except with the wind on the beam or abaft. Hence the regular intercourse between Port Patrick and Donaghadee could only be maintained when the winds were northerly or southerly, and even then only by aid of the strong current of the tides up and down the channel. It was therefore desirable that the harbour should be rendered capable of protecting vessels properly constructed for sailing at all points, so that in moderate weather, by the aid of the currents, they might make their passage good in all winds.

This object was accomplished about the year 1774, by that eminent engineer, the late Mr. John Smeaton, under whose direction the southerly ledge of rocks was surmounted by a pier, from which another pier branched out, dividing the bay into an inner and an outer harbour. The projection of this flank pier from the main one being 175 feet, leaves an opening

opening of about 100 feet between it and the nearest point of the northerly platform rocks, which answer the end of a counter-pier. These improvements, with the addition of a light-house, have tended greatly to facilitate the intercourse between this place and the north of Ireland. A number of packet-boats are kept here for the conveyance of the mail, and for the accommodation of passengers.

The bay, on arriving there, presented a busy scene: several sloops from Ireland were discharging cattle, and numbers of persons along shore were employed in curing herrings. The tide here has considerable force; and it is deserving of notice, that at Donaghadee, which is almost directly opposite, the sea ebbs and flows nearly an hour sooner than at Port Patrick. This phenomenon has been observed on some other parts of the coast. When the flood returns, a strong current regularly sets from the Irish shore toward the Mull of Galloway, running at the rate of seven knots an hour, and, when opposed by the wind, exhibiting the appearance of breakers for a considerable distance.

It is generally believed that the largest import of black cattle from Ireland is by Port Patrick, which obtains this preference on account of the shortness of the passage, a very important consideration with regard to a cargo so perishable, and so difficult of transport. The town is small, and thrives but slowly, as is generally the case with thoroughfares of this kind. It is chiefly supported by the constant concourse of passengers by the packets, who here find accommodation according to their circumstances, almost every house being an inn. There is a class of useful persons here whose collective title has never found a place in the list of trades of any guild, livery, or corporation, in the kingdom. They are called the *Robbery*, and ply at the harbour as porters for the service of passengers either landing or embarking. This designation was probably conferred upon them in consequence of their exorbitant charges, and is certainly a humorous but effectual way of warning the public against imposition.

About a mile to the southward of Port Patrick stand the ruins of Dunskey Castle, on the brink of a precipice whose base is washed by the sea. It seems to have been well constructed for defence, and exhibits some remains of embankments on the land side, which shew it to have been a handsome building. The access to it was over a draw-bridge. Many of the squared stones have been taken away for the purpose of erecting a modern seat, and to this sort of dilapidation the rest of the edifice is probably doomed. Its foundation is doubtless of ancient date, as historical mention is made of a castle here so early as the reign of Eugene V. in the seventh century. In the neighbourhood of the castle there is a cave for which the people have a very superstitious regard, as being favourable to the cure of infirm persons, particularly of rickety children, who are brought here even from a considerable distance, and after being washed in a neighbouring stream, are taken to the cave to be dried.

Stranrauer is a royal burgh, situated at the inland extremity of the deep bay, called Loch Ryan. It has no artificial harbour, but ships of 300 tons find good and safe anchorage
in

in what is called the road, about half a mile from the town. At least the only danger in this anchorage is during the prevalence of a strong north or north-west wind, accompanied with a high tide. The town is divided nearly in the middle by a rivulet, over which there are several stone bridges. The castle, now uninhabited, is a very substantial building. Since the erection of the new town-house and prison, the place has undergone several improvements, and its trade of late years has gradually increased. Upwards of 1500 tons of shipping are employed in the coasting trade, and a few in the fisheries. Some of the largest vessels make an annual voyage to Norway and the Baltic, from which they import iron, timber, hemp, &c. The inhabitants are much annoyed at all times by crowds of Irish vagrants, who come over and lodge in the suburbs and neighbouring cottages. Some of them bring Irish linens to barter for old woollen clothes, which they receive in preference to money, and return laden with bales of these worn-out habiliments, in collecting which they penetrate sometimes far into the interior of the country.

The bay of Loch Ryan is about ten miles long, extending from N. W. to S. E. and is nearly two miles wide at its entrance, and four in its widest part. On the east side, about a league from the mouth, is the village of Cairn, with a small bay affording good anchorage, to which vessels entering or quitting the Frith of Clyde resort for shelter in stormy weather. King William's fleet anchored here on their passage to Ireland. On the opposite side of the bay is a sand-bank called the Scarr, which extends a considerable way, in an oblique direction, across. It is easy for vessels to avoid it by keeping near the east shore. On this bank and on the shores of the bay are found oysters of excellent flavour, which might be procured in great abundance by dredging. A variety of fish, such as skate, haddocks, whittings, flounders, crabs, and lobsters, are caught here. The promontory which forms the south-western boundary of the bay is terminated by Millar-point, a headland in the parish of Kirkholm.

The route from Stranrauer to Ballantrae, in Ayrshire, was along the east coast of the bay, and onward by that of the Frith of Clyde, commanding a distant view of the crag of Ailsa. The rocks on the Ayrshire coast are finely formed, and richly covered with vegetation, which produces a most pleasing effect when compared with the bleak and naked cliffs that so often present themselves in this region.

The view here given of the CRAG OF AILSA is taken from the beach near Ballantrae. This noted and valuable landmark is said to be from 800 to 900 feet high, and, being insular, the abruptness and singularity of its form render its appearance very striking. At about a third of the ascent stand the ruins of a castle, which is stated, but on doubtful authority, to have been built by Philip II. of Spain. The island is not inhabited by any human being, but affords refuge to immense flocks of solan geese and other sea-birds, and is stocked by rabbits and a few goats. It is the property of the Earl of Cassilis, and is let for a certain sum per annum, chiefly on account of the value of the birds' feathers procured from thence. According to Professor Jameson, the crag seems to be formed of
different



The Crag of Ailsa



Culzean Castle, Ayrshire

different species of compact sienite, which, particularly on the east side, presents immense groups of columns similar to the basaltic columns that occur so often in the west of Scotland. It is of very great consequence as a landmark to vessels navigating the Frith of Clyde, and constitutes a striking and very picturesque feature of this part of the coast.

From Ballantrae to Girvan the prospect is finely varied by alternations of mountain, rock, and bay; and the inlet called the Frith of Girvan, with its rocks covered with sea fowl, chiefly shags, is very picturesque. The village has but few vessels, and is of little consequence as a port, its inhabitants being chiefly weavers employed by the manufacturers of Glasgow.

The whole of this bold coast, which belongs to the district of Carrick, in Ayrshire, commands an extensive prospect of the sea and opposite shores. A most spacious bay of nearly thirty leagues diameter presents itself, formed by part of Galloway, the counties of Down and Antrim, in Ireland, the east coast of Argyleshire, and part of Dumbartonshire, to which may be added the sea front of Ayrshire, extending about eighty miles. In a clear day the greater part of these tracts of coast is discernible, together with the isles of Arran and Bute, and the two islets of Cumbrae and the crag of Ailsa. It may be here observed that the coast of Ayrshire is not very favourable to navigation, its extremities being rocky, and its midway part a level sandy beach, on which ships are liable to strike at a considerable distance from the shore.

Leaving Girvan and proceeding along the coast, the next object of interest is **CULZEAN CASTLE**, the residence of the Earl of Cassilis, situated on the verge of an almost perpendicular rock, the height of which from the sea is about 100 feet. Its site is that of an ancient castle, which was the mansion of that branch of the family of Kennedy which afterwards succeeded to the title of Earls of Cassilis. The plan of the present edifice was furnished by the late Mr. Adam. Few situations comprehend a greater variety of picturesque scenery. From the principal apartments there is a fine view of the isles of Arran, Pladda, and Holy Island, with the whole of the Frith of Clyde, in the midst of which rises the bold and abrupt crag of Ailsa. The vessels continually passing up and down the Frith give great animation to the scene.

On the land side, and immediately below the castle, are the gardens belonging to the old house of Culzean, formed out of a rock, at great expense, into three terraces, which are planted with fruit trees. The rest of the grounds are laid out with great taste and elegance.

The caves of Culzean are near the castle, and directly under some of the buildings. They are six in number. The largest of the three to the westward presents the appearance of two rocks fallen together and forming a very irregular gothic arch, the highest part of which is about 50 feet. It varies in breadth, and is in extent about 200 feet. The other two, with which it communicates, are smaller, but of similar form. The three caves to the eastward have nearly the same relative height and figure, but their extent has never been precisely ascertained.

ascertained. They have likewise a communication with each other. The question, whether these caves be natural or artificial, cannot be decided by any tradition extant concerning them, but some circumstances tend to prove that they have been occupied. To the largest of the three westward caves there is a door-way built of freestone, with a window three feet above it, of the same material. Above both these there is an apartment from which might be thrown down whatever could annoy the assailants of the entrance. Traces of a similar contrivance are to be found in many old castles in this country.

At a small distance from this place are the ruins of Dunure Castle, situated on a rock at a small elevation from the sea. In its vicinity there is a good little pier, with a convenient harbour for small vessels. The prospect from this castle is very extensive and varied, comprehending the craggy mountains of Arran, the coasts of Kintyre and of Ireland, the isles of Bute and Cumbræ, and a great part of the bay of Ayr. This castle was formerly a residence of the family of Kennedy, from whom, as we have already mentioned, are descended the Earls of Cassilis.

GRINEAN CASTLE, a most singular ruin, stands on the summit of a rock rising abruptly from the sea, not far from the heads of Ayr. Below it are some additions of a modern date, which have never been finished. From this place the TOWN OF AYR has a most respectable appearance. It is situated on a level peninsula formed by the converging rivers Ayr and Doon, which here flow into the sea. Its river is embellished by several good bridges, and in the principal street, which is wide, there are some well built houses. The town and its suburb, called Newton on Ayr, are situated at some distance above the place where the vessels lie, though there are a few houses in the vicinage of the quay. The entrance to the harbour is obstructed by a sand-bank at the mouth of the river, the bed of which is narrow, and the depth of water not more than twelve feet even at spring tides. Coal is exported from hence to some of the Irish ports, and a few vessels import timber and other merchandize from the Baltic.

Between the town and the sea stood the ancient church of St. John the Baptist, in which the Scottish parliament assembled to confirm the title of Robert Bruce to the throne. The tower remains; but the church, of which the foundations are still to be traced, was seized by Oliver Cromwell, who converted it into an arsenal, and gave the burgh 1000 English merks to assist in building their present place of worship. There are yet some remains of the fortifications which Cromwell erected round the old church.

Along the coast, to the north and south of the river, is a level sandy beach, affording a most agreeable ride or drive; the country eastward of the town is adorned with plantations.

The burgh of Newton on Ayr has a public property belonging to it, consisting of about 200 acres of arable land, and 150 acres of common. The freemen or burgesses, limited in number to forty-eight, possess each what is called a *lot* or *freedom*, containing about four acres of arable land, with right of pasturage for their cattle on the common.



Distant View of Ayr



Pier at Ardrossan, Ayrshire

In them is vested the right of electing the magistrates and other officers of the borough. The right of inheritance to these freedoms is limited, females being excluded from the succession. These properties cannot be affected by the debts of the possessor, though the crops on the ground may be seized by his creditors. No advantages have been found to result from this singular tenure.

On the low sandy beach between Ayr and Irvine is Troon Point, a small cape, extending about a mile into the sea in a northerly direction. There is an extensive pier upon it; but the natural advantages which it possesses as a naval station of great convenience and security, have not been improved in their full extent. Somewhat more than a century ago, the merchants of Glasgow were desirous of converting it into a seaport; the proprietor of the adjoining lands, however, had not public spirit enough to coincide with their views; he was fearful that the establishment of a populous town would distress the neighbourhood by increasing the price of the necessaries of life; and in consequence of his rejection of the overtures made to him, another maritime situation was chosen, on which was founded Port Glasgow. Troon is at present much resorted to by sea-bathers. About two miles westward of the point is Lady Isle, which affords safe anchorage to vessels navigating this dangerous coast, and is furnished on the north-west with two land-marks or beacons to indicate the ground.

Irvine stands on the north bank of a river of the same name, the mouth of which, about half a mile distant from the town, forms its harbour, from which are exported considerable quantities of coal, the produce of the adjacent district. Its imports are principally hemp, iron, and timber, from the Baltic; and grain, hides, and skins, from Ireland. There is another small harbour for the export of coal, at Saltcoats, a small town situated at the termination of a ridge of steep and rocky ground in the vicinity of a flat sandy shore, bordered with sand-hills. It is much frequented as a watering place during the summer months, and enjoys some portion of the coasting trade. Salt is manufactured here, and ship-building is carried on to a small extent.

In this part of the country there are eleven strata or seams of coal, which *dip* or decline one fathom in five toward the sea, from south-west to south-east, and rise toward the land in a contrary direction. These seams of coal were originally discovered by Robert Cunningham of Auchenharvie, who, by the death of his uncle, Sir Robert Cunningham, physician to Charles II., became proprietor of the whole parish. He made trials, at great expense, on the different seams; and caused shafts or pits to be sunk at various distances, to ascertain their thickness, their qualities, and the faults or obstructions occurring in them. He drove a level under his own and part of Lord Eglintoun's estate, and thus laid dry the upper part of several of the seams. Being then enabled to procure coal in much greater abundance, his next labour was to facilitate the exportation of it by the construction of a harbour at Saltcoats, in which undertaking he had to encounter many discouraging obstacles, the winter storms for many years destroying the work of the preceding summer. He

completed the harbour about the year 1700, and constructed salt-pans with their requisite appendages, as a means of turning to profitable account the refuse of the coal. By these public-spirited exertions he impaired his fortune, and was obliged to dispose of a considerable part of his estate, reserving the tract nearest Saltcoats, with a servitude for working coal on the rest.

The prospect of the Firth and its islands tended to relieve the monotony of the journey along this extensive bay; and the close of it was enlivened by an object of the most pleasing interest. This was the newly erected PIER AT ARDROSSAN, respecting which Mr. Telford, the civil engineer who planned and superintended the work, has obligingly communicated some particulars, of which the following is the substance. Ardrossan forms the northern projecting cape of the bay of Ayr, and is nearly opposite the excellent roadstead of Lamlash in the isle of Arran. It is situated in the estate of the Earl of Eglintoun, who, having promoted a design for constructing a navigable canal from Glasgow and Paisley through the manufacturing districts of Johnston, Beith, and Dalry, directed Mr. Telford to fix upon the most eligible situation for a terminating harbour. He made choice of this prominent point of Ardrossan. It is protected from the greatest exposure, that to the south-west, by an extensive ridge of rocks; and a small isle, called the Horse Isle, secures the other points. It has an ample entrance for shipping as large as West Indiamen. A pier, upwards of 1000 yards in length, has already been constructed, within the outward head of which there is 24 feet at low water. Within the protection of the body of the pier a capacious graving dock has been constructed; also part of a floating dock, in which it is intended that the canal barges shall come along-side of the sea-vessels. The plan embraces sufficient space for ship-building yards, and every necessary accommodation for a large port. By the liberal and unwearied exertions of the Earl of Eglintoun considerable progress has been made with a new town, and an elegant inn has been erected. The streets adjacent to the harbour are calculated to accommodate persons engaged in business, and at a convenient distance villas are building for others to whom the fine sea-shore and extensive baths may present attractions for exercise and salubrious recreation. These accommodations have not been prepared in vain, the place having already been frequented by numerous visitors from the inland country: during the season, its pier, like that of Ramsgate, forms a very agreeable and animated promenade. About one third of the canal is already completed and navigated. Active measures are now carrying on, which promise the speedy completion of the whole, which will open a communication in the course of one day from Glasgow and Paisley to this spacious and commodious harbour, from whence vessels can depart in all weathers and at any period of the tide.

A new town thus erected after a regular plan, on the site of an obscure village, and combining the advantages of inland and maritime navigation, is one of the most striking signs of modern improvement. There is something too of a substantial and imposing character

character in edifices of stone, the material here employed, which we cannot associate with structures of brick, and which perhaps pleases the more because it assimilates in some degree with the dignity of classic architecture, presenting, in its fresh and nascent state, the image of a colony founded by the ancients.

About two miles northward of Ardrossan was taken the DISTANT VIEW OF THE ISLE OF ARRAN, which is here given. Seen from this point, and indeed from many others along the adjacent tract of country, the highland scenery, for which that isle is noted, produces a most impressive and picturesque effect. Groups of mountains, among which the lofty Goatfield, less known by its native and more poetical name *Ben Ghaoil*, "the mountain of the winds," is conspicuous, raise their craggy peaks above the cliffs on the shore in varied continuity of outline, with rich gradations of shade and colour, forming a bold contrast to the wide expanse of waters below them. The coast near the base of Goatfield is indented by Brodick Bay, which, with its castle, is celebrated as the place where Robert Bruce embarked on his successful expedition for the deliverance of his country and the recovery of his crown, an enterprise which Mr. Walter Scott has commemorated with his wonted animation and felicity, in his poem called the "Lord of the Isles." Scenes thus signalized by the events of past ages have a claim on the notice of the beholder, distinct from that which nature has given them; and, however divested of human memorials, they seldom fail to awaken a train of meditation in which the memory and the fancy are alike engaged. Scotland is eminently rich in historical vestiges of this kind; and the reverence in which they are evidently held by all ranks of people is one of the finest traits in the national character. It is observable that many places in the district which gave birth to Wallace are designated with his name; the achievements of Bruce are, as it were, localized with equal fidelity, and the numerous popular legends of which these and other great men are the theme afford so many proofs of the cordiality with which this patriotic feeling is cherished. To a stranger it is pleasing to be thus reminded that he is travelling in an ancient country, which, in its present aspect, affords a hope that the brightest pages of its history have yet to be unfolded. From viewing the relics of her former renown, he turns to contemplate the improvements which have been and are now taking place in the condition of Scotland—the enclosure and cultivation of vast tracts of land; large plantations; the establishment and spread of manufactures; the growth of commerce indicated by the construction of piers and harbours, and of magnificent canals branching through the country and extending from sea to sea. These improvements are rapid and general, because having been but recently adopted, they have comparatively few prejudices to contend with: agriculture and the useful arts have been introduced here in an enlightened age, with all the advantages which modern science has conferred upon them; and in the hands of an intelligent, acute, and persevering race of men, they are likely soon to be carried much nearer to perfection.

The Isle of Arran, anciently called *Air-Inn*, "the island of mountains," extends
about

about thirty miles from north to south, and is somewhat more than fourteen miles in its greatest breadth from east to west. The southern part is somewhat low, presenting a succession of round-backed hills, but the centre and north of the island well accord with the name by which it is characterised. The summits of the principal mountains afford views of great variety and extent; that of Goatfield in particular commands a prospect extending as far south as the Isle of Man, and comprehending the three kingdoms at once. Of the interior there will be occasion to speak more particularly, as it is comprehended in the course of the Voyage.

Northward, along the coast from the neighbourhood of Ardrrossan, there is a succession of very pleasing scenery, which is not, however, of a nature to require detailed description. Some notice is due to Largs, a village situated on a beautiful plain, extending about a mile from the shore to a range of hills which form an agreeable termination to the prospect. On this plain was fought the celebrated battle of Largs, alluded to in the poem of Hardiknute, between the Scots and the Danes and Norwegians, in 1263, during the reign of Alexander III. There are a number of cairns and other remains which still indicate the scene of this memorable event.

Many of the inhabitants are employed as weavers by the manufacturers of Paisley. There is an annual fair held at midsummer on St. Cosme's day, which, in former times, when the intercourse between the Highlands and Lowlands was far less frequent and regular, drew together a great assemblage of people from both quarters. They met for the purpose of bartering and exchanging their respective commodities, and of laying in a stock of certain articles of necessity or luxury which might serve them throughout the year. The fair lasted for some days, and presented a grotesque and singular scene. The tents and booths of the traders, and of persons engaged in the sale of refreshments, &c. formed a kind of motley suburb to the town; the green was crowded with rustics in their holiday dresses, many of them dancing with great glee to the strains of their national music, or occupied in various games and sports; and the beach was enlivened by a great concourse of boats from the adjacent coast and the neighbouring islands, which gave a sort of comic importance to the festival. Owing to the increase of trade throughout the Highlands this fair has fallen off considerably of late years, but its recurrence is still hailed by the people for miles round, as a gratifying relief to the dulness and ennui of a country life.

Entering Renfrewshire near the village of Kelly, and crossing the breast of land which is bounded by the point of Wemyss, the day's journey was closed by a delightful approach to ARDGOWAN, the seat of Sir Michael Stuart. It is situated on an eminence rising gently from the Firth of Clyde, and commanding an ever-varying prospect of its navigation. The mansion is of modern date, spacious, noble, and elegant, without any undue pretension to magnificence; it is exactly the kind of abode which a man of rank and opulence should choose to reside in; and the grounds that surround it are laid out in the same good taste which is observable in its construction.



The Isle of Arran, taken near Ardrossan



Ardgowan, Renfrewshire

Proceeding along the Firth, in a north-easterly direction, a considerable change of scene speedily occurred. The throng of masts, with the bustle and stir occasioned by the arrival and departure of vessels, indicated the approach to a populous and busy seaport. The VIEW OF GREENOCK FROM THE CLYDE, here given, comprehends that town and harbour, with the hills that bound the level tract of land on which they are situated. Near the base of those hills are seen some elegant houses of recent erection, which agreeably denote the increasing prosperity of the place. In this respect, a town subsisting entirely on commerce has decidedly the advantage over one whose commerce arises from its manufactures. The latter must necessarily contain a large proportion of habitations for the labouring classes, which add rather to its extent than its beauty, while the former acquires in every accession to its magnitude a greater degree of splendour and elegance. In the instance of Liverpool and Manchester, not to mention others, this difference is strikingly apparent.

The trade of Greenock was originally carried on by the Glasgow merchants, to whom almost all the vessels of this port belonged; but the inhabitants gradually became possessed of capitals, and are now the principal ship-owners. The imports consist chiefly of West India produce, together with wine and grain; but almost every article of foreign growth or fabric finds its way hither: the exports are the goods manufactured in the populous country bordering on the Clyde. The town of Greenock, together with the adjacent village of Crawford's-dyke, or Car's-dyke, may be about a mile in extent, and their joint population is estimated at twenty thousand inhabitants. The principal street contains many good houses; the best are the new buildings at the two extremities. The streets to the westward are spacious and regularly built; it is here that the wealthier class of the community in general reside. One of the most elegant structures is the New Inn or Tontine, which stands eastward of the space formed by the crossing of the main streets in the centre of the town. The subscriptions for erecting it were filled up in the course of two days to the amount of ten thousand pounds, a circumstance which sufficiently exemplifies the opulence as well as the public spirit of the place.

In the streets of this town a stranger cannot fail to be surprised by the frequency with which he hears the Gaelic tongue spoken. For this peculiarity the following reasons have been assigned. The great changes which have been taking place for the last half century in the Western Highlands, particularly the formation of large farms by the suppression of small ones, have induced the inhabitants to emigrate in considerable numbers. Many of them have resorted to Greenock, either as their most eligible place of settlement, or as the best outlet to a more remote emigration. It is natural that they should retain with fondness their native idiom, associated as it is with all their recollections of family, of kindred, and of the domestic endearments of early life. It serves them as a token of cognizance among strangers in the remotest regions; it is in effect the key-note of their sympathies; and here, on the threshold of their mountain-home, its characteristic forms of

expression seem perfectly congenial with the current of their thoughts and feelings. There is something impressive in the reflection that the language of the ancient Celts, having survived the vicissitudes which threatened its extinction, should be preserved among their descendants in a state of society so perfectly different from that in which it originated, and to the usages of which it seems almost exclusively to apply. It is understood and spoken, not only by the lower orders in this flourishing town, but also by some of its most considerable and prosperous citizens.

The outer harbour or road of Greenock is confined by a sandbank, commencing near Dumbarton, and terminating a little below the town. At the tail of this bank there is a spacious and good anchorage for ships of any burthen that navigate the Clyde. The inner harbour contains docks for the accommodation of vessels discharging or receiving cargoes; and there are yards for ship-building, which is carried on here to considerable extent. Three miles further up the Firth is situated Port Glasgow, the commerce of which is similar to that of Greenock, but on a much inferior scale. Several improvements of recent date, however, attest the rising importance of the place; extensive warehouses have been erected for the merchants; and large ponds have been constructed for the reception of imported timber.

Respecting the improvement of the port of Greenock, and the progressive increase of its trade, some details are given in Wilson's Survey of Renfrewshire, which may not be deemed uninteresting. It appears that there has been a great increase of foreign trade at Greenock since the commencement of the present century, the increase being near 50 per cent; but the coasting trade at this port has declined since the year 1800. This, however, is not a failure of any part of the coasting trade on the river Clyde, which, upon the whole, has greatly increased, but merely an alteration of the mode of carrying on the trade: many of the coasters, in consequence of the improvements on the river, now going direct to Glasgow, instead of stopping in the first instance at Greenock. This shews the beneficial effects of the works carried on by the trustees on the river in improving the navigation. Since the year 1797 they have expended not less than £2700 per annum in these improvements, and some estimate of the importance of their operations, and of the present state of the coasting trade, may be formed from the following facts. In 1796 the total number of vessels which came up to the bridge of Glasgow was 1326; of which there were,

Under 60 tons . . .	1209 vessels,
60 and under 70 tons . . .	117 vessels.
Total tonnage 55,980.	

Whereas the vessels in 1806 were in number 1678, and consisted of

Under 60 tons . . .	1228 vessels,
60 and under 80 . . .	394
80 and under 100 . . .	49
100 and upwards . . .	7

Total tonnage 80,683 tons, being an average of 24,703 tons.

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A farther evidence of the progressive increase of the trade of Greenock may be drawn from the following statements of the amounts of customs and excise duties for seven years, from 1803 to 1810.

Amount of the duties of customs received at the port of Greenock in the seven years ending 5th January, 1810.

	£	s.	d.
Year ending 5th January, 1804 . .	208,490	12	0½
1805 . .	248,674	17	8
1806 . .	272,973	4	6½
1807 . .	369,433	10	11½
1808 . .	355,095	9	11½
1809 . .	326,104	17	6½
1810 . .	489,275	3	3½
	<hr/>		
	£2,270,047	16	0½
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	£	s.	d.
Amount of excise duties from 5th July, 1803, to 5th July, 1804 . .	50,232	14	0½
1804 . .	1805 . .	53,113	12 8½
1805 . .	1806 . .	87,400	12 11½
1806 . .	1807 . .	194,428	6 3½
1807 . .	1808 . .	206,636	16 1½
1808 . .	1809 . .	224,478	4 9½
1809 . .	1810 . .	221,854	17 5
	<hr/>		
	£1,038,145	4	3½
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It may be added that the revenue arising from the post office nearly doubled itself in the course of thirteen years, the receipts for 1797 being £2800, and in 1811 amounting to £5300.

The state of the docks and harbours affords another evidence of the great prosperity of the town of Greenock. In the year 1700 the inhabitants petitioned the parliament of Scotland for a fund to build their harbour, but the petition was not complied with. However, in consequence of a contract with Sir John Shaw, their superior, and a voluntary assessment, the harbour was begun in 1707, the expense of which amounted to £5600, a great debt at this early period of their concerns. After this the commerce of their port increased so rapidly, that in the year 1740 the whole debt was extinguished, and there remained a surplus of £1500. In consequence of an act of parliament in 1773, a dry dock was begun in 1783, and further improvements continued to be made in the

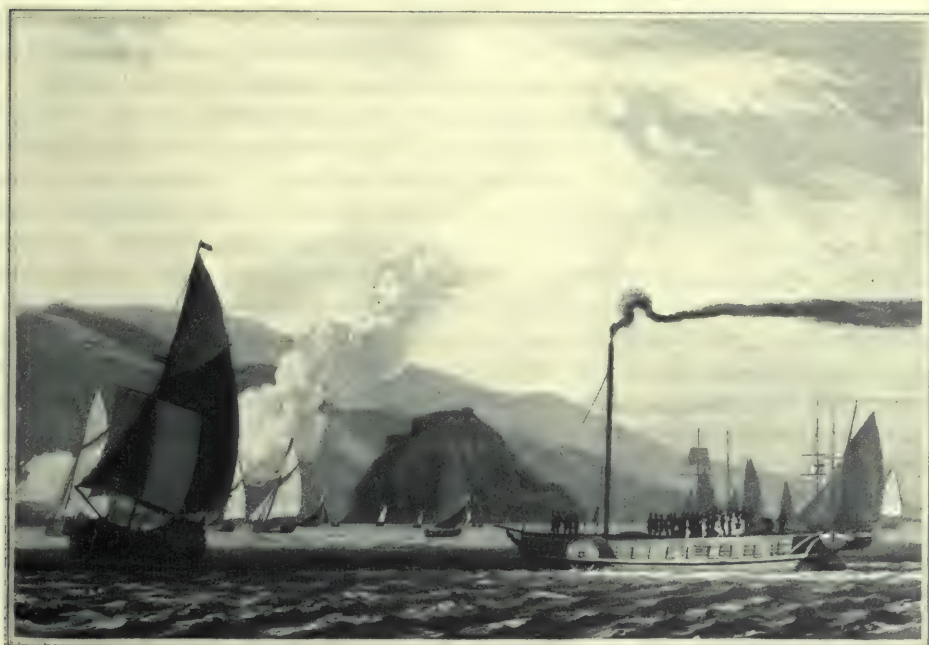
harbour in consequence of an act in 1789; and the trade still advancing, two new acts of parliament were obtained in 1801 and 1803, for building new piers, quays, warehouses, and dry docks for graving and repairing vessels. The expenses of the improvements of the harbour were estimated by Mr. Rennie at £51,567. In the year 1810 the powers of the several acts for improving the town and harbour of Greenock were, in consequence of a bill brought into parliament, altered and enlarged, and two new graving or dry docks were projected at the east quay, which were estimated by Mr. Rennie at £36,455. These improvements have greatly augmented the revenue arising from the docks and harbours.

The nearness of this port to the western entrance of the Forth and Clyde canal renders it an important depot, from whence colonial produce may be easily transported to the north of Europe. The merchants of Greenock, although aware of this advantage, were so pressed for want of warehouses, that it became necessary to introduce into the acts of parliament latterly obtained, for the improvement of the town and harbour, clauses empowering the magistrates and town-council, as trustees or commissioners, to erect warehouses for depositing goods and merchandize in front of the breast of the new harbour. A great extent of these buildings has been already executed on such a scale as fully to accommodate the trade and give superior safety to the interests of the revenue.

Thus Greenock, in the course of little more than a century, has risen from the condition of an obscure fishing village to that of an opulent and thriving port. During the same period the manufactures and commerce of the west of Scotland have been improving with correspondent rapidity, and notwithstanding occasional checks and reverses, they have operated a most important and beneficial change throughout that extensive district. The enterprising spirit of the people, which might else have gradually abated and died away, or influenced by the warlike bent of their character might have exhausted itself in fruitless and fatal animosities, has taken a direction calculated to ensure their permanent welfare. The vassalage and subserviency of the feudal system have become obsolete, the way to independence has been thrown open to all, and repeated examples of extraordinary success have attracted a multitude of competitors into the career of industry. At the same time it is gratifying to observe, that many of the evils that might have been apprehended as the necessary consequences of such a change have been avoided. Commercial pursuits, it has been alleged, have a tendency to deaden the moral sensibility of a community, to supplant every liberal principle by a sordid passion for gain, and to bring into contempt every occupation which has not gain for its object. In many manufacturing and trading towns the complaint has been, that the vices of the lower orders are but too often connived at, from a notion that the indulgence of those vices to a certain extent is sure to retain them in a state of subjection and laborious dependence, thus diminishing the number of competitors for wealth; while among the richer classes, the *worth* of a man, in every sense of the word, is estimated generally by the value of his property; and the merit



Greenock, on the Clyde



Steam Boat on the Clyde near Dumbarton

merit of having accumulated a fortune is considered as involving every other sort of merit. But, happily for Scotland, there exists in every rank of society a strong moral and religious feeling, which serves to counteract the evil tendency of gainful commerce; and the blessings of education, being almost gratuitously diffused, rescue even the lowest orders from that brutish debasement which is the soil of all the vices. No where are intellectual attainments more highly appreciated, and no where do they insure greater respect to their possessor. Where the avenues to knowledge are so numerous and so easily accessible, ignorance is sheer disgrace; the gifts of fortune can purchase no palliation for it; hence one of the most powerful incentives to the acquisition of wealth is the leisure it affords for the enjoyments of literature and science, and a successful trader feels an honourable pride in being thought worthy of associating with men of genius or learning. Where such motives exist, the instances of that narrow-minded and purse-proud vulgarity, which despises what it can neither relish nor comprehend, must be comparatively rare. Almost every village in Scotland has its book-society and its library; similar establishments are encouraged by the proprietors of extensive manufactories; the instruction of the lower classes is an object of public concern, and they are freely disposed to avail themselves of it, from a conviction that it may be a means, and at all events will be a compensation for affluence. The opulent become daily more emulous in their zeal for improvement, and among the mercantile classes, by whom the extensive commerce of the Clyde is carried on, it would not be difficult to adduce numerous examples in confirmation of that spirited remark once made by Mr. Fox, that abilities for business are perfectly compatible with fine talents and a taste for liberal studies.

Should these observations be considered as proceeding from a desire to exhibit the picture in its most favourable point of view, let it be recollected that hope is a more grateful feeling than despondency, and that there has been of late too evident a disposition in some quarters to regard the evils of commerce as inherent in its nature and altogether irreparable. But it is high time to terminate this digression and recur to the narrative. In proceeding from Greenock up to Dumbarton, which indeed is beyond the limits of a coasting voyage, a conveyance offered itself which forms a very striking peculiarity in the navigation of the Clyde. This was the steam-boat, of which a sufficient number have been established to maintain a constant intercourse between Glasgow and Greenock. They can depart during any period of the tide and in all winds, and perform the voyage generally in three hours or three hours and a half. An idea may be formed of these vessels by reference to the VIEW OF STEAM-BOATS ON THE CLYDE, NEAR DUMBARTON. It is observable that the smoke of the engine is carried off by a tall cast-iron chimney, bearing the semblance of a mast, and sometimes serving as a substitute for one when the state of the wind will allow a sail to be hoisted with advantage. The stream of smoke from the orifice generally takes a horizontal direction, in consequence of the movement of the vessel, forming a pendant of extraordinary length and
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very singular appearance. By this signal the people can distinguish the steam-boats at a very great distance. They are fitted up in a style similar to that of the packet-boats on navigable canals. The principal cabin for passengers is furnished with draught and chess boards, back-gammon tables, and other implements of pastime, as well as with a small library of that description of books denominated light reading; on the roof there are chairs and benches for the convenience of those who, in fine weather, choose to enjoy the delightful prospects that present themselves on both shores of the Clyde. The space before the mast, or near the steam engine, answering to what is called the steerage passage, is allotted at half-price to those who can put up with inferior accommodations for the sake of travelling at a very cheap rate. The steam-boat takes in and lands passengers at Dumbarton and Port Glasgow, and the mechanism of her motion is such as to allow her to touch at those places with the least possible delay, and to lie to or resume her course with equal promptitude. Her rate of moving is delightfully uniform and rapid; and it is particularly amusing to observe with what ease she will outstrip a vessel though under full sail.

About the period here alluded to there were six steam-packets plying on the river, two of which carried goods as well as passengers. Larger boats with more powerful engines were then constructing; among others, one of about 100 feet keel and 17 feet beam, with an engine of 24 horses power, and one of equal burthen, having an engine of 30 horses power. The vessels in starting take advantage of the tide as far as circumstances will permit; but as they depart at different hours from the same place, they are obliged sometimes to go part or nearly the whole of their course against the tide. Against a moderate breeze of contrary wind, with the tide favourable, the voyage has been performed in two hours and a quarter. The mail-coach between Glasgow and Greenock was allowed three hours and a half, and though, by extraordinary exertion, some of the coaches were made to run that distance in an hour less time, yet a decided preference was soon given to the steam-boats, on account of the facility and cheapness of the conveyance. One of them has been known to carry two hundred and forty-seven persons at a time; and in fine summer weather from five to six hundred have gone from Glasgow to Port Glasgow and Greenock and returned the same day. The easy passage, and the fine scenery which it commands, have induced many persons to make this a mere excursion of pleasure; and the bathing places below Greenock, furnishing an unexceptionable apology for a trip of this kind, are beginning to be very much frequented. The first steam-boats that succeeded in Scotland were planned by Mr. Bell of Helensburgh, and built by Messrs. John Wood and Co. of Port Glasgow.

One of the most remarkable objects in the course of the voyage is the rock of Dumbarton with its castle, included in the view above referred to. The spreading volume of smoke which appears to proceed from the verge of the shore, arises from a manufactory of bottle and crown glass, situated near the town, which stands on a peninsula formed by the
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the winding of the Leven at its junction with the Clyde. The rock is divided by a fissure about mid-way, and has two summits; on the lower are several batteries mounted with cannon. The higher and narrower summit commands very extensive views: toward the north is seen Loch Lomond and the rugged mountains in its neighbourhood, the most conspicuous of which is the lofty Ben Lomond. Between the loch and the Clyde extends the rich vale of Leven with its meandering river. The prospect down the Firth includes the towns of Port Glasgow and Greenock, and is terminated on the right by a majestic range of mountains, more picturesque in form and outline than perhaps any other estuary in the island can boast. In clear weather, the view eastward extends beyond the city of Glasgow.

Dumbarton castle was long deemed impregnable, but was taken by escalade, in 1571, when held by Lord Fleeming for Mary, Queen of Scots. This arduous enterprise was suggested by a common soldier named Ramsay, who had served in the fortress, and in consequence of a pique deserted to the opposite party. When the assailants, under his guidance, and commanded by a captain of the name of Crawford, had proceeded midway in their ascent, an accident occurred which placed them in the most imminent danger. One of their comrades was seized with a sudden fit, and clung, apparently lifeless, to the ladder. To pass him was impossible, to tumble him down the rock would be cruel, and by alarming the guard might occasion a discovery. In this emergency, Captain Crawford, with admirable presence of mind, directed that the soldier should be tied fast in his position, that he might not fall when the fit was over, and then gave orders that the ladder should be turned with that side toward the rock, which being done, the soldiers mounted on the other side without difficulty. The place was then carried in a most daring and determined manner; the governor sliding down a part of the rock escaped through a by-path, and fled into Argyshire.

The rock of Dumbarton is of the basaltic kind, and some parts of it have been observed to be strongly magnetic, occasioning a considerable variation when a compass is brought near it. The late professor Anderson, of Glasgow, made several experiments to verify this interesting fact, and marked with paint those parts of the rock which possess magnetism, with the direction of the poles. Another peculiarity that has been noticed concerning this rock is, that the true Scottish thistle, a rare plant, having its light leaves variegated with white, grows in considerable quantities about its base, and, sparingly, even on its summit. This distinguished symbol of the national renown might seem, to an enthusiastic fancy, to delight in thus adorning one of the ancient strong-holds of the country.

The voyage down the Firth was exceedingly pleasant, presenting on either hand a rich diversity of prospect, and enlivened by a multitude of vessels sailing in different directions. On a point of land, near what may be called the elbow of the Clyde, as it there turns from a westerly to a southerly course, stands the Clough light-house, which, together with
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that established on Toward Point, lower down on the opposite shore of Cowal, is of essential service to the navigation of this confined and winding channel.

On arriving at Ardgowan, its hospitable owner had the politeness to provide a boat for the purpose of crossing over to Rothsay, in the isle of Bute. This town is situated at the extremity of a bay, in which there is safe anchorage. There are some remains of an ancient castle, in which are still pointed out the bed-chambers and banqueting-rooms of Robert II. and Robert III., the last Scottish monarchs who inhabited this ancient structure. In succeeding times it was the principal residence of the Stuarts, ancestors of the present family of Bute, and continued in their possession until it was burnt by the Duke of Argyle during the troubles of 1685. Rothsay gives the title of duke to the heir apparent of the British crown. Being a royal borough, it sends, in conjunction with Ayr, Inverary, and Campbeltown, one representative to parliament. The principal pursuit of the inhabitants is the herring fishery; the cotton manufacture has also been introduced, and occupies a considerable number of hands.

This island, together with that of Arran, and the isles of Great and Little Cumbrae and Inchmarnoch, constitutes the county of Bute. It is separated from the district of Cowal, in Argyleshire, by a long and very narrow channel. The extent of the isle of Bute, from north to south, is about eighteen miles; its greatest breadth, from east to west, is about five miles, but its area is indented by several deep bays. The northern parts are rocky and barren; the more fertile tracts lie to the southward, and those which are under cultivation produce abundance of barley, oats, and potatoes. The soil is considered by agriculturists as capable of being turned to the highest account of any in all the Hebrides. The union of two incongruous employments, farming and fishing, tended to retard the improvement of these advantages. When the late Earl of Bute came to his estate he took measures to establish a distinction between them, so that each individual, according to his choice, might devote his sole attention either to one or the other; in consequence of which arrangement, and the encouragement that his lordship gave to agriculture, the island soon assumed a more flourishing aspect.

Much lime is calcined here, both for private use and for exportation. Great quantities of slate are also found. The populous districts of the west of Scotland afford a ready market for these and other products of the island. There are regular packets from Rothsay, and a ferry-boat once a week from Scoulay to the Largs.

In coasting southward from Rothsay, the view here given of MOUNT STUART, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, was taken, at such a distance from the shore as to comprise, within the angle of vision, the remote mountains of Arran, whose high and rugged peaks form a remarkable contrast with the level ground on this part of the intervening island. The mansion is agreeably situated on an eminence, sufficiently elevated to command some extensive prospects over the Firth of Clyde: its spacious grounds are finely interspersed with wood, which, in a quarter so exposed to the sea, produces a most agreeable effect.



Mount Stuart, Isle of Bute



Loch Ranza, Isle of Arran

The day's excursion terminated at LOCH RANZA, a fine harbour, of which a view is here given. It is situated on the north-western extremity of the isle of Arran. There existed no motive for proceeding to the peninsula and Mull of Cantyre, as the whole of that tract is of an unvaried character, and peculiarly barren of subjects for delineation. One part of it indeed, the isthmus formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat, and connecting South Knapdale with Cantyre, might have gratified curiosity, and deserves to be briefly mentioned. Across this isthmus of little more than a mile vessels used formerly to be drawn by horses, to avoid the perils attending the tedious circumnavigation of the promontory. The term Tarbat, which is applied to many isthmuses in North Britain, is by some derived from two Gaelic words, signifying the drawing of boats. This isthmus might be called, as Pennant observes, *the Tarbat*, by way of pre-eminence, from a singular circumstance related by Torfæus. When Magnus the Barefooted, king of Norway, obtained, from Donald-Bane of Scotland, the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he placed himself in a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow tract, and by this species of navigation wrested the country from his brother monarch. Robert Bruce made this passage in the course of his expedition, and the incident is most happily introduced by Mr. Walter Scott, in his poem of the "Lord of the Isles," in his spirited description of the monarch's voyage from Skye. In the close of that description the poet, with his usual facility, and as it were by a single glimpse, places a magnificent scene before the imagination of his readers:

" Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-ghoil, ' the mountain of the wind,'
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile."

The bay extends about a mile inland; its castle, which though now in ruins, gives an air of venerable importance to the place, is situated on a low projecting neck of land, that forms an inner harbour with a narrow passage, but of considerable depth. On a small plain beyond, which is watered by a stream, is situated a village; the distant view comprehends a rugged amphitheatre of the mountains of Arran, which have nowhere a more imposing and picturesque effect on the view than from this bay. The castle is of considerable antiquity, for it is mentioned by Fordun, who wrote about the year 1380, as a royal castle. If tradition may be cited, the whole island was, at a very early period, the favourite abode of mighty men. Fingal, the father of Ossian, is said to have resided here occasionally for the sake of hunting; and some of the caves on the coast are pointed out as the retreats where he and his vassals seethed their venison. Its reputation as a royal

chase was long maintained; and when the Bruce sounded his bugle after landing in Loch Ranza, his faithful adherents, Douglas, Lennox, and Delahaye, were summoned from their sport by the welcome signal.

The race of hunters and warriors have now disappeared, and their hardy pursuits have given place to humbler occupations. The islanders of Arran in general employ themselves in tillage and fishing; at those times of the year when the herring-shoals appear in these seas, Loch Ranza is frequented by numerous vessels, of various form and construction, engaged in the fishery, which present a very animated and cheerful scene.

On the next morning a favourable breeze served from Loch Ranza, and enabled the vessel to reach the eastern outlet of the Crinan canal in the course of the day. The whole coast of the peninsula from Skipnish to Loch Gilp Head, near that outlet, is of moderate height, and exhibits few signs of cultivation. Having landed, it was necessary to proceed on foot along the bank of the canal to the north-west end: the walk was extremely pleasant and agreeable. After crossing the ferry at Loch Crinan, the day's journey terminated at DUNTRUNE CASTLE, of which a view is here given. It is the property of Neill Malcolm, Esq. to whom it has descended through a long line of ancestry. His father made some improvements, which have certainly rendered it a very comfortable residence. The castle stands on a rock of small elevation, the base of which is washed on one side by the sea. The scenery around it, and most of the views which it commands, are rather of a mild character, and have little of the ruggedness of either the Hebridean or the Highland landscape.

Of so important a public work as the Crinan canal something more than a mere cursory notice will doubtless be expected; and it is with great satisfaction that the following particulars, obtained through an application to that eminent and experienced civil engineer, Mr. Rennie, are presented to the reader. For the urbanity and promptness with which that application was complied with the warmest acknowledgments are due.

The Crinan canal commences at Loch Gilp, a branch of Loch Fyne, at Ardrishaig, and runs on the western side of the loch to near Oakfield, a distance of about two miles, from thence to Cairnbaan, a distance of about two miles more, where it crosses the road leading from Inverary through Loch Gilp Head to Bellanoch, and to the ferry across the sound of Jura to the islands of Jura and Ila.

From Cairnbaan the canal runs along the eastern side of the road to Bellanoch, a distance of about three miles more; from thence, under the high cliffs of rock on the western side of Loch Crinan, cutting through the skirts of the rocks, in some parts, at the depth of from 40 to 50 feet, till it comes to Portree, where it enters into the bay of Crinan on its western side, a farther distance of about two miles from Bellanoch, making the whole length nine miles, from Loch Gilp to Loch Crinan.

At the entrance of the canal from Loch Gilp there is an extensive stone pier to protect vessels either entering or coming out of the sea-lock from the southerly winds, which,



Duntrune Castle, Loch Creran, Argylshire



Loch Swene, Argylshire

which, when blowing hard, send a heavy sea up Loch Fyne and into Loch Gilp: within the sea-lock there is a commodious basin for vessels to remain in. From the basin there are three locks within a short distance, rising, with the rise of the sea-lock, about 26 feet. The canal then runs on the same level to Cairnbaan, where there are four locks rising into the summit-level about 35 feet. The summit-level runs to Dell, a distance of little more than half a mile, where there are five locks in a short distance, the last at Dunarary, locking down together about 45 feet. From Dunarary the canal runs on the same level to Portree, where there is a lock into the basin of about 10 feet fall. From this basin, which is not so extensive as the one at Ardrishaig, there is a sea-lock into Loch Crinan, falling about seven feet. This lock stands in deep water; the entrance is well sheltered by nature, and needs no pier for its protection. The length of the locks between the gates is 96 feet, the width 24 feet, and the depth of water in the canal 12 feet.

The locks on the high ground on the western side of the canal supply it with water. In heavy rains an abundance is there collected by means of dams made across the neck or outlet, with sluices for draining off the water when required for supplying the canal. The general line of the canal runs from south-east to north-west, but its direction is usually termed east and west. It is for the greatest part cut through rock; in many places to a great depth, and at enormous cost. The whole expenses have amounted to about £140,000.

The great accommodation which this canal affords consists in passing vessels from Loch Gilp to Loch Crinan, by which they avoid the long and dangerous navigation round the Mull of Cantyre, and save in distance, from the Clyde to the bay of Crinan, upwards of 60 miles. It also affords a short and safe passage for small boats to and from the fisheries of cod, ling, and herring, on the western coast, which could not with safety navigate round the Mull of Cantyre. These boats formerly used to unload in West Loch Tarbat, and they, as well as their cargoes, were carried over the isthmus into East Loch Tarbat, on Loch Fin, about twelve miles south of the entrance into the Crinan canal.

The number of these boats and of small vessels under 12 tons burden, passing the canal in the course of a year, was about 600; and about 700 vessels from 12 to 120 tons, with various cargoes. The number of vessels to and from the herring fisheries on the western coast, in moderate seasons, was about 700 annually. These were taken on an average of the years 1809 and 1810; but the tonnage dues being very low, did not amount to more than about £1650 on the average, per annum.

The depth of water, in spring tides, at Loch Gilp, is 15 feet; and at the Crinan end, in ordinary tides, 18 feet. It is to be observed, in reference to ordinary tides, that the tides here are so much influenced by the winds and currents among the islands north of Loch Crinan, that they have no regularity. Instances have been known when what should have been a spring tide has risen only two feet, while a neap tide has risen 10 feet.

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The execution of the Crinan canal was a work of no small difficulty. In some places it is carried through a deep morass, in others through rock ; and the torrents which come from the hills on the west side of the vale through which it runs bring down gravel and stones in such quantities as to choke up the culverts made for passing them under the canal, and hence the water rises until it overflows the banks, and at times occasions much injury.

To resume the narrative.—A ride over a wild and hilly tract conducted to Polthali, where, from a high hill that overlooks a large uninhabited house belonging to Mr. Malcolm, a very extensive prospect opens north and south. The elevation is such as to enable the spectator to look down, as on a map, over a large group of rocks and islands. The Paps of Jura, and part of the more distant isle of Ila, were visible. The Gulf of Corrievrekan, which separates Jura from Scarba, and the mountains of Mull, were very distinctly seen. As that gulf forms the communication between the Atlantic and the internal sea of Argyleshire, it is agitated, at the flowing and ebbing of the tide, in a most tremendous manner. The rushing and rebounding of immense bodies of water form a whirlpool which is heard at a great distance, and seems to threaten immediate destruction to such boats as approach it. Large vessels, it is said, may pass through when the conflict of waters is at its height, but the navigation of such a raging gulf must always be attended with danger.

On descending to the shore of Loch Craginish a ferry-boat was at hand, which saved a ride of ten miles round the shores of the loch to Craginish castle, which belongs to Archibald Campbell, Esq. laird of Jura. It has not much the appearance of a castle, but rather resembles a high dwelling-house with a steep-pitched roof; and the incongruous addition of sash-windows still further detracts from its dignity as a fortress. Its situation, at the entrance of a bay, like that of most others on these shores, seems to indicate that the original intention of its founders was to defend their territories from the incursions of a maritime foe. After a short stay at this place, the return to Duntrune was accomplished in a row of two hours, with an ebb tide.

In the course of a subsequent journey to Castle Swene, a ruin about fifteen miles from Duntrune, the view here given of LOCH SWENE was taken from a position near the head of the loch. Its shores are rocky and irregular, producing, by their confused and intricate sinuosities, an effect strikingly picturesque. The various creeks, inlets, and craggy projections, that presented themselves on passing along, afforded many combinations of wild and rugged scenery, that might well deserve to be studied in detail. Castle Swene, by its truly antique character, as well as by its position, harmonizes well with the general features of the landscape. Little doubt seems to be entertained that it is of Danish or Norwegian origin ; but few particulars are recorded respecting either its foundation or its subsequent history.



Rassella, near Kilmartin, Loch Creaan, Argyshire



On the Isle of Jura

These and other excursions on this part of the coast, it will be perceived, commence and terminate at Duntrune Castle. Its hospitable owner, Mr. Malcolm, who was at this period absent, had the politeness to direct that the traveller should be made as much at home as possible; and it is gratifying to acknowledge, that the attentions of his factor, Mr. John Campbell, rendered this home in every respect a most agreeable one.

In the vicinity of the castle, between Loch Crinan and Kilmartin, there is a valley of no inconsiderable extent, containing many huge upright stones and cairns. About a mile and a half from the head of Loch Crinan there is a Druidical circle, about thirty feet in diameter, the stones of which are in sand, though the ground that surrounds the circle is, to a considerable distance, bog earth. The accompanying view, entitled *RASSELLA, NEAR KILMARTIN*, will serve to afford an idea of its character and situation. The hillock in the second ground, is a cairn consisting of grey stones, a relic assignable, according to most antiquaries, to the age of the Druids. Objects of this kind do not, strictly speaking, come within the scope of this work; but in the present instance, when they occur so near the coast, the introduction of them may be allowed, as affording evidence of the character of its primitive inhabitants. It has been of late conjectured that the Druids had two kinds of circles, *religious* and *judicial*; the one appropriated to the celebration of their mystic rites, and the other to the administration of justice. The circle in question seems to have been of the former class, if we may judge from the proximity of the sepulchral relic just mentioned; but be that as it may, its presence alone shews that this district was peopled by a fraternity of those idolatrous hierarchs, who assumed absolute sway over the souls and bodies of their fellow-creatures.

The next object of investigation was the isle of Jura, one of the most rugged of the Hebrides, extending about thirty miles, from the Gulf of Corrievrekan northward, to the sound of Ila, which bounds it on the south-west. Its general breadth is from six to seven miles; it is in one part deeply indented by a bay which occasions an isthmus, denominated by the generic term of the Tarbat. A detail of the tour through this island, influenced as it was by a variety of accidental circumstances, will perhaps be less interesting to the reader than a brief account of its result, in the form of a general description. In the view here given ON THE ISLE OF JURA, are comprised some of its characteristic features. It represents a small harbour on the east coast between Lagg Ferry and the port of Small Isles, which will hereafter be noticed, and it comprehends the summit of one of the Paps, which are the most remarkable objects on this sterile tract, and are distinguishable at a very considerable distance. The laird of the isle is Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Ardin.

Those abrupt and singular mountains called the Paps have by no means that mammillary appearance which their designation seems to indicate. They are, according to Dr. Jameson, principally composed of strata of a granular quartz, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and dipping to the south-west. From the summit the strata appear

to run in different directions, some curved, and others nearly horizontal; but these appearances are probably more owing to the situation in which they are viewed, and to the detrition of the strata by rain, than to any alteration in their dip or direction. The southernmost of these mountains is termed *Bienn-Achaolais*, "the mountain of the sound," as being near the sound of Ila; the next is *Bienn-un-Oir*, "the mountain of gold;" the third *Bienn-Sheunta*, "the sacred mountain;" and that to the north is *Corra-bienn*, "the steep mountain." The elevation of *Bienn-an-Oir* is estimated at 2420 feet above the level of the sea. Notwithstanding the fatigue of such an undertaking, it would have been desirable to ascend one of them; but the weather at this period was so unfavourable, that the extensive and sublime prospect from the summit, in a clear state of the atmosphere, would have been totally excluded. In this prospect, according to Mr. Pen-
nant, who ascended *Bienn-an-Oir*, are included the island of Ila, and beyond that the coast of Ireland; to the east are seen Gigha, Cantyre, Arran, and the Frith of Clyde, bordered by Ayrshire, and to the north-east a stupendous tract of mountains extending to Ben-lomond. Over the western ocean are seen Colonsay, Oronsay, Mull, Iona, Staffa, and the neighbouring isles, and still farther are faintly descried the islands of Coll and Tiree.

The coast of Jura, along the sound of Ila, and on the western side, is rocky; the cliffs are in some places of considerable height, with great masses detached from them, generally of a pyramidal form. These quartz masses, by further decomposition, form a very fine sand, which, as Dr. Jameson observes, has been used with much success in the making of glass. The land on this western side is little susceptible of cultivation, being wild, rugged, and intersected by frequent mountain-torrents. On the east side the coast is rather level, having a gradual ascent at a small distance inland, to a tract of arable and pasture ground, which forms the base of its high and rocky mountains.

Lagg Ferry, situated on this coast, has a small but commodious pier; and a very good road extends from it through the island to a ferry on the south-west shore, opposite Port Askaig on the isle of Ila. South-west of Lagg Ferry is the harbour of Small Isles, a capacious bay about four miles in extent. Into the mouth of this bay extend three or four islets, which leave narrow openings to the harbour, and form a strong barrier to the violence of the sea.

The climate, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds from the Atlantic, is humid, but the air in general is so temperate as to be favourable to longevity. Several instances are mentioned of natives who have passed their hundredth year, but the most remarkable is that of Gillour Macrain, who is said to have kept 180 Christmases in his own house, and died in the reign of Charles I. The favourable influence of climate can hardly be said to be seconded by the habits of the people in promoting this duration of existence; they are not only exempt from the luxuries, but even from the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and are exposed to all the diseases arising from defective clothing and
scanty

scanty diet. But human nature accommodates itself more readily to privation than to excess, and hence it is that instances of longevity occur most frequently where the enjoyments of life are sparingly distributed.

Among the antiquities of Jura may be mentioned some rude obelisks, eight or ten feet in height, which seem to have been the burial-places of ancient warriors, since beneath such of them as have been thrown down there has been uniformly found a small urn, containing ashes and some coins.

The mountains still afford shelter to several kinds of red deer; and here are also found abundance of grouse and black game. The high grounds afford pasturage to numerous herds of sheep, and these, as well as the game, are exposed to the depredations of eagles. During the period of this tour, Dr. Jura, the son of the laird of the isle, visited an eagle's nest near one of the Paps of Jura: it was about five feet in diameter, and there were two young ones in it. Near them lay a brace of moor game and a crow, as well picked as if they had come from the hands of a poulterer: there was a lamb also. His intention was to destroy the old birds, if possible, as well as the young ones, on account of the great havock they made among the flocks. In conversing on the strength of these formidable animals, he stated, as a well known fact, that an eagle once took up a child which its mother had wrapped up in a piece of flannel and laid down by a stook of oats (it being harvest season) and flew with it from Scarba to Jura. Some of the people of Jura observing the eagle descend, with what they supposed to be a lamb in his talons, hastened to the place where he alighted, and, to their surprise, found the infant unhurt, with the wrapping around it scarcely discomposed.

The tour was extended across the sound of Ila, through which the tide ran at the rate of about seven knots an hour in mid channel, to Port Askaig, a convenient harbour for small vessels. After recrossing the sound, and paying a visit to the laird of Jura, the voyage was resumed from Lagg Ferry to Taerallie. Landing there, and returning to Duntrune, the next excursion was a most delightful ride of six hours over the mountains to Inverary, situated on a small bay at the head of Loch Fyne, at the mouth of the river Aray. The scenery for the greater part of the way was grand and striking, and the approach to that town, through a country abounding in full grown wood, was uncommonly fine. The most attractive feature in the prospect is INVERARY CASTLE, the principal seat of the Duke of Argyle, on the western side of the loch, of which a view is here given. It stands on a gentle slope in a spacious and noble park, bounded on one side by an amphitheatre of well wooded hills, and on the other by Loch Fyne, which, expanding in front of the mansion, forms an irregular circle about twelve miles in circumference, beautifully indented by small promontories, and backed by a grand range of highland scenery. The castle is a modern edifice. Its principal hall is a spacious apartment surrounded by a gallery, in which there is an organ. Here are suspended arms and other characteristics of a Highland castle. Among the other apartments the large drawing-room is particularly

larly worthy of notice, as containing some of the finest specimens of the Gobelin tapestry in this kingdom. Among the portraits is a head of the celebrated Earl of Argyle, who was put to death in the reign of James II. for having favoured the unsuccessful attempt of the Duke of Monmouth, and whose magnanimity is so well described in the historical fragment of Mr. Fox. It ought to be mentioned, that the plantations which now adorn this seat originated chiefly with him, or at least that he set the example of that good taste which his successors have so spiritedly followed. Since the year 1745, when the present edifice was founded, it is calculated that £250,000 have been expended in plantation and other works of utility and decoration on this property, and that the late duke laid out at least three thousand pounds per annum in similar improvements. In so flourishing a state are the woods and plantations at present, that the thinning of them produces at least £1500 annually. From this fact may be calculated the great benefits which Scotland will one day derive from the extensive plantations with which various parts of her territory have since been covered.

The present town of Inverary is small, consisting chiefly of one row of houses facing the loch; they are well built and of uniform structure. The old town, situated on the north side of the bay, on the lawn before the castle, being an irregular straggling village, was rased when the site of the present one was chosen. Inverary was erected into a royal burgh by a charter from Charles the First, dated at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, 28th January, 1648. It is governed by a provost, two bailies, and a council, nominated by the Duke of Argyle, who is the proprietor of the whole town. Though tolerably well situated for manufactures, none of any great extent are carried on here. About the year 1748 the linen manufacture was introduced into the neighbourhood by Archibald, Duke of Argyle, with some success. A less fortunate attempt was made in 1766 to introduce the woollen manufacture, which, notwithstanding the public-spirited exertions and munificence of the then duke, seconded by many gentlemen of the county, did not flourish.

The great support of Inverary is the herring-fishery of Loch Fyne. It generally begins in July, and sometimes continues until the first of January. In the height of the season, according to the hyperbolical adage of the country, the loch contains one part of water and two parts of herrings. They are, and have been, from time immemorial, reputed the finest both in size and quality that Scotland produces. The extent of the loch, to its junction with the sea, exceeds thirty miles; and in the single bay of Inverary, at its inland extremity, 500 or 600 boats are sometimes employed in the fishery, and the groups of them with their circling nets form an interesting picture. The night is the time of fishing; in the day-time the crews take their rest, or employ themselves in extracting the entrails from the fish they have taken, occasionally amusing themselves with singing Celtic ballads to the sound of the bag-pipe. Each boat clears on an average between £40 and £50 for the season, and in some very productive seasons £100, besides
a supply



Inverary Castle, Argyleshire



Dunolly Castle, near Oban, Argyleshire

a supply of fish reserved for domestic consumption. In an evening, when the fishing commences, a number of boats form a line across the loch, and uniting their nets, produce a chain often more than 100 fathoms long. The herrings swim at very uncertain depths, so that it is necessary to sink the nets to the depth which the shoal is known to take. Of course the success of the fishers must in a great measure depend upon their judgment or good fortune, in taking the proper depths; and it will frequently happen that the nets of one boat are full of herrings, whilst those of others scarcely take a single fish. They swim sometimes in twenty fathoms water, sometimes in fifty, and even at the bottom of the loch. The herrings, when cleared of the entrails, are thrown into a tub with a sprinkling of salt; they are then closely packed in barrels with alternate layers of salt, and after remaining in this state for a few weeks, they are repacked into other barrels for exportation. A considerable quantity, however, are sent fresh to Glasgow, Stirling, and other parts of the country.

Returning from Inverary to Duntrune, a fine view was obtained of Loch Awe, bounded by steep mountains, and presenting many picturesque features. The surface of this lake is estimated at 108 feet above the level of the sea. It is nearly thirty miles in length, but in average breadth little more than one mile. There is a peculiarity which many lakes do not possess, which is, that besides a number of rivulets and mountain-streams on either side, it receives at each extremity a considerable river, and discharges itself laterally into Loch Etive, an arm of the sea to the northward. Among the wild romantic scenery which bounds the view in that direction is distinguished the huge and precipitous mountain of Cruachan Ben.

In resuming the voyage from Duntrune it was considered highly desirable to obtain, if possible, a view of the tremendous whirlpool of Corrievrekan. On landing on the northern part of the Isle of Jura, an elevated spot presented itself for this purpose; but the weather was unfortunately so hazy, that the hope of beholding this phenomenon was frustrated. Its roar, and the terrific rapidity of the current within view, impressed the imagination with something indescribably awful, and created an intense anxiety to contemplate the entire reality of the scene.

The boat, by the alternate aid of sail and oar, reached Long Island, a dreary, sterile tract, which, with the neighbouring isle of Suyl, is valuable chiefly for its slate quarries. These, and the islets near them, have the same cheerless appearance—a succession of rock and heath, destitute of wood, and exhibiting few signs of cultivation. The sea which divides them has much the character of a lake, from the variety of coast and headland which on every hand presents itself. The islanders live in a state which scarcely commands the bare necessities of life. Their huts are without chimneys, and the smoke of their peat fires, having no outlet but by the doors and windows, impairs their eyesight most seriously. A consciousness of their condition seems to have produced an indifference to domestic comfort: shelter and warmth being the utmost that they can

command, they put up with shelter without cheerfulness, and warmth without cleanliness. This kind of indifference is ever the characteristic of extreme and hopeless poverty, and its only antidote is that active spirit of emulation which successful industry generates: in the present instance, let the incentives to industry be given, and the social condition of the people must spontaneously improve. They are the descendants of a race of warriors who, in days of yore, flourished in these regions: the spirit of their forefathers is abated, but not extinguished in them; and it might be possible, in reviving that spirit, to give it a direction consistent with the present state of things, and calculated to ensure to them a larger share in the interests of the country.

The ruins of ancient fortifications in this vicinity are vestiges of the feudal grandeur by which it was once distinguished. In proceeding to describe those of the CASTLE OF DUNOLLY, on the coast of Argyleshire, of which a view is here given, it may be allowable to cite the account given of it by Mr. Walter Scott, in a note to the first canto of his "Lord of the Isles." After relating the reverses which deprived the house of Macdougall of a great portion of their possessions, he observes, that the castle of Dunolly, near Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture for his accession to the insurrection of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was however restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many of the highland chiefs lost theirs.

"Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments inclose a court-yard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent, from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended doubtless by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences covered with copse-wood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called *Clach-na-can*, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran.

Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole a more delightful and romantic spot can scarcely be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick Macdougall, Esq. the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington—a death well becoming his ancestry.”

Vicissitudes equally remarkable with those which are here exemplified must have befallen many of the families which once held sway in these districts. The distinction of clans, though originating in the patriarchal form of society, and suited to a pastoral community, could not fail to be productive of much evil among a people whose habits were warlike. By separating the interests of men dwelling on the same soil, and speaking the same language, it scattered among them the seeds of perpetual discord. The vassals of a chieftain, priding themselves in the notion of being “children of his house,” held themselves bound to execute any enterprise which his policy, or his ambition, or his interest, might dictate. This feeling of attachment imposed upon him the consequent obligation of providing for a train of dependents, too turbulent to pursue any peaceful occupation, and disdaining all exercises except those of warfare and the chase. In the total absence, or under the precarious control of a supreme authority, each chieftain assumed in a great degree the rights of sovereignty, and claimed the privilege of going to war or of making peace with his neighbours. The law of force was paramount; the sword was resorted to for the decision of every quarrel; the pretexts for plunder and retaliation were endless, and the sanguinary contests of rival or hostile tribes seldom terminated until one was ruined, or until both were so exhausted as to fall an easy prey to a third. During the struggles which preceded the establishment of regular government, this state of things gradually changed; those chieftains who purchased security by allegiance became instrumental in subjugating or in gaining over the rest; but the system of clanship and vassalage, though altered, was still preserved, and in the course of subsequent revolutions it was not wholly extinguished. Its principal supporters, however, sustained a total reverse of fortune, and became interested in its abolition. No longer formidable in a political point of view, it has retained merely its amiable features—that veneration of ancestry, and that regard for family-honour, which induce men of the same name, however different in rank or fortune, to consider each other as united by the ties of consanguinity.

We landed at Oban, a village situated on a fine bay in the Sound of Mull, sheltered by the island of Kerrera. This bay is of a semicircular form, from twelve to twenty-four fathoms deep, and capable of containing three hundred sail of merchant vessels. It is admirably adapted for a fishing station, and is considered as one of the most convenient places for commerce

on the west coast of Argyleshire. About forty-seven years ago it was constituted one of the ports of the custom-house; and in order to encourage its rising trade, the Duke of Argyle, in conjunction with Mr. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, and other persons possessing landed property in the neighbourhood of the village, granted building leases to a considerable extent, which soon attracted a number of settlers from the country around. Two brothers of the name of Stevenson, who established themselves here in 1778, are mentioned as having, by their spirit and industry in various branches of traffic, contributed greatly to the prosperity of Oban. They engaged in a considerable coasting trade, consisting in cattle, hides, kelp, meal, together with a variety of merchandize for the supply of the islands and the neighbouring districts of Argyleshire. For such a trade this port is admirably suited by a combination of favourable circumstances. It is defended from westerly and southerly winds by the isle of Kerrera before mentioned, which at a small distance stretches across the bay. It lies in the track of the fishing vessels and coasters passing to and from the north highlands; and being situated near the entrance of the great Loch Linnhe, has a navigable communication with an extensive range of country, and will certainly participate in the advantages derivable from the completion of the Caledonian canal.

The Isle of Kerrera is about four miles in length, and two in breadth. It is the property of Mr. Macdougall of Dunolly, with the exception of one farm belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane. Its surface is hilly, and commands some fine views of the mountains of Mull and the rugged wilds of Morven.

On a promontory extending into Loch Etive are situated the ruins of the CASTLE OF DUNSTAFFNAGE, of which a view is here given. Various tourists and topographers have ascribed its foundation to Ewen, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar, who called it after himself, Evenium. They also repeat the tradition, that this ancient fortress was the place in which the celebrated Scottish coronation-stone, now deposited in Westminster Abbey, was formerly kept. It is said to have been removed from hence to Scone, by Kenneth the Second. In 1307 the castle was in the possession of Alexander Macdougall, Lord of Argyle, but it was reduced in that year by Robert Bruce, who placed in this important strong-hold a garrison and a governor of his own. About the year 1455, it appears to have been the residence of the Lords of the Isles, for hither it was, observes Pennant, that James, the last Earl of Douglas, after his defeat in Annandale, fled to Donald, the regulus of the time, and prevailed on him to take arms, and to carry on a predatory war against his sovereign, James the Second. Concerning its subsequent history there are few remarkable particulars on record: it shared the common fate of the Hebridean castles, and in its present condition affords a very interesting specimen of their peculiar construction. Placed on a rock near the sea, the approach to it on that side was by a narrow staircase: there was formerly a drawbridge, which was let fall from the gate of the building to the top of this staircase, so that any one having
ascended



Dunstaffnage Castle, Argyllshire



Clam-shell Cave, Staffa, Iona in the distance

ascended it with a hostile purpose found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack. Considered with reference to the warfare carried on in ancient times, this mode of fortification seems the most efficacious that could have been devised.

The scenery on the shores of Loch Etive is of a pleasing character. Some of the hills have a wooded appearance, and their slopes are interspersed with meadows and corn-fields: there is a varied succession of creeks and inlets, presenting at every turn an agreeable change of prospect. The inland extremity of the loch terminates in Glen Etie, a valley rendered famous by Ossian's poem of Darthula.

The voyage was resumed from Oban, and continued across the mouth of Loch Linnhe. On a rock in one of its branches stand the ruins of Castle Stalkir, formerly a place of considerable strength. The neighbouring isle of Lismore is about ten miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. It was anciently the residence of the Bishop of Argyle, who, from this circumstance, was frequently named *Episcopus Lismorensis*. The present church of Lismore is the chancel of the old cathedral, new roofed about fifty years ago, after the old walls had been lowered from ten to seven feet. In the island are several vestiges of fortified camps, and an old castle with a fosse and drawbridge, said to have been erected by the Danes. At the distance of about half a mile from the cathedral is one of the circular towers built without cement, so frequently to be met with in all the western isles and coasts, called Duns or Picts houses.

The approach to Duart Castle, near the entrance of the Sound of Mull, is not very promising; the land rises in a gentle slope, but immediately opposite to it the coast is very bold and precipitous. This castle formerly belonged to the warlike and powerful sept of the Macleans, and is celebrated as the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy entitled "The Family Legend." The following is the substance of the story, as related in the preface of that work. "In the fifteenth century a feud had long subsisted between the lord of Argyle and the chieftain of Maclean; the latter was totally subdued by the Campbells, and Maclean sued for peace, demanding, at the same time, in marriage, the young and beautiful daughter of Argyle. His request was granted, and the lady was carried home to the island of Mull. There she had a son; but the Macleans were hostile to this alliance with the Campbells. They swore to desert their chief if they were not suffered to put his wife to death, with her infant son, who was then at nurse, that the blood of the Campbells might not succeed to the inheritance of Maclean. Maclean resisted these threats, fearing the power and vengeance of Argyle; but at length fear for his own life, should he refuse the demands of his clan, made him yield to their fury, and he only drew from them a promise that they would not shed her blood. One dark winter night she was forced into a boat, and, regardless of her cries and lamentations, left upon a barren rock, midway between the coasts of Mull and Argyle, which, at high water, is covered with the sea. As she was about to perish she saw a boat steering its course at

some

some distance; she waved her hand, and uttered a feeble cry. She was now upon the top of the rock, and the water as high as her breast, so that the boatmen mistook her for a large bird. They took her, however, from the rock, and, knowing her to be the daughter of Argyle, carried her to the castle of her father.

“The earl rewarded her deliverers, and desired them to keep the circumstance secret for a time, during which he concealed her till he should hear tidings from Mull. Maclean solemnly announced her death to Argyle, and soon came himself with his friends, all in mourning, to condole with the earl at the castle. Argyle received him, clad also in black. Maclean was full of lamentations; the earl appeared very sorrowful; a feast was served with great pomp in the hall; every one took his place, while a seat was left empty on the right hand of Argyle; the door opened, and they beheld the lady of Maclean enter, superbly dressed, to take her place at the table. Maclean stood for a moment aghast, when, the servants and retainers making a lane for him to pass through the hall to the gate of the castle, the earl’s son, the Lord of Lorne, followed him, and slew him as he fled. His friends were detained as hostages for the child, who had been preserved by the affection of his nurse. So far, says the copy of the legend cited by the author, the story is authentic as delivered from age to age in ancient Gaelic songs, and it is likewise a tradition from generation to generation in the family of Argyle. The same authorities also add, that this deserving daughter of Argyle was rewarded for her sufferings by wedding, with her father’s consent, an amiable young nobleman who adored her, and was mutually beloved. To this man her father had formerly refused her hand, disposing of her, as a bond of union, to unite the warring clans of Argyle and Maclean.”

This story, the groundwork of a deeply interesting tragedy, bears some resemblance in outline, though not in circumstances, to that which is told in Mr. Campbell’s brief but exquisite ballad of Glenara. They are probably of one common origin. The catastrophe to which they relate is a signal proof of the extent to which the hostility of rival clans could be carried. A chieftain compelled by his vassals to renounce the most sacred of domestic ties, and to compromise his character by sanctioning an act of the most deliberate and inhuman cruelty, must have held his sway by a very precarious tenure; and the vassals themselves who could suffer a long cherished hatred to overcome all dread of vengeance, must have been actuated by passions and feelings very different from those which belong to a civilized state of society. The love of dominion must have been paramount with both parties, and to that powerful incentive, seconded perhaps by superstition and prejudice, every sentiment either of interest or affection must have been made to give way.

Passing onward up the Sound of Mull, it would have been unpardonable to omit a visit to the ruins of the Castle of Artornish, rendered classic ground by the magnificent and fertile genius of Mr. Walter Scott. They are situated on a promontory of the Morven, having on the one hand a precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other

other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake called Loch Alline. The site is undoubtedly wild and romantic, but the ruins themselves seemed too inconsiderable to constitute a subject for delineation: every vestige of ancient dignity has long since been obliterated; a few indistinct fragments are all that remain to characterize a spot which the splendid imagination of the poet has invested with the most imposing grandeur. To depict such a scene in its actual state would be as uninteresting a task as to give a view of the field of Runnimede without any representation of the important transaction from which it derives its historical celebrity.

The navigation of the Sound of Mull presents a very striking combination of sublime and romantic scenery. On the left are the bold and mountainous shores of the island of that name, and on the right those of Morven, indented by deep lochs, while to the north-east the view is bounded by the stupendous range of the Ardnamurchan hills. The aspect of the shores is in many places improved by a circumstance which involves no very exalted association, but is peculiarly characteristic of the Scottish coast. This is the operation of kelp-burning, the smoke arising from which, and spreading along the rocks and acclivities, softens the ruggedness of their forms, and produces a very picturesque effect in certain points of view.

It was necessary to land at Aros Bay for the purpose of traversing the island of Mull to Loch-na-gal, on its western side. At Aros there are the remains of a castle, once inhabited by Macdonald, a prince of the isles.

Mull is, for the most part, rugged and mountainous. The woods which are said to have abounded in it in ancient times have dwindled away. There is but little arable land, consisting in general of some detached tracts near the coast. The soil even there is rather sterile, being a light reddish earth, mixed with moss, and of very little depth. The common crop is a very inferior kind of oats, called by the inhabitants small oats.

The walk from Aros to the plain of Knock, at the head of Loch-na-gal, was fatiguing. The weather was intensely sultry, and as the way led among barren hills, the refraction of the sun's rays occasioned a great augmentation in the degree of heat, to mitigate which not the slightest shade intervened. The annoyance of the gadfly, though an inconvenience hardly worth mentioning in a pedestrian excursion, was so incessant, that it added greatly to the tediousness of the way. It was matter of some astonishment to experience this oppressive heat in the climate of the Hebrides. Having arrived at Mishnish, in Knock, the seat of Colonel Donald Campbell, and having made a short stay there, a boat was procured for the purpose of proceeding to Staffa, which object was accomplished after a pleasant sail in very favourable weather. This celebrated spot seemed the more worthy of attention, because those graphic delineations of it which have obtained most circulation are now found to be inadequate to the subject, and in many respects utterly erroneous. This remark will be understood to apply to the engravings in Mr. Pennant's tour, from drawings by his servant, Moses Griffiths, which have been so carelessly copied
in

in several publications on the continent, that the various objects have been reversed in their position, and their relative proportions still more incorrectly given than in the originals. The remoteness of the place, and the difficulties to be apprehended from the precarious state of the weather in these seas, may have tended to discourage any attempt to remedy these errors by a more accurate series of drawings; and the present opportunity, therefore, was too propitious to be neglected. The CLAM-SHELL CAVE, of which a view is here given, was the first subject that presented itself. Its name originated in a fancied resemblance to a shell of that description. The disposition of the variously curved columns above it, extending from 40 to 50 feet without a joint, may be considered as one of the most striking features in the whole island. There is a very extraordinary aggregation of columns off this cave, forming a conical detached rock, corruptly called *Boo-sha-la*. The Gaelic name, Buachaille, "the herdsman," is commonly applied to conspicuous single rocks all over the country. This rock consists of variously inclined columns resting against each other, and meeting till they form a conical body, which appears to repose on a bed of curved and horizontal columns.

Before adverting to the succeeding views in detail, it may be necessary to present the reader with a general description of the island. This purpose, it is hoped, will be most satisfactorily answered by the following extract from a very able paper by Dr. Mac Culloch, in the second volume of the Transactions of the Geological Society.

"The circumference of Staffa is estimated at about two miles. It forms a sort of table land of an irregular surface, bounded on all sides by perpendicular cliffs, varying in altitude, and broken into numerous recesses and promontories.

"It is intersected by one deep cut, scarcely to be called a valley, which divides the higher and more celebrated columnar part from the remainder of the island. At the highest tides this more remarkably columnar part, which forms its south-western side, appears to terminate almost abruptly in the water, but the retiring tide shews a causeway of broken columns, forming a sort of beach at its foot. Round the other sides of the island there is also a beach of varying breadth, consisting of detached fragments, and of rocks jutting out into the sea in many irregular directions. This beach, when the weather is perfectly calm, will, under due precautions, afford landing in various places, but it is on the eastern side that the most numerous landing-places occur. Various narrow creeks, sheltered by the island itself from the predominant western swell, admit of easy access in moderate weather, provided the wind is in any direction from south-west to north-west; and for the encouragement of the mineralogist who may be terrified at the exaggerated reports of this difficulty, I can assure him that I have landed on Staffa when the vessels that navigated this sea have had their sails reefed, and the boatmen of Iona and Ulva have called it impracticable. The love of the marvellous has conferred on Staffa a terrific reputation, which a greater resort has discovered to be somewhat akin to Scylla and Charybdis.

"It

"It is easy to perceive from the southward, that with this flat disposition of its surface, and notwithstanding its irregularities, Staffa possesses a gentle inclination towards the north-east, although no opportunity is afforded for ascertaining the precise dip. It is of no importance to ascertain it, nor can it amount to more than five or six degrees of variation from the horizontal plane.

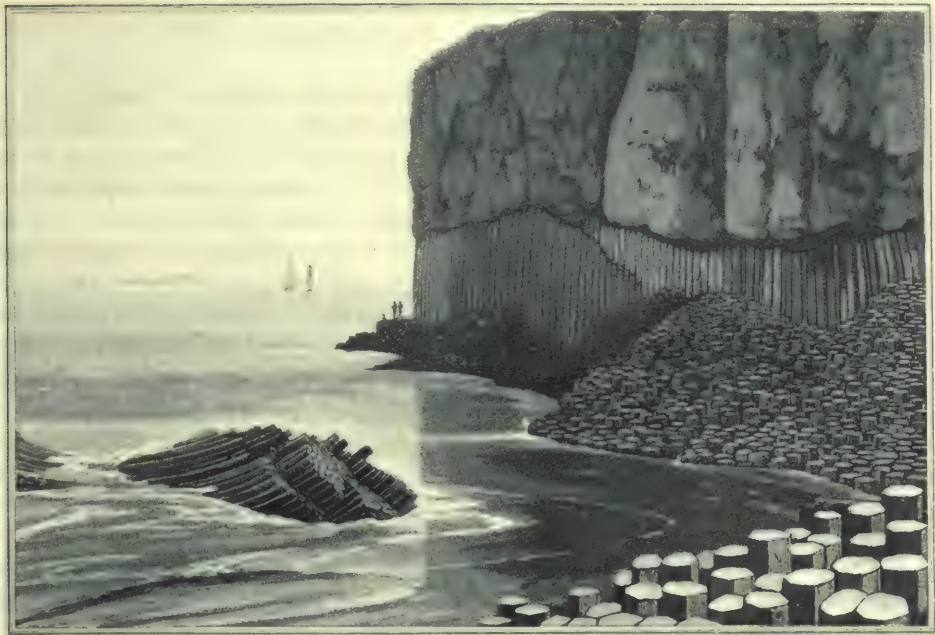
"The highest of the perpendicular faces which bound it rise about sixty or seventy feet above the high-water mark, and those are on the south-western side, where the most remarkable columns, and where the greatest caves exist."

It becomes necessary in this place, for the sake of illustrating the idea thus suggested of the columnar boundary of this part of the island, to advert to the view here given, entitled, the EXTERIOR OF FINGAL'S CAVE, as it presents itself to the beholder on rounding the south-eastern point. To those who have perused the enthusiastic descriptions of Staffa which have been given by various tourists, it may be a source of some disappointment to find that the reality by no means justifies the notions they had been led to form, and that the optics of a poet's fancy must be requisite to convert the scene before them into the end of an immense cathedral, whose massy roof is supported by stupendous pillars formed with all the regularity of art. The epithets *immense* and *stupendous* are cheap and convenient ingredients in that sort of composition which belongs to the superlative degree; but they are of very vague import, and of very equivocal utility in simple description, nor can there well be a more trite and at the same time a more unfortunate way of helping us to conceive the grandeur of an object, than to tell us that it is grand beyond conception. Magnitude is one of the requisites of grandeur; and when we consider that the height of the perpendicular faces does not exceed the dimensions above given, and that the greatest elevation of the island cannot be more, as Dr. Mac Culloch observes, than a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, we are naturally disposed to distrust every account so characterized by indefinite exaggeration. It is for this reason among others that the preference is due to his paper on Staffa over those which have so long challenged the wonder of the public; he has forbore to stimulate curiosity by hyperbolical comparisons, and delivering his statements in plain and direct language, has reduced the prevalent opinions on the subject to a more just and reasonable standard.

It has long been the fashion, in describing any natural curiosity in which, as in the present instance, some degree of regularity is apparent, to contrast it with a work of art, and to insist on this contrast as a source of still higher admiration. Dr. Uno Van Troil, the learned companion of Sir Joseph Banks on his visit to Staffa, alludes, in his account of Fingal's Cave, to the magnificent remains of ancient architecture, and says, that this piece of nature's workmanship far surpasses every thing that invention, luxury, and taste ever produced among the Greeks. M. Faujas de St. Fond is equally enthusiastic in his admiration of this phenomenon, and declares, that among all the basaltic causeways and

caverns in the midst of lava which he has visited, he never found any thing comparable with it for the admirable regularity of the columns, the height of the arch, the situation, the form, the elegance of this production of nature, or its resemblance to the master-pieces of art. Dr. Garnett very faithfully echoes this strain of encomium, and superadds a few variations of his own. Regularity, says he, is the only part in which art pretends to excel nature, but here nature has shown, that, when she pleases, she can set man at naught even in this respect, and make him sensible of his own littleness. "Her works," he adds, "are in general distinguished by a grand sublimity, in which she disdains the similar position of parts, called by man regularity, but which, in fact, may be another name for narrowness of conception and poverty of idea; but here, in a playful mood, she has produced a regular piece of workmanship, and on a scale so immense as to make all the temples, built by the hand of man, hide their diminished heads." Now, that this *lusus nature* does not possess the degree of regularity which is here ascribed to it, is evinced by the accompanying view, entitled the ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE, in which the positions of the basaltic columns, and fragments of columns that form it, are carefully, and, it is hoped, accurately delineated. It is an object that excites wonder and astonishment most certainly, and these feelings are heightened by our conjectures as to the mysterious process which effected this resemblance to the productions of human skill and labour. But, with such productions, this process, whatever it may be, has no farther affinity; it is an emanation of those laws, and a part of that sublime scale of operations by which the world itself was created, and is upheld. Contemplated in this point of view, it enters into that infinite series of wonders by which the Omnipotent has manifested himself; and which may be traced equally in the crystallization of minerals, the structure, organization and economy of plants and animals, the formation of the globe which we inhabit, and of the system of the universe of which it constitutes a part. In this series the human mind must have its station and degree assigned to it, and together with all its results, must be regarded as one link in the chain of evidence which testifies a supreme intelligence. Wherever man has exercised the high privilege with which his Creator endowed him, "to replenish the earth and subdue it," wherever the traces of his thought and contrivance exist, there exist so many indications of that intelligence;—so many refracted rays from the living fountain of light. A natural phenomenon like Staffa cannot interest the feelings more powerfully than the ruins of Pæstum or Palmyra; to compare it with them as a proof of the superiority of nature over art, is at once ill judged and unnecessary; that superiority is a truth which needs no such demonstration. The works of the Creator must infinitely excel those of the highest of his creatures; but there are degrees of excellence which He has ordained; and the works of man, considered in their proper view, as resulting from the exercise and development of faculties imparted by Him, resolve themselves into his own, and serve to mark the gradations of that scale which connects the material with the intellectual world.

Respecting



Exterior of Fingal's Cave, Staffa



Entrance to Fingal's Cave, Staffa

Respecting the original formation of this cave, it would be presumptuous, in a work of this kind, to offer any hypothesis, and the speculations of the reader on this subject may be better aided by a recurrence to the general account of Staffa, given in the scientific paper already quoted. "It is almost superfluous to say," continues Dr. Mac Culloch, "that the whole island consists of a mass of basalt. I have indeed been told that a sand-stone bed has been seen at low water on the south-western side, but I had not an opportunity of observing it. This is the part of the island where, if in any place, it should, from the inclination of the strata, be perceived; and there is no reason to doubt the assertion, as we find most of the trap-rocks of the western islands lying on beds of sand-stone. It is equally superfluous to describe the basalt, since specimens of it are in every one's possession. It may be sufficient to remark, that its texture is more compact, more crystalline, and less earthy than that of basalt in general, and that it is at the same time less homogeneous, less black, more fragile, and more sonorous. But it would be idle to attempt to apply different terms to the endless varieties of the rocks of this tribe.

"This basalt exhibits two modifications, the columnar, so often described, and the amorphous, which is generally more or less amygdaloidal, containing imbedded zeolites of different sorts. I saw no examples of basaltic breccia, or trap tuff, as it is improperly called.

"It is in the amorphous basalt that the zeolites are most abundant. The nodules vary from the size of a pea to that of an hen's egg and upwards, and generally exhibit specimens of radiated mesotype, and of analcime. The cubical zeolites (chabasite) are of rare occurrence, and never, as far as I saw, capillary. The lamellar variety of stillbite is occasionally found filling the intervals of approximate columns. I did not observe any zeolite in the larger and more perfect columns, but in the smaller and more regular ones they occur, though rarely.

"If we were to view the island only from the south-western side, and at half tide, we should conclude that it has been formed of three distinct deposits, or beds of basalt. Of these the lowermost appears in some places amorphous, but it is not easy to see enough of it to judge whether it actually forms a continuous bed. It is only from the analogy of Canna, and the other basaltic islands of this sea, that we should be tempted to generalize this conclusion.

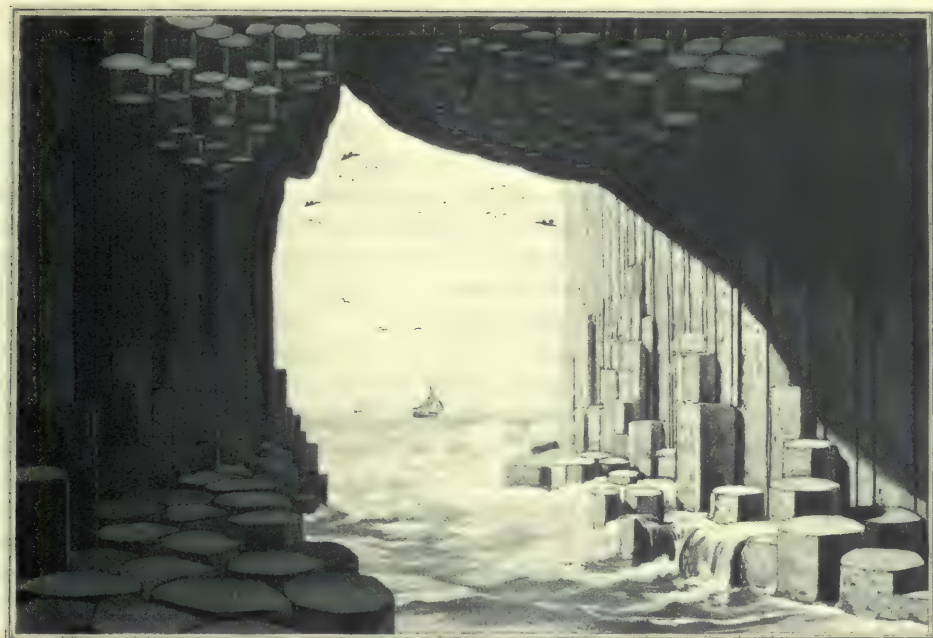
"The next bed is that which is divided into those large columns which form the most conspicuous feature of Staffa, and it varies from thirty to fifty feet in thickness. The upper one appears to be an uniform mass of amorphous basalt, but, on a nearer inspection, it is found to consist of small columns, laid and entangled in every possible direction, often horizontal, and generally curved. It is this bed which forms the ponderous cap (as it is called), which crowns the summit of the grand *façade*.

"Although the great columnar bed occupies but a small portion of the whole exterior face of the island, the columnar form is, perhaps, predominant throughout the whole. Yet it would be equally difficult and useless to attempt to determine its proportion to the
amorphous

amorphous part, where they are irregularly mixed, as they are at the northern and eastern sides. On these sides also, the division into distinct beds, such as I have described above, is by no means easy to trace, and possibly it does not exist.

“To those who have seen the beautifully regular columns of the Giants’ Causeway, those of Staffa will appear rude, and comparatively shapeless. They nowhere exhibit that accuracy of design which is so conspicuous in the former, and are rarely seen of any considerable length without some incurvation. But their thickness is much greater, since they often attain a diameter of four feet. They vary perpetually in the number of their angles, the pentagonal and the hexagonal being the most common, and those of an inferior number of angles being less common than those of a superior. Their joints are very irregularly placed, and are frequently wanting through a considerable length. When separated, the touching surfaces are either flat, or marked by a slight respective concavity and convexity. In many places, and most conspicuously in the great cave, the angles of the upper joint are considerably and obliquely truncated at the point of contact with the lower one. But I did not perceive any instance where a corresponding projection of the end of the inferior angle rose to cover the truncation, a circumstance of such frequent occurrence in the Giants’ Causeway. I may add, that the articulated columns are most remarkable in the great cave, and that the straightest columns generally exhibit the most frequent articulations.”

Dr. Mac Culloch observes that the drawings of this cave, which have been engraved, give it an aspect which it is very far from possessing. That in Mr. Pennant’s tour, to which no draughtman’s name is annexed, is the one most commonly known, and is most liable to this objection. Two very large engravings, the one representing the entrance, the other the interior of Fingal’s Cave, from drawings by M. de St. Fond, have been published at Paris. They are in every respect inaccurate, and convey a very fallacious idea of the scenes to which they relate. The former repeats the error observable in that published by Mr. Pennant, of representing the extremity of the cave as *distinctly* visible from its entrance. The errors in the latter are equally glaring; the distant islets that are within view of a spectator looking from the cave, are represented as much nearer than they are in reality, being about three leagues distant. This remark will be more clearly understood by reference to the view here given, entitled, *VIEW IN FINGAL’S CAVE*. The position from which this drawing was taken seems to be that in which the wonder and admiration of the visitants are most strongly excited, and of which the recollection is present to their minds when they attempt to find language to record those feelings. It was mentioned by one of the boatmen, that the shooting parties, whom curiosity sometimes induces to extend their excursions to this spot, occasionally venture to discharge their pieces within it. The effect is described as awfully grand, but it must be attended with considerable peril, because the concussion occasioned by such an explosion cannot but tend to loosen some of the ponderous fragments in the pendant roof,



In Fingal's Cave, Staffa



Staffa, near Fingal's Cave

roof, and these, if detached, might, in their fall, send the boat and its crew to the bottom. It was not stated that any accident of this kind ever took place.

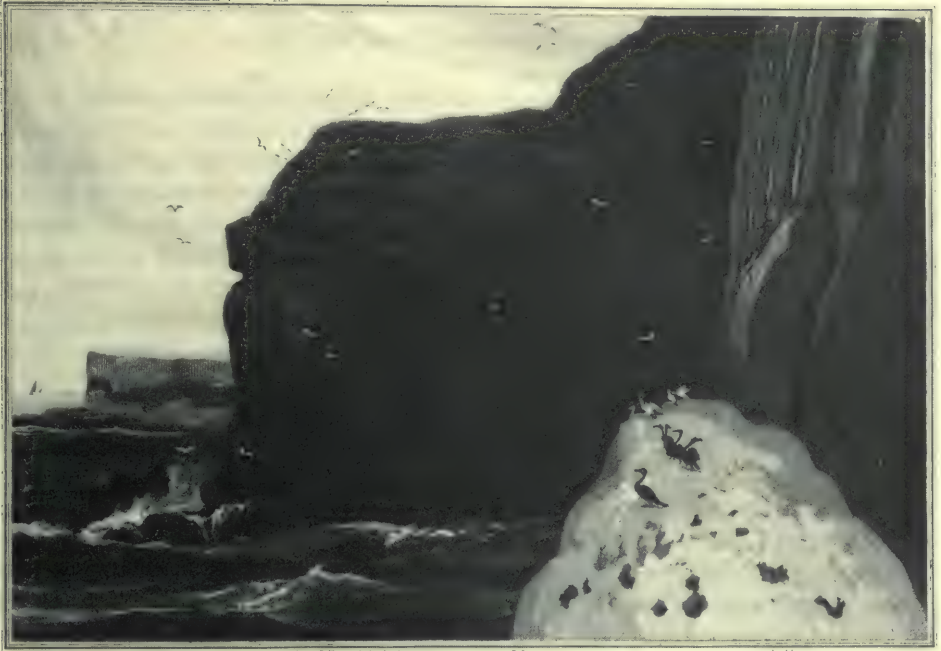
In approaching this island for the purpose of exploring it, great caution must be used. If the wind be westerly there must evidently be danger in navigating that part of the coast which is exposed to it, on account of the heavy swell, and the precipitous mass against which it beats; the same apprehension of peril is to be entertained with regard to the east coast if the wind blow from that quarter; in either case advantage must be taken of the leeward side of the isle. It is to be observed also that the boats which usually offer themselves for this purpose are of a clumsy construction, and ill adapted to the precarious navigation of these seas; the boatmen also are a slow-minded, heedless race, by no means alert in the prevention of accidents, confident of their ability in the last extreme of things to shift for themselves, and disposed to give a stranger the credit of being equally sea-worthy. Unmindful of the sudden gusts and squalls which occur in the most promising weather, they will belay their sheet whenever they can invent a pretext for doing so, unless prevented by a peremptory remonstrance on the part of their passenger. When such remonstrance is of no avail, it is incumbent on the latter to have his knife ready for the purpose of cutting the rope instantly in case of emergency. Many fatal accidents, and one of very recent date, have occurred, from ignorance or neglect of this precaution.

In noticing the view here given, entitled *STAFFA, NEAR FINGAL'S CAVE*, it may be necessary to state that it comprehends part of the south-west face of the isle, with that of Mull in the distance. The recess observable between two points of rock is the entrance to Fingal's Cave. The nearer recess is that called the Boat Cave. Of the position, form, colour, and general appearance of the basaltic masses, as beheld in this point of view, an idea may be formed from the accompanying representation, more satisfactory than any which could be conveyed by written description. These masses have been denominated columns, on account of their form, and for want of a more appropriate term. They do not stand single and detached so as to admit a man's arm to pass round them; they are irregular prisms in compact masses, having their contiguous sides of correspondent dimensions, like those of the cells of a honeycomb.

Respecting the formation of these masses, it may not be uninteresting to cite the hypotheses which have been proposed, without, however, presuming to decide as to their merits, or to enter into the general discussion of a question which belongs to philosophers alone. M. Desmarests, an eminent mineralogist, is said to have been one of the first who considered basaltes as a volcanic production, and gave it as his opinion that they were produced by currents of volcanic lava. From all the circumstances which he had observed in the course of an extensive tour, he concluded that basaltic columns were formed by the gradual refrigeration of a mass of fluid lava during its slow and retarded progress over the subjacent soil. In the year 1776, Ferber declared, that from every examination

of volcanic productions in which he had been engaged, he had been led to the same conclusion. Mr. Raspe, in the same year, gave it as his opinion that prismatic basaltes should be looked upon as currents of lava, cooled in sea-water, or cooled of themselves under ground. It was likewise the opinion of Buffon that when a current of lava arrived at the margin of the sea, the water, by its immensity, by the resistance of its cold, and by its power of arresting and extinguishing fire, soon consolidates the torrent of burning matter, which can proceed no farther, but rises up, accumulates new strata, and forms a perpendicular wall. Here it will be asked, by what law of nature could this consolidation of a river of liquid fire assume the characteristics of crystallization. Aggregates of basaltes are in this instance, as well as in that of the Giant's Causeway, and many others, found near the sea, but they occur also in situations at a remote distance from it, where such a process of refrigeration could not take place. The difficulty arising from this consideration has been disposed of, by concluding that basaltic prisms have been formed by lava, or a matter similar to it, in fusion in the bowels of the earth, and left to cool slowly. The matter, when cooled and indurated, is supposed to have contracted or split into several parts. "A mass of lava," says Dr. Garnett, "in the interior parts of the earth, cooling gradually, contracts and forms these pillars; they seem to have been produced exactly in the same way as prisms of starch, to which they bear a strong resemblance. As the water evaporates or escapes, the prisms of starch are formed by the contraction of the mass; and as the caloric escapes from a mass of fluid lava, prisms of basaltes are produced." This author, therefore, deems it probable that the island of Staffa is a small relic of a subterraneous collection of pillars, which have been laid bare by the violence of the sea, or perhaps by some of the adjacent parts giving way. He justifies this supposition from the general appearance of the island, which is that of having sloped gradually to the water's edge, until the disruption of its sides was effected by the continual beating of the Atlantic. The pillars, he observes, are not confined to the exterior surface of the island, which would have been the case had they been formed of lava cooled by flowing into the sea; they extend into the great cave as far as it has been explored, and probably the whole island consists of them.

It will now be necessary to interrupt this geological disquisition by adverting to the view here given of THE CORMORANT'S CAVE, so called from the birds which frequent it in great numbers. Their characteristic voracity is indicated by the multitude of white patches observable on the rocks; these are so many heaps of ordure, the effluvia of which are powerfully repulsive, and act as a guarantee for the undisturbed possession of this tenement by its present occupants. Nauseous and disgusting as the habits of these cormorants are, they are exceeded in abomination by those of another species of bird, called, in the language of the islanders, the *fash-cutter*. There is something so whimsical in the mode of subsistence pursued by this freebooter of the feathered race, that a short account of it, on the testimony of actual observers, may here be permitted. The *fash-cutter*



The Cormorants Cave, Staffa



View from the Island of Staffa

cutter is feared and detested by the gulls; he subsists, like an Arab of the desert, on plunder, or tribute, which he extorts from them by terror. Having singled out a victim on the wing, he pursues him incessantly until the affrighted bird evacuates the digested residue of his last meal, on observing which, the fash-cutter makes a sudden dart, and intercepts it in its fall. This sport he continues until his appetite is appeased, after which he retires to his solitary haunts until the calls of hunger again urge him to the chase. It might be supposed that the depositions of this kind of food on the rocks would exempt him from all this trouble of procuring it, but he appears to relish it only in its freshest state, and is epicure enough to prefer a hot dinner to a cold one. The singularity of this fact occasioned some enquiry as to its credibility, which was repeatedly vouched for. The bird in question is occasionally though rarely met with in other parts of the coast; in the Isle of Wight it is denominated by an English epithet too plainly expressive of its peculiar habits.

The general aspect of the western coast of Staffa, on which the Cormorant's Cave is situated, is represented in the view above mentioned. To the northward it is comparatively low; the ranges of basaltes are observed to be of greater magnitude in proportion to their proximity to the southern end, which is the highest, and presents the most magnificent mass of columns. It is to this quarter that Dr. Mac Culloch alludes, in noticing a fact of considerable importance in the natural history of Staffa which had before escaped the notice of visitors. This is the occurrence of a bed of alluvial matter on some parts of its surface, containing fragments of the elder rocks. It is most easily seen on that side which faces Iona, and on the summit of the cliffs of a semicircular bay, opening in that direction. The bed is here broken at the edge of a cliff so as to expose its whole thickness to a considerable extent. But the same appearance may also be observed immediately above the ordinary landing-place, where the bed has also been broken. The stones which it contains are all rounded, and of various, often considerable dimensions, and they exhibit specimens of granite, gneiss, micaceous schistus, quartz, and red sandstone. Together with these are some rolled pieces of basalt.

"Here then," continues he, "is a circumstance in the mineral history of Staffa, adventitious it is true, but involving difficulties of no small importance. If we cast our eyes on the map, we shall perceive that it is embayed in a large sinuosity formed in the island of Mull, and nearly inclosed on the opposite side by Iona and the Treshanish islands. Beyond the latter, a second line is drawn by Tiree and Coll; while, to the north, but at a greater distance, are placed the islands of Muck, Rum, Egg, Canna, and Skye. The whole island of Mull, with the exception of the Ross, is of a trap formation, containing, however, some partial tracts of sandstone and other rocks which I need not notice. The islands of Ulva, and the Treshanish, with their dependant rocks, are also of the trap formation. So are the islands which lie to the north, and which are enumerated above. Iona, however, together with Coll and Tiree, consist principally of gneiss and mica slate traversed

traversed by granite veins, rocks which also form the chief parts of the coasts of Lorn, Appin, Morven, and Ardnamurchan.

“It is to the former then that we must look for the origin of the rolled stones which cover Staffa, if, limiting the great operations of nature by our own narrow views, and the ages which have contributed to change the face of the globe by our own short span, we are led to seek for that solution which may appear the least difficult. Even then we must admit that Staffa has formed part of one continuous land with the islands of Coll, Tiree, and Mull, since no transportation could have been effected without the existence of a continuous acclivity between them.

“The language which this circumstance speaks is not obscure, and the nature of these changes allows of little dispute. If we admit this obliteration of so large a portion of solid land, and consider that a deep sea now rolls above the foundations of former mountains, we have no farther difficulty to obstruct us in accounting for the numerous and distant accumulations of transported materials which occur over the whole surface of the earth. The same power, whatever it was, which hollowed the great sinuosity of Mull, might well remove the solid matter that once filled the valleys which now separate Mont Blanc from the ridge of Jura.

“But if, appalled at the supposed magnitude of those changes, and of the period of time which must have elapsed to complete them, we suppose that the island of Staffa was elevated from the bottom of the sea in its present detached form, and retaining in its summit a portion of the bed of loose matter deposited under the present water, another order of phenomena crowds upon us, no less important, and involving circumstances almost equally repugnant to the visible operations of nature.

“These appearances are perhaps insufficient to enable us to decide between two difficulties of equal magnitude, nor is it here necessary to enter further on that question. I may also leave it to those who have engaged more deeply in such investigations to determine, whether, in the supposition of the first of these causes, the wasting of the land has arisen from the gradual action of natural operations, or the more violent efforts of an occasional destroying force. It is my humble task to point out a fact, as a contribution to that mass of accumulating information on which a consolidated fabric may at some future time be erected. Yet the idle spectator or enthusiastic lover of nature, who shall hereafter view this interesting spot, may, when he contemplates these grand revolutions, learn to wonder less at the efforts of that power which has hollowed the cave of Fingal, and submerged in the depths of the ocean those columns which seemed destined for eternity.”

Having landed, and ascended to the top of the island, a more general and comprehensive prospect was obtained. The annexed VIEW FROM THE ISLAND OF STAFFA includes the islets of Fladda, Lunga, and Bachk, or the Dutchman's Cap. The latter derives its name from its resemblance in form to a broad-brimmed hat with a very
low

low crown. They belong to the group called the Treshanish Isles, and terminate the north-western horn of the bay in which Staffa is situated. Diminutive in extent, remote in situation, and destitute of curiosities natural or artificial, they offer no attraction to the visits of a stranger, and are interesting only to those who have a claim on their scanty produce. Beyond them are the islands of Tirey and Coll, extending from north-east to south-west. The island of Coll, the more northern, is about thirteen miles in length, and three in breadth. The shores are rocky, and in many places precipitous, and the surface of the interior is diversified by craggy but inconsiderable eminences all over its extent, interspersed with springs, small lakes, and narrow streams. The greater part of the isle is covered with heath, varied occasionally with fields of corn and green grasses: there are no trees. Mr. McLean, of Coll, is the proprietor of the whole territory, with the exception of portions at its two extremities, which belong to the Duke of Argyle. The inhabitants considerably exceed a thousand. Black cattle are the favourite live stock for farming, the moisture of the soil and climate being unfavourable to the breeding of sheep. The horses are numerous. Of birds there are several kinds, such as geese, swans, rails, and plovers. At the east end multitudes of rabbits burrow in the sand: a couple of hares were introduced about twenty years ago, and the breed has increased in a great degree. The adjacent fishing banks are frequented chiefly by fishers from other districts, the people of Coll having neglected, through want of success, to cultivate this branch of industry.

The island of Tirey, south-west of Coll, is about eleven miles long, and two and a half broad. Its coast is in general rocky, and intersected by spacious sandy bays. The interior is interspersed with low rocks and rising grounds, none of them more than 250 feet above the sea-level; but the general surface is so flat that the ancient name of the isle was *Riog-Hachd-bar-Fathuia*, "the kingdom whose summits are lower than the waves." So low, in fact, is the land generally, that the waves are often seen from one shore apparently rising several feet above the level of the other. Near the centre is a plain containing about 1200 Scottish acres, with a sandy bottom, mostly covered with black earth to the depth of ten inches: a fine verdant expanse, variegated with flowers. Considerable additions have been made to it on the side next the shore.

The Ceamn-harra, the west point of Tirey, is remarkable for a great number of large natural caves, frequented, in time of hatching, by multitudinous flocks of sea-fowl. Their harsh notes, mingled with the bellowing of the sea, form a discordant combination of sound well suited to the hideousness of the scene. In other lofty caves the raven, the hawk, or the eagle, build their nests; and, separate from all these, the pigeons have chosen their habitations. Numbers of them are caught by the islanders, who descend the rocks by a very precarious path, carrying with them a light, and a bundle of straw, to which they set fire. The pigeons, dislodged by the smoke, fly into the flames, apparently dazzled by their light, and are thus taken.

On the rocks round the coasts of Tiree and Coll are the remains of a considerable number of those ancient buildings called Duns. They are in sight of each other, and are of uniform structure, having an inner and an outer wall, without any appearance of lime or other cement. The inner wall is always circular; but the outer sometimes varies in its outline, according to the surface of rock on which it stands. On a very rugged declivity, at the above-mentioned point of Ceamn-harra, is St. Patrick's Temple, situated in a space of about one-third of an acre, enclosed by the vestige of a wall. It is twenty-six feet by eleven within the walls; the side walls are five feet and a half high: it is without a roof, and is rudely constructed of stone and lime. At the east end are the remains of a square altar and a cross. On the top of a rock, at the distance of sixty yards, is a hollow, two feet in diameter, and four deep, called by the country people St. Patrick's vat. British, Danish, and other coins have been found buried in Tiree, as also skeletons of men and horses, shields, helmets, spears, swords, and other arms.

The weather during this visit to Staffa was uniformly favourable, and therefore no opportunity was afforded of witnessing those sublime effects produced by the rolling of an agitated sea among the rocks and caverns. The concussion produced on the island by a storm is said to be so alarming as to deter any persons from settling on it. A poor family, it is said, resided here for three years in succession; during the winter season the waves sometimes beat so violently as to shake their very house, though situated in the midst of the isle, and the pot which hung over their fire was seen to vibrate. In the tour of M. Faujas de St. Fond, it is stated that two of his companions were obliged by stress of weather to remain two nights on Staffa, in the hut above mentioned, which was shaken to its foundation by the rushing of the waves against the island and into the extensive caves which penetrate its interior. This concussion, and the thundering roar occasioned by it, utterly deprived them of sleep. The sensations of terror thus produced would no doubt be heightened by reflection on that mighty convulsion of nature to which Staffa is by some supposed to owe its present form and appearance; and the recollection of its abrupt masses of basalt, its confused heaps of bending pillars, its vast cavities, and all those signs which characterize it as the mere fragment of a mighty ruin, would suggest the possibility of a similar visitation. To have experienced the effects of a storm on such a spot would have augmented the interest of the description, but the reader will readily believe that the absence of such an event was no source either of disappointment or regret.

The general view here given, entitled THE ISLAND OF STAFFA FROM THE EAST, represents its aspect and characteristic features as seen on the approach to it in that direction. The ranges of its basaltic prisms beheld at this distance, have an appearance of much greater regularity than they are found to possess on a nearer examination. It has already been observed that they vary perpetually in the number of their angles, and that the pentagonal and the hexagonal are the most common. Respecting the octagonal,

M. de



The Island of Staffa from the East



The Island of Staffa, from the South West

M. de St Fond remarks that they are found of very large size, sometimes four feet in diameter, exhibiting in their truncature the elements of other smaller prisms. The same writer enumerates, among its mineralogical productions, white radiated zeolites incrustated with basaltic lava, much softened, in round pieces, oval or irregular, and in diverging points. There are sometimes seen on the exterior part of these oval pieces projecting crystals of cubical zeolites. He states that he obtained, from one of the beds of muddy lava on which the greater part of the prisms of Staffa repose, several spherical nuclei of zeolites in diverging rays, united, to the number of three or four in one group. Some of these small balls were about the size of a gall-nut, the one half of which was penetrated by a calcedinous milky juice, and the other by a quartzose juice extremely crystalline, and transparent as the purest rock-crystal. He found also cubical white zeolites, and one group of these crystals of a greenish cast, which were transparent. This specimen was found in the interior of Fingal's Cave, in a crevice occasioned by the separation of two prisms. He concludes that it had been formed in that fissure, in a very slow and gradual manner, by the juxta-position of zeolitic particles held in solution by the aqueous fluid. The greenish colour he attributes to the decomposition of the iron contained in the basaltes. Respecting the rounded stones of granite found upon the beach, he observes that it is of the same texture with that of the ancient Egyptian granite. Adhering to the hypothesis that Staffa and its neighbouring isles are volcanic, he accounts for the presence of these stones by supposing that they have been transported hither from a distance by currents.

It is singular to remark that this island, though one of the greatest curiosities in nature, should have remained, until within the last half century, almost unknown. Pennant deduces its name from a term in the Norwegian language signifying a *staff* or prop, and figuratively, a column. Its principal cave has been distinguished, amidst the obscurity of Hebridean tradition, by its association with the memory of Fingal, but no particular circumstances have been adduced to connect its history with that of the hero whose name it bears. It is not known to have been explored by the torch of science until the year 1772, when it was visited by Mr. Leach, a native of Ireland, at whose instance Sir Joseph Banks, then on his way to Iceland, was induced to examine it. His description, as published by Mr. Pennant, seems to have stimulated the subsequent researches by which this interesting subject has been illustrated, and by the aid of which the present account, which might have been too brief and general, if confined to a mere record of an individual's observation, has been augmented and extended.

In the view last adverted to, the island is represented as seen in that direction by which it is usually approached. In the succeeding view entitled STAFFA FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, it is exhibited under another aspect, no less interesting when contemplated with reference to the finely appropriate allusion in Mr. Walter Scott's poem of "The

Lord of the Isles," which is introduced in describing the voyage of the chieftains from Skye.

" The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
 And all the group of islets gay
 That guard famed Staffa round.
 Then all unknown its columns rose,
 Where dark and undisturbed repose
 The cormorant had found ;
 And the shy seal had quiet home,
 And weltered in that wond'rous dome
 Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
 A minster to her Maker's praise !
 Not for a meaner use ascend
 Her columns, or her arches bend ;
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
 And still, between each awful pause,
 From the high vault an answer draws
 In varied tone prolonged and high
 That mocks the organ's melody.
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain
 To old Iona's holy fane,
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 ' Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Task'd high and hard—but witness mine ! "

With this picturesque and poetical survey of these scenes, glancing, as it does, on the object which comes next under consideration, it may be proper to pronounce a valediction on Staffa, and to pursue the voyage. At the distance of about three leagues from it, and near the southern termination of the great bay formed by the western side of the island of Mull, stands the sacred isle above alluded to. It is known under three names, *Ii*, pronounced *Ee*, *Iona*, and *I-columb-kill*. The name *Iona* is now confined to the language of poetry, and has fallen into disuse as a common appellation, and the island is generally designated by the simple name of *Ii*, or the more distinctive one of *I-columb-kill*. Various evidences have been adduced to prove that this spot was possessed by the Druids before the introduction of Christianity. A green eminence close to the sound still retains the traditionary name of the Druids' burial-place, and bones have been accidentally dug up near the spot, which by natural inference seemed to confirm the tradition, as being no other than the relics of the Druids. The first Christians are said to have

have expelled these original possessors, and to have superseded their barbarous and superstitious rites, by the institutions of their own religion. It is far from improbable that a spot which paganism held sacred should have been selected to commemorate the triumph of that faith which overthrew it, and should have retained under a new order of things the reputation of its former sanctity.

The term *Ii* simply signifies an island; *I-columb-kill* is explained as meaning the island of the cell of Columba. This remarkable man, according to Bede, came to Britain to preach the gospel to the northern Picts in the year 565, in the reign of Eugene III., and having partly succeeded in his object, the Picts granted him this island. On obtaining possession of it he founded a kind of monastery, taking, it is supposed, for the model of his institution one of the oriental monastic orders. It is said that the original members of the fraternity were canons regular, of whom the founder was the first abbot; and that until the year 716 these monks differed from those of the church of Rome, both in the observance of Easter, and in the clerical tonsure. The first Christian clergy of Scotland, it may be remarked, were denominated Culdees. They were monks, and their monasteries were seminaries from whence they sent out bishops and priests to reside in different districts. The missionaries thus appointed by them appear to have pursued a secluded mode of life, and their residence was denominated a *cuil*, kill, or cell; this circumstance serves to account for the frequent occurrence of the syllable *kill*, in the names of Scottish parishes, particularly those of the western counties. At a subsequent period the Culdees were prevailed on to submit to the authority of the see of Rome, and thus participated in the advantages accruing to the members of that ecclesiastical hierarchy.

Columba is said to have led a life of very strict and severe sanctity in Iona. For several years after his first settlement there, he would not suffer any females to reside on the island, and so great was his caution against the temptations of the fair sex, that he even prohibited cattle on their account, and would not permit a cow to be kept near his sanctuary, because, according to his syllogistic adage, "where there is a cow there must be a woman, and where there is a woman there must be mischief." From this far-sighted stretch of policy, whether resulting from the experience of his early life in Ireland, or from observation of the characters and dispositions of his followers, we may judge of the general tenour of his regulations for preserving them from the snares of the world. The fame of his sanctity, in so remote an age, would necessarily be corroborated by the imputation of miraculous power, and accordingly it is reported of him that when he went to the court of the Pictish king Bradeus, with the design of converting him to Christianity, he was refused an audience by that prince, who ordered the gates of his palace to be shut against him, when the saint, by the power of his word, instantly caused them to fly open; this miracle sufficed for the conversion of Bradeus, who testified his veneration of Columba by conferring on him the island where he founded his monastery. There is something rather whimsical in the history of another miracle which is recorded of him.

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One of the first edifices begun on the island was the chapel of Oran, so called in honour of his friend and associate. The progress of the building was frustrated by the machinations of an evil spirit, by means of which the walls were overthrown as fast as they were erected. Columba in this emergency betook himself to prayer in a remote part of the island, and it was revealed to him, that until a human victim was interred alive, the building would not be completed. Oran magnanimously devoted himself for this sacrifice, and the sepulture was consequently performed. When he had been entombed three days, Columba, desirous of taking a last look of his friend, ordered the earth and stones which covered his sepulchre to be removed, when, to the astonishment of all present, Oran started up and began to reveal "the secrets of his prison-house," declaring, among other strange things, that hell was a mere fiction of priestcraft, having no real existence. This profane asseveration was interrupted by Columba, who ordered the earth to be thrown in again, and Oran was finally enclosed in his tomb.

After the death of Columba, which took place in the seventy-seventh year of his age, the religious establishments founded by him continued in the unmolested exercise of their functions during two centuries. In the year 807 the Danes invaded the island, and with their accustomed barbarity slew some of the monks, compelling the others, with Collach their abbot, to seek safety by flight. The monastery remained in a state of depopulation for several years; but on the retreat of the Danes it became the abode of a new order, the Cluniacs, who held it until the general dissolution of monastic institutions, when the revenues were united to the see of Argyle, and on the abolition of episcopacy, became the property of the duke.

The vestiges of these institutions impart a venerable character to the present aspect of the island, of which some idea may be conceived, on reference to the annexed VIEW OF IONA FROM THE NORTH-EAST. The cathedral and the other religious edifices, in a dilapidated state, constitute an extensive range of ruins. The interest they excite becomes more profound when we reflect on the high estimation in which this sacred spot was held in ancient times. Within its precincts are interred the remains of forty-eight Scottish kings, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian sovereigns, and one king of France. This is the holy ground alluded to in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, as assigned for the sepulture of Duncan's body,

"carried to Colme's-kill,
The sacred store-house of his ancestors
And guardian of their bones."——

At a respectful distance from these graves of buried majesty, and within the same sanctuary, are interred most of the Lords of the Isles. The tombstones are numerous, but few of them retain any legible characters. Pious but ineffectual homage! which would preserve even after death some semblance of the gradations of human grandeur. The earthworm consumes indiscriminately the chieftain and his vassal; time and vicissitude



View of Iona, from the N. East



The Cathedral at Iona



tude obliterate the memorials which distinguish them, and reduce the exterior of their tombs to the same ruin and decay which had long existed within them. The preference given to Iona as a place of royal sepulture may be accounted for generally by its early reputation for sanctity; and a particular reason has been assigned which accords with and strengthens this opinion. There existed an ancient prophecy in Erse, importing that this privileged place should be exempted from a deluge destined, ere the consummation of all things, to overwhelm the territories in its vicinity. The following has been given as a paraphrase of that prophecy:

Seven years before that awful day
 When time shall be no more,
 A watery deluge will o'ersweep
 Hibernia's mossy shore;
 The green-clad Isla too shall sink,
 While with the great and good,
 Columba's happy isle will rear
 Her towers above the flood.

They, who, confiding in the verification of such a prophecy, coveted the distinction of being interred in this sanctuary, would have lent an unwilling ear to one which should have foretold its present desolation and abandonment. And yet St. Columba is said by the natives to have actually predicted that his retreat would undergo this visitation, but this prediction was accompanied with an assurance that better ages would succeed, in which it was to recover all its former splendour and renown.

It is mentioned as a singular fact in ecclesiastical history, that the abbots of I-columb-kill held jurisdiction not only over all the monasteries that were affiliated with this, but over all the monks of this abbey who exercised the function of priest or even of bishop in other places. Bede, observes Mr. Pennant, speaks of this singular pre-eminence, and says that the island always had for a governor an abbot presbyter, to whose power, by a very uncommon rule, not only every province, but even the bishops themselves yielded obedience. From this account the enemies to episcopacy have inferred that the rank of bishop was a novelty, introduced into the church in corrupt times, and that the authority assumed by them was a manifest usurpation, since a simple abbot, for a space of time so considerable, was permitted to have the superiority. In answer to this, Archbishop Usher, in his work on the origin of British churches, alleges, that the power of the abbot of Iona was only local, and extended merely to the bishop who resided there; for, after the conquest of the isle of Man by the English, and the division of the see after that event, the bishop of the Isles transferred his residence from Man to Iona. Notwithstanding this, continues Mr. Pennant, the authority of the venerable Bede seems to be stronger than that of the Ulster annals, quoted by the archbishop, which go no farther than to state that a bishop had always resided in Iona, and contain no attempt to refute the

the

the positive assertion of the historian. The probable state of the case seems to be that Iona was the principal seminary of the Culdees, which educated priests and bishops and appointed them to various places, and that thus, its superior, or abbot, though himself only a priest or presbyter, had a very extensive ecclesiastical jurisdiction. On the union of this establishment to the see of Rome, the pope might in the first instance have been satisfied with a nominal subjection, conceding to the abbots of I-columb-kill the ecclesiastical patronage which they previously enjoyed, and in consequence of this particular concession, a simple presbyter might exercise jurisdiction over a prelate.

It is to be remarked that the bishops of the Isles formerly had their cathedral in the Isle of Man. On the acquisition of that isle by the English, in the reign of Edward I., the abbots of I-columb-kill allowed these bishops the use of their church. These prelates, who, before this event, were styled bishops of Sodor and Man, were afterwards entitled Bishops of the Isles, and the former title was assumed by the bishops of Man. Sodor was erroneously supposed to be an imaginary town either in Man or Iona, until Dr. Macpherson explained its true import. He observes that during the time when the Norwegians, and after them the Macdonalds, possessed the isles, those parts of their dominions situated north of the point of Ardnamurchan were denominated *Nordereys*, signifying the *northward isles*, those situated south of that point were called *Sudereys*, the *southward isles*. The latter being the more important division gave the title of the bishopric, which after the separation above alluded to was retained by the bishops of Man as a title of courtesy.

The most conspicuous object in the ruins is the tower of the cathedral. It is of three stories, and is supported by four arches, adorned with figures in basso relievo. These arches rest on pillars about ten feet high and eight and a half in circumference, on the capitals of which are carved several grotesque figures and devices. At the upper end of the chancel there formerly stood a large table or altar, consisting of a marble slab of extraordinary dimensions. A superstitious notion having prevailed that fragments of this marble operated as a preservative against shipwrecks, fire, and other calamities, and also as an assurance of success to the possessor in all undertakings, it has been gradually diminished, and at length demolished by the inhabitants of the island and by various visitants, some of whom have been impelled of course by mere curiosity to possess themselves of a portion of so noted a relic. Near the place where this altar stood, on the north side of the choir, is a tombstone of black marble, on which is a fine recumbent figure of the abbot Macfingen, in his sacred robes, with the crosier in his hand. The stone is supported by four pedestals about a foot high, and round its margin is an inscription: *Hic jacet Johannes Macfingen Abbas de Ii, qui obiit Anno M. D. Cujus animæ propicietur Altissimus.* Opposite to this is a similar monument, executed in free-stone, to the memory of the abbot Kenneth, but it is much defaced. In this cathedral, as in other edifices of the same kind, various styles of architecture are observable.

The

The monastery of Iona was formerly the repository of the most ancient Scottish records. Its library must have contained some valuable treasures of literature, according to the testimony of Boethius, who asserts that Fergus II., assisting Alaric the Goth in the sacking of Rome, brought away, as his share of the spoil, a chest of books, which he presented to this monastery. It was the intention of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., when in Scotland, to visit this library in search of the lost books of Livy, but he was prevented by the death of James I. A small parcel of the volumes here deposited was in 1525 carried to Aberdeen, and great pains were taken to unfold them, but the attempt failed, in consequence of the fragility of the decayed parchment; the portion which it was possible to decypher seemed, in the opinion of the learned, to belong rather to a fragment of Sallust, than of Livy. "But the register and records of the island," observes Pennant, "all written on parchment, and probably other more ancient and valuable remains, were all destroyed by that worse than Gothic synod, who at the reformation declared war against all science." In these days of antiquarian and historical research, when the value of such records is duly appreciated, the destruction of them cannot but be deeply deplored, as one of the ill effects of that zeal without knowledge which has more or less characterized all the struggles of mankind for religious liberty, and has, in some instances, rivalled the excesses of barbarian persecution. If we reprobate the fanaticism of the Caliph Omar, who doomed the literary treasures of Alexandria to the flames, because he judged them useless if they accorded with the Koran, and damnable if at variance with it; if we condemn the unsparing devastations committed on art by the Moslems in Greece, and the Goths in Italy, we must censure with equal severity those outrages which were occasioned by a perversion of the mild and tolerant spirit of Christianity. When resistance to persecution degenerates into persecution, the distinctions of good and evil are confounded; passion and prejudice stifle the dictates of reason, and a lawless conflict of retaliation overthrows the balance of equity. The benefits accruing from the reformation, both in England and Scotland, were retarded and diminished by these causes; they might have been more abundantly and rapidly diffused if fewer unnecessary sacrifices had been made to obtain them. At the present day, at least, if that measure were still to be carried into effect, it would seem very possible to reform the national church, without mutilating and desolating the edifices in which its doctrines were promulgated; a religious seminary might be purified of its abuses without destroying its records and burning its library; and the light of the gospel might be spread without extinguishing its subsidiary luminaries of science and of learning.

The high respect in which this island was formerly held is indicated by various evidences besides the tombs of the kings already noticed. At a small distance from the church is shewn a spot, under which lay concealed the black stones upon which the ancient highland chieftains, when they made contracts and alliances, used to take the oath, which was considered more sacred than any other obligation, and not to be violated without incurring

the most odious infamy. Macdonald, lord of the isles, conferred the rights of their lands on his vassals of the isles and of the mainland, with uplifted hands, and on bended knees, upon the black stones; and in this posture, before many witnesses, he solemnly swore that he would never recal the rights which he then granted. An attestation sworn upon these stones was held so sacred, that it became proverbial for a person, who was certain of what he affirmed, to say that he could make oath of it upon the black stones.

The successors of Columba did not, it seems, adhere to his strict prohibition for the exclusion of females from the island. A community of them settled here after his death, and the ruins of their house are still to be seen. A great part of the nunnery church is entire, but is in a most neglected state, having been used by the natives as a stable for their cattle during the night. At the eastern end is the tomb of the last prioress, which is now much defaced. Her figure is carved in alto relievo, on a slab of black marble, having the figure of an angel on each side. These figures occupy one half the stone. On the other half is represented the Virgin Mary, with a mitre on her head, and the infant in her arms; and above her are figures of the sun and moon. Beneath her feet are inscribed the words "*Sancta Maria, ora pro me.*" Round the stone is the following inscription, in old British characters: "*Hic jacet Domina Anna Donaldi Firleti filia, quondam Prioressa de Iona quæ obiit Anno M. D. XI^{mo}. cujus animam Abrahamo commendamus.*" There are some other monuments on the floor, but they are so defaced as to be almost undistinguishable. The nuns resident here were canonesses of St. Augustine.

Northward of this building is a causeway leading to the cathedral, called the Main Street. It is joined by two others, one of them called the Royal Street, and the other Martyr Street, leading to the Bay of Martyrs. On the west side of it is an elegant cross, called Mac Lean's Cross, being one of a great number that were standing in this island at the time of the reformation, but which were soon after sentenced to be demolished, by order of a provincial assembly, held in this island. These crosses, of which Mr. Pennant, on the authority of a MS. in the Advocates' library, states to have been three hundred and sixty at the time of the reformation, were probably erected in consequence of some vow, or with the hope of perpetuating the memory of the persons to whom they were dedicated. Another conjecture is, that they may have been symbols designed to propitiate the prayers of the living for the souls of the dead.

The privileges of sanctuary were assigned to the precincts of the tombs in this island. But these privileges did not, by the ancient Scottish law, indiscriminately shelter every offender; all atrocious criminals were excluded, and only the unfortunate delinquent, or the penitent sinner, could here deprecate the rigours of justice. They were required to make restoration of any property they had stolen, and to make oath that they would steal no more. The manslayer was enjoined, on pain of banishment, to surrender himself to the law, in order that it might be decided whether the slaughter committed amounted to felony

felony or murder. Penalties were enacted to defend those refugees intitled to sanctuary from all molestation during their retreat.

The interest excited by the contemplation of these venerable ruins seemed to justify another representation of them, under a different aspect from the former; the most favourable point which presented itself was that from which the annexed drawing was taken, entitled a *SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF IONA*. It is not improbable that this prospect might have suggested to Dr. Johnson that philosophic apostrophe of which his companion Mr. Boswell speaks in so much rapture. "We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Piety, however, is not the only emotion which such a scene as this is calculated to inspire. If monasteries were the safeguards of religion and literature during ages of barbarism, they were also the strong-holds of spiritual despotism, in which were forged the fetters of superstition, and the weapons of bigotry; and though we may deplore the excesses of that indiscriminating zeal which doomed them to utter desolation, we must derive solace and even gratitude from the reflection that their ruins, like those of a feudal castle, are monuments which commemorate the abolition of slavery. Few places of ancient renown have been subjected to a more signal degradation than this. According to the testimony of a recent tourist, Iona now forms part of the parish of Ross, in Mull, the minister of which visits this isle once a quarter, to perform divine service; and this is the principal religious instruction dispensed upon a spot where formerly the incense of worship was continually ascending, and where missionaries were trained for the conversion and guidance of surrounding communities.

With respect to the mineralogy of the island Dr. Jameson observes, that at the usual landing-place from Mull the shore is rugged, and formed of a rock, which appears to be composed of quartz combined with chlorite and hornblende. The strata here observable continue to the north-east extremity of the island, where they give place to hornblende slate, sienite, and hornblende rock, having much the appearance of serpentine. These rocks alternate with each other, and are to be observed traversed with basalt and granite veins. From this place to Dun-ii, the highest hill in the island, the hornblende and sienite strata continue forming, upon some parts of the coast, cliffs of considerable height.

Toward the southern extremity of the coast there are several sandy beaches and steep cliffs. At Porta-curach, celebrated as Columba's landing-place, there are cliffs of considerable height, composed of hornblende rock, having much the appearance of serpentine and sienite. The beach is covered with innumerable rounded fragments of marble, quartz of an amethystine hue, siskin-green-coloured quartz, and lapis nephriticus. In one part of the isle there is a quarry of that species of marble now called dolomite, forming a great stratum, about forty feet wide. It extends N. N. W. and S. S. E. and is bounded by nearly vertical strata of a rock, which in some parts is of the nature of shistose talc, or passing to chlorite slate. The marble, as it approaches the other strata, is more or less mixed with talc, which causes it to become scaly or fibrous, with a yellowish-green colour, thus assimilating with talcaceous schistus. From the quarry to the landing-place the shore is bare and rugged, and the strata do not differ from those already described. At a short distance there are several islets and rocks entirely composed of red granite, which circumstance renders it probable that the island was formerly joined with the granite coast of Ross in Mull.

Marble is said to have been found in another place besides the quarry above mentioned. That the greater part of the isle is formed of limestone is a conclusion which Dr. Garnett has drawn without sufficient evidence, and he is equally incorrect in stating that the strata are all of secondary formation. His account of the botanical productions of Iona is entitled to greater attention, as it relates to a subject which he was better qualified to illustrate. On the north shore, between Porta-currach and the Hill of Angels, is found in great plenty the *pulmonaria maritima*, or sea bugloss, a beautiful plant, the blossoms of which are pink before they expand, but immediately change to a fine blue. The *eryngium maritimum*, or sea holly, occurs here in equal abundance. Among the ruins, in almost every part, both of the nunnery and the cathedral, grows the *cotyledon umbilicus*, or navel-wort. The *menyanthes trifoliatum*, or marsh trefoil, one of the most beautiful of our native flowers, and distinguished by its woolly petals, grows in great plenty in the pond above the cathedral. A considerable part of the skirts of Dun-ii is covered with the *anagallis tenella*, or purple-flowered money-wort. The *juniperus communis*, or juniper tree, is common on most of the hills, though of a dwarfish size. The *salix lapponum*, or Lapland willow, a very scarce shrub, grows not far from the marble quarry.

In citing the above authorities respecting the geology and natural history of the island, it became necessary to examine how the same subjects are treated in Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides. They are passed over in silence. The doctor seems to have been a stranger to this as well as many other sources of delight and profit in travel. When he undertook his journey he had passed a long life in cities and among books; he had cultivated learning rather than science; he was no proficient in botany, or in mineralogy; he had read largely, and had meditated profoundly, but his researches were confined

confined chiefly to criticism, philology, and morals. His reputation as a lexicographer had elevated him to a sort of dictatorship in the republic of letters, and he might possibly deem it consistent with this dignity to hold those studies in lowest estimation with which he was least conversant. In those interesting specimens of his conversation recorded by Mr. Boswell, there is a manifest disposition to dogmatize, or, as the familiar phrase is, to *lay down the law*, on all occasions, as if he had imagined, that in defining the terms of a language he had necessarily explored the boundaries of human knowledge. In his writings the same disposition, though generally restrained by good sense, at times displays itself, and the modest demeanour of the author is superseded by the condescending air of the critic. This was a disadvantage to him as a traveller, and he laboured under many others. His mighty mind could not occupy itself with those minute details in social life which are the province of an observer of manners; his organs of vision were so enfeebled that he could not contemplate the sublime and beautiful in nature; he had no ear for music, and could form but a faint conception of its influence on national feelings; he had a stubborn attachment to his own prejudices, and very little toleration for those of others. He was subject to much bodily suffering, and to this cause may be ascribed that waywardness of temper which sometimes thwarted the benevolent and kindly impulses of his heart. His constitutional melancholy had been deepened by infirmity and age; he had seen the circle of his enjoyments diminish in proportion as his stores of knowledge augmented, and he had ascended by toilsome steps to that bright but chilling eminence of wisdom from which all earthly concerns appear to be vanity. With such a man few would venture to be familiar; few would be disposed to offer him that information on local matters which he might probably reject as superfluous, or disregard as unimportant. It is not therefore a matter of surprise that he should have overlooked so many interesting objects in his journey through Scotland; the wonder is, that those which engaged his attention should have interested him so much. His narrative contains many just and striking observations, interwoven with a meagre and homely detail of his personal adventures, and but rarely relieved by descriptions of natural scenery. On some things, which, though slightly mentioned, had evidently engrossed his thoughts, the reader is led to conclude that he might and should have said more: and these occasions of disappointment occur so often, that the book becomes tedious even by its brevity. We miss those animated colloquies in which Dr. Johnson, in his happier moments, relaxed the habitual sternness of his brow; we feel assured, that in the various hospitalities of which he partook, there must have been "much good talk," which his notions of propriety deterred him from recording, and are grieved at being denied the smallest share in this fund of amusement. But his object was rather to instruct than to entertain: he seems to have disdained the miscellaneous pursuits of a tourist, and to have sat down after his journey principally with the intention of composing an essay on the state of society in the Hebrides.

From

From Iona the voyage was resumed to the isle of Ulva, situated at the entrance of Loch-na-gal. Its position is somewhat remarkable, as may be observed on reference to the annexed VIEW OF BENMORE FROM ABOVE ULVA HOUSE. The mountain of Benmore, the highest in the adjacent island of Mull, appears to rise from its shore, in one uninterrupted sweep from the base to the summit, forming the principal feature in a range of highlands which seem stupendous when the eye measures them by the scale of the mansion on the isle below. Ulva House is the country residence of Sir Reginald Macdonald, whose seigniorial appellation is Staffa. He is the proprietor of the island of that name, as well as of Ulva, Inchkenneth, and some islets in this vicinity, which are principally occupied as pasturage for black cattle and sheep. It would be a superfluous compliment to say, that his hospitality is truly worthy of his rank, but the recollection of it brings to mind many pleasing associations which should not be tacitly dismissed. On every hand were seen the effects of those agricultural improvements which Sir Reginald has carried on with so much spirit and activity; and at this period, which was the season of the hay-harvest, they appeared to peculiar advantage. A stranger entering suddenly upon such a scene, prepossessed with an idea of that rugged barrenness by which Ulva was formerly characterised, could not but survey it with a feeling the very converse of disappointment, and not definable by the common antithesis of an agreeable surprise. To heighten the gratification thus produced, here is a garden which, by the variety and richness of its products, might vie with those of a more favoured clime, and which proves that even in the Hebrides the vows paid to Flora are not ungraciously requited. In bringing it to its present prosperous state of culture, the proprietor doubtless encountered many prejudices, and was greeted with many desponding expostulations: but it is to be presumed, that an example so eminently successful will excite a general spirit of emulation among his neighbours, and will be imitated wherever it is practicable. The blooming appearance of this place forms a delightful contrast with the bleak aspect of the mountains within view. The traces of tillage on a spot surrounded by so much sterility, interest us like the first faint tinge of returning health on a countenance long wasted by sickness or famine.

In the summer months the isle is seldom destitute of visitors. It commands a very grand view of the mountain scenery which bounds Loch-na-gal, and is the most convenient place of embarkation for those who wish to extend their excursion to Staffa. At the inn at Ulva is kept a kind of album or register in which travellers, who are so inclined, may inscribe their names, with a brief record of their peregrinations, "after what flourish they please." As is usual in such cases, most of the attempts at impromptu are abortive, some are whimsical, and but few are pleasing and appropriate. This poll-tax upon wit is rarely very productive, for it is too abruptly levied for the coinage of most brains to afford payment in sterling.

The highlanders are principally farmers, herdsmen, and fishers. On various parts of the



View of Ben-more from near Ulva house



Remains of the Chapel &c on Inch Kenneth

the coast the operation of kelp-burning is carried on to considerable extent. The fishing-grounds in its vicinity are said to be very productive. The circumference of Ulva is rather more than two miles. On its western side is the islet of Gometra, which has two good harbours for small craft, one facing the south, the other the north. In the strait which divides Ulva from Mull, there is good anchorage for coasting vessels.

Southward from Ulva, and distant about a mile from the coast of Mull, is the little verdant isle of Inchkenneth, which once held a seminary of ecclesiastics, probably subordinate to the monastery of I-columb-kill. In the view here given, entitled *RUINS OF THE CHAPEL, &c. ON INCHKENNETH*, we see the remains of an ancient chapel, the cemetery of which is covered with tombstones of chieftains and other eminent personages, and still continues to be a place of sepulture. The ruined edifice to the left was once the residence of Sir Allan Maclean, who, with his two daughters, so hospitably entertained Dr. Johnson and his friends on their visit to this island. The description which their learned guest has given of this visit, is one of the most interesting passages in his narrative. He observes that romance does not often exhibit a scene which strikes the imagination more than this little isle in the depth of western obscurity, occupied not by a gross herdsman, or an amphibious fisherman, but by a gentleman and two ladies of high birth, polished manners, and elegant conversation, who practised all the kindness of hospitality and refinement of courtesy. The cottage he represents as wanting little that palaces could afford; neat apartments, fare equally plentiful and delicate, books, music, and whatever else was necessary to make retirement agreeable. He has sketched the following gay little picture of their social circle. "We passed the remaining part of the day in such amusements as were in our power. Sir Allan related the American campaign, and in the evening one of the ladies played on her harpsichord, while Col and Mr. Boswell danced a Scottish reel with the other." It is mournful to see this abode of domestic felicity now abandoned to solitude and decay. The ruins of a castle or a cloister excite less regret, because they suggest images of painful captivity or cheerless penance; of turbulence, disquietude, and gloom, rather than of peaceful and refined enjoyment. In the fate of this humbler structure there is something truly pathetic; it reminds us of the pastor's mansion in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, or of the habitation which St. Pierre assigns to his hapless children of nature among the lonely shades of the Mauritius. If we would behold an emblem comprising all those figures by which Mr. Campbell so touchingly represents the desolation of Wyoming, we may pause before the deserted and roofless dwelling of Sir Allan and his daughters:

" Seek we their much lov'd home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers,
Cold is the hearth within their bowers,
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead."

Recurring

Recurring to other objects delineated in the view, it may be necessary to explain that the mountain in the back-ground, whose verdant ascent terminates in a steep and rocky summit, is Gribune Head, in the isle of Mull. The volumes of smoke observable arise from the burning of kelp, which is found in great abundance on the shores of Inchkenneth. At the period of this visit the people were employed in gathering it. The following is Dr. Jameson's account of the method of manufacturing this article. "The different species of fuci, particularly the *vesiculosus*, *serratus*, and *nodosus*, are cut from the rocks in the months of May, June, and July, and spread out and dried, so as to enable them to burn more easily. In drying the ware they are very cautious to prevent any fermentation from taking place, or any exposure to the rain; as kelp made from such ware is necessarily of a very inferior quality. When well dried, a small quantity is kindled in a pit dug in the sand, or upon a piece of ground which is surrounded with loose stones, so as to form what is called a kiln. They continue adding fresh quantities until the pit or kiln is nearly filled; the whole is frequently stirred towards evening, when it gets into a semi-fluid state; it is allowed to cool, and is afterwards taken out of the pit, ready for the market."

"This useful material," he remarks in another place, "does not appear to have been known as a manufacture in Britain until some time after the beginning of the present century, owing to the backward state of the soap and glass manufactures, particularly in Scotland. Its first introduction (among the Hebrides) was about the year 1730, into the island of Uist, by a Highland gentleman of the name of Macleod, who brought the art from Ireland, where it had been carried on many years before. The method practised by him was a bad one, as he was satisfied by merely reducing the sea-ware, or fuci, to ashes. This practice was soon discontinued, and the method of fusion was adopted." This ingredient renders it useful in the composition of soap, in the manufacture of alum, and in the formation of crown and bottle glass; and in these processes kelp answers all the purposes of potash, which cannot be procured without great expense from abroad, while the former can be obtained by the industry of our own people, on our own shores. It has gradually become a very productive branch of commerce. During the late war, when the usual importations of barilla were prevented, the price of kelp rose to eleven pounds a ton, which, admitting the cost of manufacturing it to have been thirty shillings, yielded an immense profit. It was calculated that five hundred tons were annually made in Mull; the quantity now manufactured is of course regulated by the demand, and by the prices obtained.

The marine plants from which kelp is made are forced up from the sea by the flux of the tides against rocks, to which they adhere and grow, not unfrequently covering them to a considerable depth. On account of their great value for the above purpose, as well as for manure, artificial means have been devised for propagating them. It has been recommended

recommended to roll stones upon the shores, which in many places may be done with little expense; and these in two years will be covered with crops of fuci fit for gathering. Sandstone or basalt may be used, but the preference is generally given to calcareous stones.

On the west side of Inchkenneth, looking southward on Iona, there are remains of a cross. Its date may be supposed to be coeval with that of the ecclesiastical establishment, whose demolition it has survived; but tradition offers no particulars to explain the occasion or purpose of its erection. The isle in its present state retains but little that would gratify the researches of the antiquary, and rather claims the notice of the agriculturist. It affords good pasturage, and is stocked with black cattle, sheep, and goats. Its extent is about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. To explore a space so limited did not require much time, or give rise to any remarkable variety of incident. The only circumstance worth noticing was that of a number of small whales, which were seen swimming in various directions about the coast.

In sailing from this isle to the north-eastward up Loch-na-gal, the mountain, already mentioned, still continued to be one of the most prominent features of the coast of Mull; its aspect, as beheld from the sea, is represented in the view here given, entitled GRIEBNE HEAD. The neighbouring isle is that of Inchkenneth. The smoke, arising from the burning of kelp at its base, tended, as in other instances, to render the rocky masses more picturesque, by veiling their asperities in partial obscurity; less impressive, it must be owned, than the gloom of a tempest, which augments so highly the grandeur of this scene. At such a period, the dashing of the furious ocean below, and the fall of the swollen torrents from the rocks above, seen dimly through the mist, are said to produce an effect uncommonly sublime; but to voyagers along the shore there was no great pain in being disappointed, by favourable weather, of so exalted an enjoyment. Of the boats represented in the view, the one bearing the flag has a party of visitors to Staffa on board, the others are in pursuit of fish. The presence of a shoal of herrings is indicated by the appearance of some of those small whales, already mentioned, in the position in which those animals are so frequently seen, the dorsal fins appearing above the surface of the water. In the pursuit of their prey they are usually attended by flocks of sea-birds, which hover over their course to pick up the refuse of their victims. This circumstance is here introduced as characteristic of the Hebridean seas.

At Gribune there is a natural curiosity, which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest that he saw during his tour. It is called Mackinnon's Cave, from a tradition that a gentleman of that name, whose curiosity had been excited by various reports of its amazing extent, went in to explore it, and was never again heard of. As the place has been investigated with better success in later times, the conclusion is, that he must have been killed by persons who had taken shelter there, and who considered him as a dangerous spy or intruder. The following is Dr. Johnson's account of his visit to it.

“ We had been disappointed already by one cave, and were not much elevated by the expectation of another. It was yet better to see it, and we stopped at some rocks on the coast of Mull. The mouth is fortified by vast fragments of stone, over which we made our way neither very nimbly nor very securely. The place, however, well repaid our trouble. The bottom, as far as the flood rushes in, was encumbered with large pebbles; but as we advanced, was spread over with smooth sand. The breadth is about forty-five feet: the roof rises in an arch, almost regular, to a height which we could not measure; but I think it about thirty feet. Having passed inward from the sea to a great depth, we found on the right hand a narrow passage, perhaps not more than six feet wide, obstructed by great stones, over which we climbed, and came into a second cave, in breadth twenty-five feet. The air in this apartment was very warm, but not oppressive, nor loaded with vapours. Our light shewed no tokens of a feculent or corrupted atmosphere. Here was a square stone, called, as we were told, Fingal’s Table. If we had been provided with torches we should have proceeded in our search, though we had already gone as far as any former adventurer, except some who are reported never to have returned; and measuring our way back, we found it more than a hundred and sixty yards, the eleventh part of a mile.”

With respect to the mineralogy of the island of Mull, it is observed that a great part of it lies on a mass of whinstone, only different from basaltes in the coarseness of its grain. In many places the rocks are basaltic, and often assume a regular columnar form. Limestone abounds, and some seams of coal have been found in different parts. There is one about three feet thick, in the hill of Bien-anini, the property of Sir James Riddell, containing coal of good quality, which, however, it has not been found practicable to work to advantage. In one place a stratum of coal has been found under basaltes, a circumstance of very rare occurrence in geology. No expectations, however, have been formed of any great abundance of this mineral in the island; and it is held to be inconsistent with experience, that a territory, consisting chiefly of whinstone, should contain strata of coal to any considerable extent. The subject, however, deserves elaborate investigation, as the establishment of coal-works in so central a part of the Hebrides would give new life to the operations of agriculture, and would contribute very materially to the comforts and prosperity of the inhabitants.

The next subject is a VIEW ON LOCH-NA-GAL, NEAR KNOCK, including Ben-Talla, and other mountains, which rise from its shores. Near the rocks in the foreground are introduced some seals basking, in the position in which these amphibious animals are frequently observed on the lonely coasts of these islands. The mansion seen in the distance is Knock, the hospitable residence of Colonel Donald Campbell. It stands near the extremity of the loch, on the western boundary of that isthmus which separates it from the bay of Aros on the sound of Mull. The mountain scenery represented in this view may be considered as generally characteristic of the bleak and rugged surface of the island.



Gribune-head in Mull



Loch-na-gael, near Knock on Mull



island. The only parts susceptible of cultivation are the valleys and glens around the bases of the hills, and some small strips of land near the coast; in many of these spots, as the sun shines on them for only a few hours, vegetation is retarded, and the harvest is always late, and very precarious. The climate is considered as having become still more unpropitious to agriculture since the disappearance of the ancient woods of the country; and it has been asserted, that as this disappearance originated in an unfavourable change of the seasons in Britain, no remedy can ever be effected to any extent by plantation. It is said that trees, which flourished here in former ages, cannot now, by any care or attention, be brought to a thriving state. In confirmation of this opinion respecting the unfavourable change of the seasons, the following observations have been cited from the statistical account of Kilwinning, in Ayrshire. "It is in the recollection of many persons still living, that the summers, in this part of the country at least, are much more wet and cold than they were fifty years ago. By men of undoubted veracity it is asserted, as an absolutely certain fact, that at that period the farmers, in ploughing for barley, about the middle of the month of May, were under the necessity of beginning to plough so very early as three o'clock in the morning, and to leave off at eight. The heat at that hour became so intense that it was impossible for them to continue their work any longer; nor could they begin again till between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. For a number of years past quite the reverse has been the case. The month of May, in particular, has been very cold and wet, and unfavourable to vegetation; and in some years we have had very little of what may be reckoned summer weather. The harvest, of course, then, was much earlier than it has been since. In several parts of the neighbourhood it is said that the harvest was finished about the latter end of August." If these changes arise from the increasing prevalence of violent winds from the westward, the island of Mull, from its exposed situation, must have suffered from them in a very great degree. There are still some traces of the extensive woods which clothed it in former ages; and these must have been more considerable at the period of Dr. Johnson's visit than at present, notwithstanding the sarcasm which that tourist uttered to Sir Allan Maclean when he pointed them out to him: "Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I mistook for *heath*: if you shew me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something."

Some of the mountains of Mull afford excellent sheep-walks, and that sort of stock has now become a favourite one in the island. The country is also well adapted to the sustenance of black cattle, great numbers of which are annually reared and exported; and it is chiefly by the sale of them that the small tenants make up their rents. Those who find this resource inadequate are obliged, after they have tilled their little arable ground, to go and seek employment in some of the southern districts, or pursue the occupation of kelp-burning. In this way they continue to amass a little money, with which they return at harvest-time. As there are very few inclosures, the farmers are
obliged

obliged to employ herdsmen to tend their cattle, and prevent them from eating up the crops, or trespassing on the property of their neighbours. In the occupation of these herdsmen, the indolence of pastoral life is fully exemplified; they are generally to be seen sitting on a bank, attended by their dogs, which are so trained as to save them a great deal of personal labour, by fetching up the cattle when they go astray. This monotonous and apparently inanimate sort of existence seems not to be without its charm, for the men are so far enamoured of it, that they quit it with reluctance: they have ample leisure, though no very great range, for contemplation; and perhaps among these humble mountaineers tradition may have preserved some fragments of Gaelic song, some romantic story of their forefathers, for the solace of their lonely hours. To exchange this pastoral tranquillity for the vicissitudes of a military life, might seem too abrupt a transition for the human character, under any circumstances, to adapt itself to; yet it is stated, that during the late war considerable bodies of very valuable troops were raised from among this hardy race of men.

It has already been noticed that the common crop grown here is a very inferior kind of oats, called by the inhabitants small oats. The sowing generally takes place about the end of March, and it is not before October, and sometimes November, that the harvest is completed. The common return is three seeds, and so light that two bolls of oats only make one of meal. Barley is sown in April, and is ripe about the end of August. It generally returns from six to ten seeds; and when sown on old ground, manured with sea-ware, it sometimes produces sixteen-fold. The greatest part of the barley is made into whiskey, of which the consumption, notwithstanding legislative restrictions, is still much too general in the highlands. The sea-ware and shell-sand, used as manure, are carried to the fields generally on the backs of horses, in baskets or creels. Until very lately each farmer constructed his own plough, after the primitive and rude fashion of the country, which had prevailed for centuries. It is to be hoped that the spirit of agricultural improvement, for which Scotland has of late been so eminently distinguished, will extend its beneficial influence to this neglected region.

Having again traversed the isthmus eastward from Knock, a very extensive prospect presented itself, which is represented in the annexed view of CRUACHAN BEN, in Argyleshire, looking over the sound of Mull, near the shore of which, on a low projecting point of land, are seen the ruins of the castle of Artornish. The bridge in the middle-ground is over a rivulet, which runs into Aros bay. An excellent road extends through this district, commencing at Auchnacraig, (from whence there is a ferry to Oban), and leading through Aros to the improving harbour of Tobermory. This scene, independently of the various picturesque objects which it comprehends, seemed to claim particular notice, as being that to which Mr. Scott has imparted so high an interest in the opening of his "Lord of the Isles." Here is the bay of Aros, from which the fleet of Lord Ronald unmoored, when that chieftain embarked to espouse the maid of Lorn; here is the sound

of



Distant View of Cruachan-ben, taken near Arros bridge, Isle of Mull



Arros Castle, Isle of Mull

of Mull, along which the galleys held their course, while the lonely bark of Robert Bruce was beating up against the gale; and in the distance is the castle of Artornish, where the fair Edith awaited the reluctant coming of her spouse, and where so many untoward and portentous circumstances conspired to retard their union. Although these incidents are merely imaginary, yet they compel the reader to form within his own mind some picture of the places in which they occurred; and the fictitious scene, if the resemblance be tolerably correct, cannot fail to give an interest to the real one. Of Mr. Scott's peculiar merits, one of the most estimable is his accuracy of local description; it is the accuracy of one who is confident of having observed what he undertakes to describe; but no verbal description, however accurate, can convey a true idea of the original. It has been remarked, that of every place which we have heard of, but never seen, the image we conceive is invariably erroneous; hence one of the chief purposes of delineation is to supply the means of forming a more just conception. In the present instance, the view here given, if considered with reference to the imagery in the first canto of the poem alluded to, may serve to exemplify the superior felicity of description which is there displayed.

The distant mountain of Cruachan Ben is one of the highest in Argyleshire. Its perpendicular height, from the level of the sea, is estimated at 3300 feet, and the circumference of its base exceeds twenty miles. It is very steep towards the north-east, and has a gentle inclination on the south, but rises with an abrupt ascent near the summit, which is divided into two peaks. The woods with which its sides are covered abound with roes and red deer. On the top of this mountain was the fatal spring, from which, according to a tradition of the country, ascribed to Ossian, issued Loch Awe. To all the inhabitants of the district within view, Cruachan Ben serves as a weather-gage. On the approach of a storm "the spirit of the mountain shrieks," and its head and sides are enveloped with clouds. The story of its fatal spring, which, bursting forth suddenly, overwhelmed the valley, and formed Loch Awe, is the original of one of the ancient Celtic poems preserved by tradition. The following is the version of it given by Dr. Smith of Campbeltown. "Bera the aged dwelt in the cave of the rock. She was the daughter of Grianan the sage. Long was the line of her fathers, and she was the last of her race. Large and fertile were her possessions; hers the beautiful vales below, and hers the cattle which roamed on the hills around. To Bera was committed the charge of that awful spring, which, by the appointment of fate, was to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers, and her fathers' race. Before the sun should withdraw his beams, she was to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night this was forgotten by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the heat and chase of the day, she was seized with sleep before the usual hour of rest. The confined waters of the mountain burst forth into the plain below, and covered the large expanse now known by the name of the lake of Awe. The third morning Bera

awoke from her sleep. She went to remove the stone from the spring; but behold! no stone was there: she looked to the inheritance of her tribe: she shrieked. The mountain shook from its base; her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their light airy halls."

This story is said to be still remembered in the original, and sung by many persons in the neighbourhood, accompanied by many subordinate traditions relative to Bera, related in the ruder style of the peasantry. It was said that her abode was in the highest mountains; that she could step with ease, and in a moment, from one district to another; and that, when offended, she caused a flood to issue from the heights, which destroyed the corn and inundated the fields. This fable of superstition is supposed to allude to the water-spouts, which, in that elevated region, often burst suddenly on the hills, tearing down a great part of their sides, and sweeping, in a mingled torrent of stones, gravel, and water, into the plains below. In an age of ignorance and barbarism these tremendous effects would readily be attributed to supernatural agency.

The following statement respecting the extent of Argyleshire is cited from the Rev. Dr. Smith's agricultural view of the county:

1,213,500 acres may be heath, hill, and pasture.

100,000 acres arable.

30,000 acres wood.

24,000 acres fresh-water lakes, and rivers.

"The proportion of the arable lands, here stated, is nearly as one to twelve, being about a thirteenth of the whole. To an eye that takes in but a superficial view of the face of the country, this proportion of arable land will appear too great. But the eye is very apt to be deceived in judging of the proportion between hills and plains. To make a just comparison in this case, one must form the idea of a plain extended through the base of a hill, and compare in his mind the extent of such a plain with that which he has in view. The surface of a mountain may measure many times the extent of such a horizontal plain as it stands upon, but cannot in fact contain more trees or piles of grass than would grow on such a plain, if indeed so many." In estimating the proportion above stated, it is also to be considered that Kintyre, which, in point of extent, is little more than one tenth of the county, contains 29,000 acres, computing the smaller part which has not been surveyed at the same rate with that which was actually measured.

Recurring from this digression to a continuation of the journey along the coast of Mull, the next feature that engages attention is the CASTLE OF AROS, delineated in the annexed view. Its site, like that of most Hebridean fortresses, is on a steep rock on the sea-coast, the access to which, by land, was probably in ancient times defended by a moat with a draw-bridge. Under the rude tactics that preceded the invention of fire-arms, such a position would be deemed sufficiently strong and formidable for the residence of a powerful chieftain, who might here concentrate a force adequate to the various purposes

purposes of excursive warfare, and might retire to this secure rallying point when pressed by superior numbers. Macdonald, a lord of the isles, is said to have been the founder of this castle; but the precise date of its erection, and the period during which he held it, have not been ascertained. As its name, *Aros*, in Gaëlic, signifies "the mansion or habitation," it must have been originally recognized as the residence of a family holding great power and authority. From this state of dignity it appears to have long ago declined, for its characters, even as a ruin, are antiquated and time-worn.

On some of the rising grounds which bound the bay of Aros, as seen in the view, there are patches of small stunted wood, of rather an elegant character than otherwise, which form an agreeable contrast with the naked and abrupt eminence crowned by the ruins of the castle. It is observable that the rocky sides of this eminence are of a lighter colour than the grey stones of the building above, which are apparently of a different species, and may have been preferred as being more applicable to architectural purposes. Dr. Jameson, in his Mineralogical Tour, has not noticed this circumstance, but he remarks, that in the bed of the rivulet of Aros, which comes from the neighbouring basaltic hills, he observed numerous blocks of granite, similar to those upon the hill near Achnacraig. "These blocks," he adds, "seem to be derived from a basalt tuff, similar to that observed near Achnacraig; and it is probable that such a rock may be discovered in the neighbouring hills. It will be an object worthy the attention of future travellers, to ascertain whether this (basalt tuff?) merely covers the basalt, as has been observed by Reuss in the mountains of Bohemia, or alternates, as is the case with the basalt tuff in the isle of Canna, and in other parts of Scotland. It matters not in which of these situations it be found; it is still to be considered as a secondary rock, and like these, to have been deposited from an aqueous fluid. Probably some may think that these masses have been separated from the decomposing basalt itself, as it sometimes contains pieces of granite. This however is an appearance so rarely to be observed in this island, that I can hardly imagine the granite blocks to be derived from that source." Professor St. Fond conceives that they may have been ejected from granite quarries, which perhaps existed at great depths under the ancient volcanoes, by the explosions which took place at that epoch, when extensive combustions wasted this region and formed groups of islands, assignable to the same origin. He also states it to be within the verge of possibility, that those parts of the mountains where they are now found, were not, at that period, elevated summits, but rather formed part of the bottom of the sea, and that these granite blocks were rolled from a distance by the currents. He considers that circumstances of subterraneous explosion, equally terrible with those which formed the isle of Santorini in the Archipelago, or Montenove in Italy, may have raised up the bottom of the sea in volcanic peaks; and he at the same time adverts to a more plausible hypothesis, by referring to a period when mountains still higher were covered by the sea, a
fact

fact demonstrated by the existence of marine bodies in beds of limestone or clay on the Alps and Apennines, at a height three or four times greater.

The epoch contemplated in this geological speculation is anterior to all human records, of which the earliest represents the Hebrides as islands. They constituted in very remote ages a separate principality, concerning which, as it came to be vested in the founder of Aros castle, some brief historical notices may here be admitted. According to the account published by Donald Monro, the dean of the Isles, they appear to have been under their own princes, and subject to the Scottish monarch until the eighth century, about the time when the Pictish kingdom was utterly destroyed by Kenneth the Second. At this period the seat of the Scottish monarchy was removed from Campbeltown and Dunstaffnage to the eastern coast, and this remote and deserted region soon became a prey to foreign invaders, the Danes and Norwegians, who had previously made frequent descents on the islands, and now obtained firm possession of the greater part of them. Thus established, they extended their ravages to the mainland, and subdued the districts of Kintyre, Ayrshire, Knapdale, and part of Galloway. About the end of the ninth century, Harold Harfager, king of Denmark and Norway, made an expedition to the Scottish isles, over which, as constituting a part of his kingdom, he established a viceroy, for their future government. One of these viceroys abjured his allegiance to the sovereign, declared himself king of the Isles, and fixed the seat of his government in that of Man, where he and his successors for several generations were sometimes independent, and sometimes tributary, according to the vicissitudes of affairs. Olaus, one of these sovereigns, in the twelfth century, gave his daughter in marriage to Somerled, a powerful chieftain, who afterwards declared himself an independent prince, and separated the western isles and Kintyre from the kingdom of Man. He exercised authority both as thane of Argyle and lord of the Isles, without acknowledging much subjection to the throne of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince in 1157. Seven years afterwards he again took up arms against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably tumultuary army, collected in the Isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force near Renfrew, and his son Gillicolane fell in the same battle. The effects of this disaster were long felt by his surviving family, who, far from being competent to new conquests, were hardly able to defend their hereditary territories. The sovereignty of the Isles was therefore claimed at various periods by the kings of Norway, of Scotland, and of England, though the descendants of Somerled still kept possession, and remained tributary to Norway until 1263, when the battle of Largs turned the balance of power in favour of the kings of Scotland. In the fourteenth century

century the descendants of Somerled were again independent, and Donald, grandson of Angus Og, then sovereign of the Isles, strengthened his power by the acquisition of the earldom of Ross, to which he succeeded by marriage with the daughter of Lesley, earl of Ross.

The descendants of Donald, called the family of the Macdonalds, held the lordship of the Isles for many years, but the kings of Scotland, in proportion as their authority became strengthened and consolidated, found means to subdue these turbulent chieftains. In 1493 James the Fourth held a parliament at Kintyre, where he emancipated a part of the mainland vassals of the Macdonalds; James the Fifth made a voyage among the Isles with a similar view of diminishing their influence. On account of the frequent minorities that occurred in the succession to the Scottish crown, and of the consequent weakness of the government, the only expedient for some time practised for reducing the lords of the Isles, was to alienate some of their possessions by conferring them on neighbouring chieftains, and thus involve them in war. After the happy union of the two crowns, they gradually became reconciled to the condition of British subjects, but they long retained that lofty spirit which distinguished them during the period of their independence. An anecdote is related of one of them, who, when in Ireland, was invited to an entertainment given by the lord lieutenant. He happened to be one of the last of the guests who arrived, and took the first vacant seat which he found, and which was near the bottom of the table, by the door. The lord lieutenant invited him to come and sit by his side. Macdonald, who spoke no English, asked, "What says the *carle*?" The answer was, "His lordship bids you move to the head of the table." The chieftain replied, "Tell the *carle*, that wherever Macdonald sits, *that* is the head of the table." As a proof that "even in their ashes" lived the wonted fires of these warriors, it is stated that one of their tombs at Icolm Kill bears the following laconic inscription, "*Macdonnil fato hic*," seeming to imply that *fate* alone could lay Macdonald there. The generous temper of these chieftains was consistent with the princely dignity which they felt it incumbent upon them to uphold. A night's repose or a single repast accorded to a Macdonald was frequently rewarded with a grant of land. Many families in the islands are said to hold their property on such a tenure, and the titles were conferred in terms characteristically brief and significant. The following is adduced as a specimen, divested of the quaint rhyme of the original: "I Donald, chief of the Macdonalds, give here, in my castle, a right to Mac Kay of Kilmahumag, from this day till to-morrow, and so on for ever," &c. The monumental records of such men as these suggest emotions somewhat less saddening than those commonly associated with the memorials of decayed grandeur; and even the ruins of their Castle of Aros may be viewed with a respect unallayed with melancholy, when we consider that its owners were men that disdained to indulge in melancholy themselves, and would have despised it in others.

The road along the coast northward from Aros to Tobermory commands a succession of

of very grand mountain scenery, rendered more effective by contiguity with the Sound of Mull. The view here given, entitled **TOBERMORY ON THE SOUND OF MULL**, represents that harbour as seen on the approach to it in this direction. It is well landlocked, and has a fine commodious pier of masonry, that affords good shelter for boats. The scene was, at the period of this visit, much enlivened by the presence of numerous vessels touching here on their voyage northward to engage in the herring fishery. This village being peculiarly well situated for that branch of trade, attracted the notice of the British Society for the encouragement of Fisheries, to whose exertions it is in a great degree indebted for its present prosperity and rising importance. It possesses a fine bay, protected from the ocean by the small Isle of Calve, and it lies directly in the track of shipping which pass from the western parts of Britain to the northern countries of Europe. It has also the advantage of an easy navigable communication with the fishing lochs in one direction, and with the Frith of Clyde, as well as with Liverpool and many considerable ports in the other. These advantages it possesses, according to the opinion of many persons, in a degree superior to those ascribed to the port of Oban, though individuals interested in the prosperity of that establishment will naturally be inclined to call this superiority in question. The society above mentioned commenced their improvements at Tobermory in 1788: a custom-house and post-office were established here in 1791. Since that period its trade has been progressive, and it has obtained a proportional increase of population. Although still so limited in extent as to be properly termed a village, it is divided into an upper and a lower town, the latter of which, being most conveniently situated for commerce, will probably thrive the most rapidly, and reduce the other to a mere suburb. The inhabitants of Tobermory, whether from the frequent intercourse with strangers which their situation occasions, or from other causes, are distinguished from other Hebrideans by a greater attention to personal neatness and cleanliness. Their reputation for these qualities was spoken of at various places in the course of the voyage; and, on arriving among them, it proved to be well founded. Another agreeable prepossession which a traveller acquires in journeying thither arises from the frequent praise bestowed on the beauty of its females, and this characteristic also is well warranted. There are certainly many pretty women at Tobermory, and their appearance, as well as that of the children and the men, is much improved, by that glow of health which habitual cleanliness never fails to promote. It has also been remarked, and with truth, that the language spoken at this port is more purely English, and is less deformed by provincialisms, either of phraseology or of accent, than at many other remote towns in the west of Scotland. This purity of idiom may have been generated by the example of some of the first settlers; but it has no doubt been maintained and extended by those frequent communications with strangers which the rising commerce of the place has rendered necessary. These are all very gratifying and cheering symptoms of the future prosperity of this little colony, and afford a hope that their influence will be beneficially felt



Tobermory, on the Isle of Mull



Mingarry Castle, Argyllshire

felt among the neighbouring establishments connected with it. One little remark, however, requires to be made, by way of qualifying this commendation: the traveller who visits Tobermory must not form his judgment of its comforts and its *propreté* by the style of accommodation which he meets with at the principal inn. He will there have to tolerate a good deal of negligence on the part of the attendants, and may expect to take his soup with a horn spoon instead of a silver one. The interminable series of petty inconveniences to which this belongs may be left to the imagination; it seemed fair to hint at them, because, when they are anticipated, they may be more good-humouredly endured. In such a case, to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

There are some trees on the slope of the hills near Tobermory, as represented in the view; this, perhaps, is the *wood* which the learned tourist mistook for *heath*. The prospect from these elevated grounds is very extensive; every vessel passing up or down the Sound of Mull may here be observed. The mountains seen in the distance are those which overlook the shores of Loch Sunart. The bridge represented in the foreground traverses a little rapid mountain stream which flows into the bay of Tobermory. The road over the bridge is that which leads from Aros.

On leaving this harbour, the voyage was continued across the Sound to

“ Where Mingarry, sternly placed,
O’erawes the woodland and the waste.”

The annexed view of MINGARRY CASTLE represents its position on the sea-coast of Ardnamurchan, which is such, that in the days of its strength it must have commanded the entrance of the Sound of Mull, as well as that of Loch Sunart. The ruins have not that magnitude which we usually associate with the idea of a castle. The structure is of a triangular form, with the corners rounded off; and a house, with a few windows in front, occupies nearly its whole breadth. It is now the property of Sir James Riddell. There are a few huts in its vicinity. The irregular form of the castle originated in the necessity of adapting it to the projecting angles of the rocky eminence on which it stands. It is exhibited in the present drawing as beheld by a spectator looking from the north-west down the Sound of Mull. The island of that name, and its lofty mountain, Ben Taillich, are visible in the distance. The range of mountains that extend up the shores of Loch Sunart are finely broken, and have a very picturesque effect.

The account given of this castle by Mr. Walter Scott, in his notes to “The Lord of the Isles,” is as follows: “It was anciently the residence of the Mac-Ians, a clan of Mac-donalds, descended from Ian or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated *Leabhar-dearg*, or Red Book of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster Macdonald, commonly called Colquitto, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries sent over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war to the assistance of Mont-

rose,

rose, began his enterprise in 1644 by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alline and Mingarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the meanwhile Allaster Macdonald's ships which had brought him over were attacked in Loch Eisord, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the covenanted parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the king. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the braes of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the Castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his castle on this occasion was John of Moidart, the captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms, to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained, until relieved by Allaster Macdonald, (Colquhoun,) who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose." These particulars, connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, are stated to have remained hitherto unknown to Scottish historians, and are cited from the relation of an eye-witness.

Loch Sunart is the northern boundary of the peninsula of Morvern, so frequently mentioned in the celebrated rhapsodies attributed to Ossian. The imagery that pervades these effusions accords well with the wild and romantic scenery of the regions to which they relate. The clouded sky, the misty hill, the gloomy wood, the storm-beaten rock, and the raging torrent, are objects that inspire an elevated though melancholy train of musing. A poet, whose genius had been nurtured and expanded among such scenes, would almost instinctively imbibe a passion for the mournful sublime. The spot which is distinguished as the birth-place of Ossian may be termed a fit cradle for such a bard; it is the deep valley of Glencoe, one of the most awful and gloomy passes of the Highlands. It is about four miles long, and is bounded by steep and rugged mountains of the most picturesque form and hue, among which, on the right, is Malmor, and on the left Con Fion, the hill of Fingal. The stream of the Coe, which flows through it, is the Cona of Ossian. Among various allusions to it in his poems, the following has been cited, from that entitled Fingal, as peculiarly characteristic of this rugged scene: "Thus have I seen on Cona; (but Cona I behold no more;) thus have I seen two dark hills removed from their place by the strength of the bursting stream; they turn from side to side, and their tall oaks meet one another on high." It is needless, and would be presumptuous, in this place, to attempt any decision of the controversy respecting the authenticity of these poems. If Mr. Macpherson fabricated them, he deserves the praise of genius bestowed on Ossian in this country, and more emphatically on the continent. He is also entitled to credit for as great a share of ingenuity as that displayed by Chatterton in the preparation of the Rowleian relics. If he wrought up the rude materials preserved

preserved by tradition, and connected them by conjectural emendations, which seems the more probable supposition, he must have possessed a kindred talent for Ossian's style of poetry, and the consciousness of this might perhaps have urged him to the undertaking. He might have been enamoured of the strain of lofty and impassioned feeling which he discovered in these venerable fragments, and from being the disciple of the bard, he might aspire to be his imitator. That the groundwork of these poems was really ancient, seems a conclusion warranted by internal evidence; they contain bold and familiar allusions to a very primitive state of society, and abound with descriptive passages, which represent the country under an aspect which it undoubtedly possessed at an early period, but which has, in the lapse of ages, been totally changed. The mountains, rocks, lakes, and bays, may be supposed to remain in the state in which he has described them; the stream of Cona still winds through its glen, but time has divested the land of the extensive forests which once clothed it, and has stripped the territory of Fingal of its shady honours. The vestiges of these, though few, are sufficient to prove that the bard did not indulge in the licence of fiction when he sung of the wooded Morvern.

In voyaging toward the Isle of Skye, it became necessary to round the POINT OF ARDNAMURCHAN, of which a view is here given. This, in the mariner's phrase, is a bluff headland, rocky, sterile, and wind-worn. In many places the rock is bared of the scanty soil which covers it, by the violence of the gales on this exposed promontory, against which, however smooth the sea in other parts, a heavy surge is continually beating. It directly faces the Atlantic, and is the most westerly point on the mainland of Scotland. It is nearly at an equal distance from the Mull of Kintyre on the south, and Cape Wrath on the north, which is the north-west point of Britain. In ancient times Ardnamurchan was the territorial mark which divided the Hebrides into two sovereignties, the Nordereys, and the Sudereys, from the latter of which, as it has been already observed, an English prelate deduces his episcopal title of Sodor annexed to that of Man.

After having passed this headland, an extensive prospect opens, which is bounded by a finely composed range of mountains, much varied in their outline; part of them are in the Isle of Skye, but the most picturesque are those to the north-east, which are on the mainland: they are all exceedingly bare of trees. Among this wild and lonely scenery, it was pleasing to trace some distant indications of human inhabitants, by the long lines of smoke that arose in various places from the burning of kelp. In passing the small low Island of Muck, or Mouach, the mountains on that of Rum were seen towering considerably above it, and served as a contrast to its less varied though more fertile surface. Mouach is understood by Celtic etymologists to signify Sow's Island, an appellation which Buchanan has justified by rendering it in Latin, *Insula Porcorum*. Some antiquaries have suggested that its name is a corruption of Monk, adding, that this island was church land belonging to Icolumbkill, and that an ecclesiastic from that

monastery used to reside here. It is between two and three miles in length, and one in breadth. Its soil is reputed to be good, and affords pasturage for cattle, which attain a considerable size.

Having landed on the Isle of Eigg, about six in the evening, the first object was to wait upon Mr. M'Lean, the minister, who was at that moment absent, but the ladies of the house exercised his hospitality in the politest manner. In a short time Mr. M'Lean, having returned, offered himself as guide to the curiosities of the place, and particularized two remarkable caverns, which we visited. They have been described by Mr. Walter Scott, with his usual accuracy, in a note to the Lord of the Isles, and as there is a story of fearful interest connected with one of them, his account may here be cited. "We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep on one's knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of the rock, to the depth of 255 measured feet; the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad reliques of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion:—The Macdonalds of the Isle of Eigg, a people dependant on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the laird of Macleod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Macleods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Macleod sailed with such a body of men, as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and after a strict search, the Macleods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Macleod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern
a huge



Ardnamurchan point, Argyllshire



Scoor Eig on the Isle of Eig

a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those reliques."

The mind revolts from contemplating the act of vengeance recorded in the tradition above cited. When the refugees peremptorily refused to deliver up the obnoxious individuals, it might have been supposed that a chieftain endowed with really chivalrous feelings would have abandoned his purpose out of respect for such magnanimity. Or, if his rancour remained still predominant, surely his vassals should have turned away in horror, when ordered to stifle two hundred of their fellow-beings, men, women, and children, and entomb them alive in their asylum. However barbarous the provocation might have been, the retaliation was much more so. There is a meanness in it also, which appears utterly inconsistent with the manly valour of these islanders. But in truth the valour of uncivilized men is always more or less debased by cruelty, and there are few nations whose early history is not stained with acts of atrocity similar to this. It would be unjust therefore to reproach them with it exclusively, and to consider it a kind of alloy inseparable from their warlike character. Men may be humanized without being rendered less brave; and experience has shewn that the right of force may be abolished among a people, not only without disparagement, but even to the exaltation of their hereditary spirit. The honour of the tartan was at no period more gallantly maintained, in the estimation both of friend and foe, than during the last campaigns on the Continent.

On a small islet, a little to the eastward of Eigg, a favourable position was obtained for delineating its most striking feature, denominated *Scoor Eigg*, of which a view is here given. Though extremely rugged in appearance, it is accessible to the summit, which commands a panoramic survey of the mainland and the neighbouring isles, that may truly be called magnificent. Dr. Jameson, who calls this high peak a promontory, observes, that the whole of it is perfectly mural, extending for upward of a mile and a half, and rising to the height of several hundred feet. It is entirely columnar, and the columns rise in successive ranges until they reach the summit, where, from their great height, they appear diminutive. They are disposed in different directions, being either perpendicular, curved, or horizontal. Sometimes the horizontal pillars are observed crossing each other, the sides of the horizontal columns appearing above and below the ends of those horizontal columns which lie in a contrary direction. They vary considerably in the number of their sides, having three, four, five, six, and seven sides; but he did not observe any of them jointed. He conjectured at first, from the nature of the strata of which the island is composed, that these columns were basalt, but a nearer examination showed that they were formed of a species of porphyry, with a basis intermediate between basalt and pitchstone. The same kind of porphyry seems to form many of the other hills in the interior of the island.

The

The Isle of Eigg is about four or five miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. Its name is said to be derived from a small hollow or valley which traverses it, and which in Gaelic is called *Eagg*. The principal part is hilly or rocky, and its vegetation chiefly heath mixed with coarse grass. The low grounds are tolerably fertile, and are made to produce cabbage, potatoes, flax, and some grain; but the crops of the latter are precarious, on account of the prevalence of rainy seasons. The Sound which separates Eigg from the islet of Eillan Chastel on the south affords a tolerable harbour for a few vessels, not exceeding seventy tons, and it has a pier for fishing boats.

The voyage was resumed from this island on the following morning, July 15th, in a boat obtained by Mr. M'Lean, whose hospitality in this instance, as in many others, was of that genuine kind, which, without enquiry, anticipates and provides for the wishes of a stranger, and which seems eager to spare him all trouble, even the grateful one of expressing his obligation. In passing northward, the scene was much enlivened by the presence of numerous vessels proceeding in that direction on the herring fishery. Some small whales were occasionally seen, and it was stated that their appearance among these islands, in considerable numbers, was by no means uncommon. After a progress of no great duration, another characteristic portion of Hebridean scenery presented itself, which is given in the annexed view, entitled *PART OF THE ISLE OF RUM*. In the description of this isle, by Monro, archdean of the isles, it is denominated Ronin, a name certainly less grotesque than that which it commonly bears, and therefore judiciously preferred by the poet, who thus sketches its aspect and character, while describing the voyage of the Bruce.

“ Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
O'er the broad ocean driven,
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark
The steersman's hand hath given.
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,
And each his ashen bow unbent
And gave his pastime o'er,
And at the Island Lord's command
For hunting spear took warrior's brand.”

Monro describes the isle as “ sixteen myle long and six in breadth in the narrowest, one forest of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deire in it.” The mountains are wild and rugged, much resembling in form those of Arran. The nearer mass of land seen in the view is the northern termination of Eigg. Later travellers state the extent of Ronin, or Rum, to be about eight miles in length, and nearly the same in breadth. The woods, which formerly afforded shelter for the deer, and covert for their fawn from the eagles and other birds of prey, have disappeared, and the deer are nearly extirpated. The method for killing them, pursued by the inhabitants before the introduction



Part of the Isle of Rum



Armidal, the Seat of Lord Macdonald, Isle of Skye

duction of fire-arms, is stated to have been as follows: On each side of a glen stone dikes were begun, pretty high in the mountains on each side, and carried on to the lower ground in lines, continually approximating until they terminated within two or three feet of each other. Here a circular space was enclosed by a stone wall of sufficient height to confine the deer, which were chased from a distance, driven through the narrow pass into the enclosure, and there taken and destroyed. The vestiges of one of these works are still traced on the island.

The course of the voyage now bore upon one of the largest and most distinguished of the Hebrides, in which their characteristic scenery appears in its wildest and most striking aspects. The Isle of Skye is stated to be about sixty miles long, and in its greatest breadth nearly forty: its form and dimensions are very irregular, on account of the many locks and inlets of the sea by which the coast is indented. This coast is in general rocky, and in many places the cliffs are of considerable height. The most romantic part of the isle is on the south-west, in which are situated the lofty and rugged mountains of Cuchullin, or Coolin, affording many scenes of naked grandeur and sublime desolation. Northward of these mountains is a succession of comparatively low hills, continuing to within a few miles of the coast in that direction, where they are bounded by a plain, forming part of the parish of Kilmuir. The district to the south of this rugged barrier of mountains is the low peninsula of Slate or Sleat, which is considered the most fertile part of the island.

Skye is identified by Camden with the eastern *Æbudæ* of Ptolemy: other antiquaries pronounce it to be the *Dumna*. Its modern name is deduced from the Norwegian term *Ski*, signifying mist; and according to Dr. Macpherson, as cited by Pennant, it was sometimes called *Ealand-skianach*, or the cloudy island, a suitable epithet to a region so exposed to the prevalent westerly winds from the Atlantic, charged with clouds that frequently overhang and obscure the summits of the mountains.

To a stranger, prepossessed with an idea of the bleak heights and frowning cliffs of this island, it must excite an agreeable surprise to land upon it at the spot on its eastern coast, represented in the annexed view, entitled *ARMIDEL, IN SLATE*. It is the property of Lord Macdonald, and is considered one of the best wooded estates in Skye. The extent of sylvan ground is rather limited, and the trees are not of the largest growth, though, in relation to the place, they are considerable. The whole scene has an air of pleasing elegance, totally foreign to that stern and rugged aspect which the mind naturally conceives as belonging to an Hebridean shore. With respect to the mansion, it is necessary to apprise the reader that it has been begun by the present proprietor, after a plan of Mr. Gillespie, and that the erection had not proceeded farther than the first story at the period here alluded to. It is represented in the view as finished according to the design of the architect; and this pictorial anachronism will, it is hoped, be regarded as excusable, when it is considered that an edifice in a state of building is no very fit subject

for delineation, and that the present view of one of the pleasantest scenes in Skye will retain the advantage of novelty when the mansion which adorns it has been completed. The grounds of Armidel, being in a sheltered situation, and watered by a number of streamlets, abundantly repay the attention and care exercised in improving them; the garden in particular is in a high state of culture and luxuriance, and adds greatly to the charms of this marine villa. It commands to the eastward a prospect bounded by the lofty mountains on the main land, and including a great extent of the intervening channel, which, in the fishing season, is frequently enlivened by the presence of 200 vessels at a time, on their voyage to the northward. There is a bay at Armidel, formed by a little peninsula, which affords good shelter for small craft navigating the channel. An admirable road has been made from hence to Broadford, on the north-east coast of the island.

Proceeding along the coast for about four miles, another subject for delineation presented itself, in the harbour of ILORANSAY, of which a view is here given, including a part of Loch Hourn on the mainland, with the mountains by which it is bounded. The principal trader established at this place is Mr. Elder, an intelligent and enterprising man, whose civility and kindness greatly facilitated the object of this visit. Some years ago he formed here a small establishment for the supply of various articles to the mariners engaged in the herring fishery, and by his activity and industry has realised a handsome property. The harbour is secure and well land-locked, and the pier by which it has been improved probably owes its construction to this gentleman. About a fortnight after the present visit, he was very fortunate in a fishing expedition, the occasion of which was rather extraordinary and unexpected. He had been watching the passage of a shoal of herrings: and, on observing some large fins projecting above water, concluded that they were pursued by a multitude of whales, which proved to be the case. These he immediately formed the design of capturing, and for this purpose mustered as many of the inhabitants as could render him assistance. They manned the boats, and, rowing into the channel, succeeded in driving the shoal of whales into the harbour. The object was to run them aground; and it was known, that if one of the leading whales was stranded, the rest of them might be expected to follow, and share the same fate. The whales being frightened at some sloops that lay at anchor, turned about, and, eluding the boats, got out of the bay; they were overtaken and driven in again, but they baffled their pursuers three several times: the chase was at length successful; one of the headmost rushed upon the beach, and the shoal, consisting of seventy-six whales of various sizes, the largest 30 feet in length, and the smallest six or seven, were taken. No time was lost in securing the blubber, and every barrel and cask that the village could supply was put in requisition on the occasion. The cargo was shipped to Liverpool for sale, and realised to the captors a considerable sum. It seemed not irrelevant to a delineation of this harbour, to introduce some allusion to the above-mentioned occurrence, by indicating the presence of a shoal of whales, as usually observed, the dorsal fins projecting above water.

They



Iloransay, Isle of Skye



Balmacarro-house, Loch-alsh, Ross-shire

They are frequently seen in considerable numbers, pursuing the herring-shoals, in these seas; but it will probably be some time ere another rich capture takes place at Iloransay.

In sailing northward up the channel from this port, the eye is gratified with a succession of very fine mountain-scenery, which assumes a variety of striking aspects as the vessel advances. It is this proximity of the high lands to the seas which renders a voyage among the Hebrides so superior in interest to one which extends along a level unbroken line of coast; it gratifies the eye with a continual though ever-changing contrast, and even the occasional dangers and vicissitudes of such a precarious navigation tend to heighten the enjoyment, or at least render the recollection of it more pleasing. The mind feels a solemn pleasure in reverting to a contemplation of the grander features of nature, which have been beheld while struggling with currents or battling with winds; but to muse on the uniformity of a tranquil day's sail, that has afforded no cause for fear or wonder, is about as drowsy an affair as to ruminate over a twelve hours' towage in a Dutch trekschuyt. Truth requires it to be stated, that the present trip from Iloransay to Loch Alsh, in Ross-shire, was not the less delightful in being prosperous, and that the apprehension of peril was a sufficient zest to the enjoyment of the prospect, without the peril itself. In passing Glenelg, there was an agreeable view of the estate of Crawford Bruce, Esq. who possesses very extensive property in this district.

After landing on the shore of Loch Alsh, the annexed view was taken, entitled *BALMACARRO HOUSE, IN ROSS-SHIRE*. It is the residence of Hugh Innes, Esq. M. P. who is the proprietor of the extensive domain attached to it, of which he planted very considerable tracts some years ago. Many of the trees are now of respectable size, and the plantations generally are in a flourishing condition, which he attributes in a great degree to the care which was taken to prevent the cattle from browsing on and injuring the young shoots. If the same precautions were used on all grounds appropriated to the growth of timber, he is decidedly of opinion, that the disappointments and failures so frequently complained of in rearing trees would in a great measure be obviated. The remains of forest-trees, discoverable in various parts of this district, afford proof that the soil is, or at least has been, propitious to their growth; and that the climate has no hostile influence, seems evident from the successful experiments which he has himself made; and particularly from the flourishing state of his gardens, which, like those of Armdel, produce in perfection most of the objects of British horticulture. These, and other examples which might be cited, will tend to remove those objections against planting which have so long existed to the prejudice of the country. It is an important fact, that timber thrives most prosperously on these coasts, if planted on good soil; but many persons plant without consulting the nature of the ground; and when there happens to be moss, the labour of course is in vain.

The roads through Loch Alsh, from the south to the north, are excellent, having been chiefly made by parliamentary commissioners. Other lines have been formed to
join

join these parliamentary roads; and from the Skye ferry of Kyle Haken in Loch Alsh, to Inverness by Loch Ness, a distance of above seventy miles, there is one of the "best engineered" and best made roads in Scotland, which, when good inns have been established upon it, will open to the traveller a novel and most interesting tour.

The Loch herring-fishery is generally carried on in this vicinity, and in Loch Duich, Loch Carron, the opposite sounds in Skye, &c. It is to be hoped that a cod and ling fishery will soon be begun on these shores, so as to afford employment to the fishers for herrings when the shoals leave the lochs. On the shore of Skye, opposite to Balmacarro, (a sound about three miles in breadth intervening,) is the anchorage of Cuillach, which is allowed to be the best and safest on the western coast. There is an excellent parish church at Loch Alsh, built by Mr. Innes, where service is performed in English and Gaelic by the Rev. Dr. Downie. The population of this parish is great; and the proposed augmentation in the number of churches and of clergy in the Highlands will afford the means of instruction to many, who, from the remoteness of their residence, are unable to attend divine service at the parish church. The fine grazings in this district sustain very good black cattle, of which numbers are annually sent off. Many of the hills are well adapted for sheep, either of the old country breed, called black faces, or the south country stock, called the Cheviots.

The season was far advanced on leaving Balmacarro for Broadford, in Skye, but it still afforded time to visit and delineate many of the most interesting scenes on the coasts of that island. Those subjects, however, must be reserved for the commencement of another volume; to prepare for which it will be necessary to devote the ensuing summer to a prosecution of the voyage among the Hebrides, and round the northern extremity of Great Britain. As this most arduous part of the undertaking may be expected to present a great variety of striking views, it will of course occupy a considerable interval of time. The publication of the fourth volume, it is hoped, will commence toward the close of autumn, in the present year.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

